



Lud. Du Guernier inv. et sculp.

Printe



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Printe

THE *Ettinger (in 1794)*
Comical Revenge;
OR,
LOVE *in* a TUB.

Acted at his Highness
The Duke of YORK's Theatre
IN
LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.



L O N D O N :

Printed for Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's Head over-
against Catherine-street in the Strand.

MDCCXXIII.



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To the Honourable
Charles Lord Buckhurst.

My LORD,

I Could not have wish'd my
self more fortunate than I
have been in the Success
of this Poem: The Wri-
ting of it was a Means to make me
known to Your Lordship: The
Acting of it has lost me no Repu-
tation; and the Printing of it has
now given me an Opportunity to
shew how much I honour You.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I here Dedicate it, as I have long since Dedicated my self, to Your Lordship: Let the humble Love of the Giver make You set some Value upon the worthless Gift: I hope it may have some Esteem with others, because the Author knows how to esteem You, whose Knowledge moves Admiration, and Goodness Love, in all that know You. But I design this a Dedication, not a Panegyrick; not to proclaim Your Virtues to the World, but to shew Your Lordship how firmly they have oblig'd me to be,

My LORD,

Your most Humble

and Faithful Servant,

Geo. Etherege.



THE P R O L O G U E.

WHO cou'd expect such Crouding here to-day,
Meerly on the Report of a new Play ?
*A Man wou'd think y'ave been so often bit
By us of late, you should have learn'd more Wit ;
And first have sent a Forlorn Hope to spy
The Plot and Language of our Comedy ;
Expecting 'till some desperate Criticks had
Resolv'd you, whether it were good or bad.
But yet, we hope you'll never grow so wise ;
For if you should, we and our Comedies
Must trip to Norwich, or for Ireland go ;
And never fix, but, like a Puppet-Show,
Remove from Town to Town, from Fair to Fair,
Seeking fit Chapmen to put off our Ware.
For such our Fortune is, this barren Age,
That Faction now, not Wit, supports the Stage :
Wit has, like Painting, had her happy Flights,
And in peculiar Ages reach'd her Heights,
Though now declin'd : Yet, could some able Pen
Match Fletcher's Nature, or the Art of Ben,
The Old and Graver sort would scarce allow
Those Plays were good, because we writ them now.
Our Author therefore begs you would forget,
Most Reverend Judges, the Records of Wit ;
And only think upon the Modern way
Of Writing, whilst y'are Censuring his Play,
And, Gallants, as for you, Talk loud i'th' Pit ;
Divert your selves and Friends with your own Wit ;
Observe the Ladies, and neglect the Play,
Or else 'tis fear'd we are undone to-day.*

Dramatis Personæ.

THE Lord *Bevill*, Father to *Louis*, *Graciana* and *Aurelia*.

The Lord *Beaufort*, Servant to *Graciana*.

Colonel *Bruce*, a Cavalier, Friend to *Louis*, in Love with *Graciana*.

Louis, Friend to *Bruce*.

Sir *Frederick Frolick*, Cousin to the Lord *Beaufort*.

Graciana, a young Lady, in Love with the Lord *Beaufort*.

Aurelia, her Sister, in Love with Colonel *Bruce*.

Mrs. *Rich*, a wealthy Widow, Sister to the Lord *Bevill*, in Love with Sir *Frederick*.

Letitia, a Girl, waiting upon *Aurelia*.

Betty, Waiting-Woman to the Widow.

Dufoy, a saucy impertinent *Frenchman*, Servant to Sir *Frederick*.

Clark, Servant to the Lord *Beaufort*.

Sir *Nichollas Cully*, Knighted by *Oliver*.

Wheadle and *Palmer*, Gamesters.

Mrs. *Grace*, a Wench kept by *Wheadle*.

Fenny, her Maid.

Mrs. *Lucy*, a Wench kept by Sir *Frederick*.

A Coachman belonging to the Widow.

A Bell-man.

Foot-men, Link-boys, Drawers, and other Attendants.

T H E



THE
Comical Revenge:
OR,
LOVE *in a* TUB.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *an Anti-Chamber to Sir Frederick
Frolick's Bed-Chamber.*

Enter Dufoy, with a Plaister on his Head, walking discontentedly; and Clark immediately after him.

CLARK.

Ood-morrow, *Monsieur*.

Dufoy. Good-mor',—good mor'.

Clark. Is Sir *Fred'rick* stirring?

Dufoy. Pox sturré himé.

Clark. My Lord has sent me——

Duf. Begar me vil havé de revengé;

Me vil no stay two Day in *Englande*.

Clark. Good *Monsieur*, what's the Matter?

Duf. De matrè! de matrè is easie to be perceive; dis

A 5

Bed-

Bedlamé, Mad-capé, diable de matré, vas drunké last Night ; and vör no reason, but dat me did advisé him To go to Bed, begar he did striké, breaké my Headé, Jernie.

Clark. Have Patience, he did it unadvisedly.

Duf. Unadvisé ! didé not me advise him justé when He did ité ?

Clark. Yes ; but he was in Drink you say.

Duf. In Drinké ; me vishé he had been over de head And de ear in Drinké : Begar in *France* de Drink dat van Man drinké do's not crak de noder man's Brainé.

Hark !—— he is awake, [*Sir Fred. knocks.*
And none of the People are to attendé himé. Ian Villain Day are all gone, run to the Diable ; [*Knocks again.*
Have de patience, I beseech you.

[*Pointing towards his Master's Chamber.*

Clark. Acquaint Sir Frederick I am here from my Lord.

Duf. I vil, I vil ; your ver umble Serviteur. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Sir Frederick's Bed-chamber.

Enter Sir Frederick in his Night-gown, and after him Dufoy.

Duf. Good-mor', good-mor' to your Vorshippé ; me Am alway ready to attendé your Vorshippé, and your Vorshippé's alway ready to beaté and to abusé mé ; You vare drunké de lasté Nighté, and my Head aké to Day Morningé ; See you here [*Shewing his Head.*
If my Brainé have no ver good raison to counfel you, And to mindé your bus'nessé.

Sir Fred. Thou hast a notable Brain : Set me down a Crown for a Plaister ; but forbear your Rebukes.

Duf. 'Tis ver courageous ting to breaké de Head of Your Serviteur, is it noté ? Begar you vil never keepé de Good Serviteur, had me no love you ver vel——

Sir Fred. I know thou lov'st me.

Duf. And darefore you do beaté me, is dat de raison ?

Sir Fred. Pry'thee forbear ; I am sorry for't.

Duf. Ver good Satisfaction ! Begar it is me dat am Sorrie for't.

Sir

Sir Fred. Well, well.

Duf. De Serviteur of my Lord your Cousin be comé
Speak vid you.

Sir Fred. Bring him in.

[Exit Dufoy.

I am of Opinion that Drunkenness is not so damnable a
Sin to me as 'tis to many ; Sorrow and Repentance are
Sure to be my first Work the next Morning : 'Slid, I
Have known some so lucky at this Recreation, that,
Whereas 'tis familiar to forget what we do in Drink,
Have even lost the Memory after Sleep of being Drunk :
Now do I feel more Qualms than a young Woman in
Breeding.

Enter Dufoy and Clark.

[Dufoy goes out again.

Clark ! What News from the God of Love ? he's always
At your Master's Elbow, h'as just'd the Devil out of
Service ; no more Mrs. Grace ! Poor Girl,
Mrs. Graciana has flung a Squib into his Bosom, where the
Wild-fire will Huzz for a time, and then crack, it flies
Out at's Breeches.

Clark. Sir, he sent me before with his Service ; he'll
Wait on you himself when he's dress'd.

Sir Fred. In very good time ; there never was a Girl
More Humoursome, nor tedious in the dressing of
Her Baby.

[Ex. Clark.

Enter Dufoy, and Foot-boy.

Duf. Hayé ! heré is de ver vine varké begar, de ver
Vine varké !——

Sir Fred. What's the Business ?

Duf. De Business ! de Devil také mé if dare be not
De whole Regiment Army de Hackené Cocheman, de
Linke-boy, de Fydler, and de Shamber-maycé, dat havé
Beseegé de Howsé ; dis is de consequence of de Drink
Vid a Poxé.

Sir Fred. Well, the Coach-men and Link-boys must be
Satisfy'd, I suppose there's Mony due to 'em ; the Fidlers,
For broken Heads and Instruments, must be compounded
With ; I leave that to your Care : But for the Chamber-
Maid, I'll deal with her my self ; go, go, fetch her up.

Duf. De Pimpé, begar I vil be de Pimpé to no Man

In

Sir

In de Christendome ; do you go fetch her up ;

De Pimpé——

[Ex. Dufoy.

Sir Fred. Go Sirrah, direct her.

[To the Foot-boy.

[Exit Foot-boy.

Now have I most unmanfully fallen foul upon some Woman, I'll warrant you, and wounded her Reputation Shrowdly : Oh Drink, Drink ! thou art a vile Enemy To the civillest sort of courteous Ladies.——

Enter Jenny, Wheadle's Wench's Maid.

Oh *Jenny*, next my Heart nothing could be more Welcome.

Maid. Unhand me ; are you a Man fit to be trusted With a Woman's Reputation ?

Sir Fred. Not when I am in a reeling Condition ; Men 'Are now and then subject to those Infirmities in drink, Which Women have when th' are sober. Drunkenness is No good Secretary, *Jenny* ; you must not look so angry, Good-faith you must not.

Maid. Angry ! we always took you for a civil Gentleman.

Sir Fred. So I am i'troth, I think.——

Maid. A civil Gentleman will come to a Lady's Lodging at two a Clock in the Morning, and knock as If it were upon Life and Death ; a Midwife was never Knock'd up with more Fury.

Sir Fred. Well, well, Girl, all's well I hope, all's well.

Maid. You have made such an Uproar amongst the Neighbours, we must be fore'd to change our Lodging.

Sir Fred. And thou art come to tell me whither—— Kind Heart !

Maid. I'll see you a little better manner'd first. Because we would not let you in at that unseasonable Hour, you and your rude ranting Companions hoop'd and Hollow'd like Mad-men, and roar'd out in the Streets, *A Whore, a Whore, a Whore !* you need not have knock'd Good People out of their Beds, you might have met With them had been good enough for your purpose Abroad.

Sir Fred. 'Twas ill done *Jenny*, indeed it was.

Maid.

Maid. 'Twas a mercy Mr. *Wheadle* was not there, my Mistress's Friend : had he been there, sh'ad been quite Undone. There's nothing got by your lewd Doings : Your are but Scandals to a civil Woman : We had so much The Good-will of the Neighbours before, we had Credit For what we wou'd ; and but this Morning the Chandler Refus'd to score a Quart of Scurvy-grass.

Sir Fred. Hang Reputation among a Company of Rascals ; trust me not if thou art not grown most Wond'rous pretty. [Offers to hug her.]

Maid. Stand off, or I protest I'll make the People in Your Lodging know what a manner of Man you are.

Sir Fred. You and I have been intimate Acquaintance ;-- Why so coy now, *Fenny* ?

Maid. Pray forbear :— You'll never leave 'till I Shriek out ; — your Servants listen, [Noise within.]
Hark——there's somebody coming.

Enter Beaufort.

My Mistress charg'd me to tell you she will never see Your Eyes again ; she never deserv'd this at your Hands, — Poor Gentlewoman ! — You had a fling at Me too, you did not whisper it, I thank you : 'Tis a Miserable Condition we Women bring our selves to for Your sakes. [Weeps.]

Beauf. How now Cousin ! what, at Wars with the Women ?

Sir Fred. I gave a small Alarm to their Quarters last Night, my Lord.

Beauf. *Fenny* in Tears ! what's the occasion, poor Girl ?

Maid. I'll tell you, my Lord.

Sir Fred. Buzz ; Set not her Tongue A going agen : [Clapping his Hand before her Mouth.]
Sh'as made more Noise than half a dozen Paper-mills : London-Bridge at a low Water is Silence to her ; in a Word, rambling last Night, we knock'd at her Mistress's Lodging, they deny'd us entrance, whereupon a harsh Word or two flew out, *Where*——I think, or something To that purpose.

Maid. These were not all your Heroick Actions ;

Enter

Enter Dufoy.

Pray tell the Consequence, how you march'd bravely
At the rear of an Army of Link-boys ; upon the sudden,
How you gave Defiance, and then wag'd a bloody
War with the Constable ; and having vanquish'd that
Dreadful Enemy, how you committed a general Massacre
On the Glass-windows : Are not these most Honourable
Atchievements, such as will be registred to your Eternal
Fame, by the most learn'd Historians of *Hicks's Hall*.

Sir Fred. Good sweet *Jenny* let's come to a Treaty ;
Do but hear what Articles I'll propose.

Maid. A Woman's Heart's too tender to be an Enemy
To Peace. *[They whisper.]*

Duf. Your most humble Serviteur, my Lord.

Beauf. Monsieur, I perceive you are much to blame ;
You are an excellent Governor indeed.

Duf. Begar do you tinké dat I amé de Bedlamé ? No
Tingé but Bedlamé can governé hime.

Sir Fred. *Jenny*, here's my Hand ; I'll come and make
Amends for all—pretty Rogue.—

Duf. Ver pret Roguée, vid a Poxé.

Maid. What rude French Rascal have you here ?

Duf. Rascalé ! Begar ver it nod vor de reverence of
My Matré I vod cut off your Occupation. French
Rascalé ! Whore English.—

Sir Fred. *Dufoy*, be gone. and leave us.

Duf. I vil, I vil leave you to your Recreation ; I vishé
You ver good pastimé, and de Poxé, begar. *[Exit Dufoy.]*

Maid. I never heard a ruder Fellow.—*Sir Frederick*,
You will not fail the time.

Sir Fred. No, no, *Jenny*.

Maid. Your Servant, my Lord.

Beauf. Farewel *Jenny*. *[Exit Jenny.]*

Sir Fred. Now did all this Fury end in a mild Invitation
To the Lady's Lodging.

Beauf. I have known this Wench's Mistress ever since
I came from Travel, but never was acquainted with that
Fellow that keeps her ; pr'ythee what is he ?

Sir Fred. Why his Name is *Wheadle* ; he's one whose
Trade is Treachery, to make a Friend, and then deceive
Him ;

Him; he's of a ready Wit, pleasant Conversation,
Thoroughly skill'd in Men; in a Word, he knows so much
Of Virtue as makes him well accomplish'd for all manner
Of Vice: He has lately insinuated himself into
Sir Nicholas Cully, one whom *Oliver*, for the
Transcendent Knavery and Disloyalty of his Father, has
Dishonour'd with Knighthood; a Fellow as poor in
Experience as in Parts, and one that has a Vain-glorious
Humour to gain a Reputation amongst the Gentry, by
Feigning good Nature, and an Affection to the King and
His Party. I made a little Debauch t'other Day in
Their Company, where I foresaw this Fellow's Destiny,
His Purse must pay for keeping this Wench, and all
Other *Wheadle's* Extravagances. But pray, my Lord,
How thrive you in your more honourable Adventures?
Is Harvest near? When is the Sickle to be put i'th' Corn?

Beauf. I have been hitherto so prosperous, my Happiness
Has still out-flown my Faith:

Nothing remains but Ceremonial Charms,
Gracianna's fix'd i'th' Circle of my Arms.

Sir Fred. Then y'are a happy Man for a Season.

Beauf. For ever.

Sir Fred. I mistrust your Mistress's Divinity; you'll
Find her Attributes but mortal: Women, like Juglers
Tricks, appear Miracles to the Ignorant; but in themselves
Th'are meer Cheats.

Beauf. Well, well, Cousin; I have engag'd that you
This Day shall be my Guest at my Lord *Bevill's* Table;
Pray make me Master of my Promise once.

Sir Fred. Faith I have engag'd to Dine with my Dear
Lucy; poor Girl, I have lately given her occasion to
Suspect my Kindness; yet for your Sake I'll venture to
Break my Word, upon Condition you'll excuse my Errors;
You know my Conversation has not been among
Ceremonious Ladies.

Beauf. All modest Freedom you will find allow'd;
Formality is banish'd thence.

Sir Fred. This Virtue is enough to make me bear with
All the Inconveniencies of honest Company.

Beauf.

Beauf. The Freeness of your Humour is your Friend. I Have such News to tell thee, that I fear thou'lt find thy Breast too narrow for thy Joy.

Sir Fred. Gently, my Lord, lest I find the thing too Little for my Expectation.

Beauf. Know that thy careless Carriage has done more Than all the Skill and Diligence of Love could e'er effect.

Sir Fred. What, has the Widow some kind Thoughts Of my Body?

Beauf. She loves you, and Dines on purpose at her Brother's House this Day, in Hopes of seeing you.

Sir Fred. Some Women, like Fishes, despise the Bait, Or else suspect it, whilst still it's bobbing at their Mouths; But subtilly wav'd by the Angler's Hand, greedily hang Themselves upon the Hook. There are many so critically Wise, they'll suffer none to deceive them but themselves.

Beauf. Cousin, 'tis time you were preparing for your Mistress.

Sir Fred. Well, since 'tis my Fortune, I'll about it. Widow, thy Ruin lye on thy own Head; 'faith, my Lord, You can witness 'twas none of my seeking. [Exit]

S C E N E III.

Wheadle's Lodging.

Enter Wheadle and Palmer.

Whead. Come, bear thy Losses patiently.

Palm. A Pox confound all Ordinaries, if ever I play In an Ordinary agen—— [Bites his Thumb]

Whead. Thou'lt lose thy Money: Thou hast no Power To forbear; I will as soon undertake to reclaim a Horse From a Hitch he has learn'd in his Pace, or an old Mastive From worrying of Sheep.

Palm. Ay, ay, there is nothing will do it but Hemp.

Whead. Want of Money may do much.

Palm. I protest I had rather still be vicious than owe My Virtue to Necessity. How commendable is Chastity In an Eunuch? I am grown more than half Virtuous of Late: I have laid the dangerous Pad now quite aside; I Walk

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Walk within the Purlicus of the Law. Could I but leave
This Ordinary, this Square, I were the most accomplish'd
Man in Town.

Whead. 'Tis pity, thou art Master of thy Art; such a
Nimble Hand, such neat Conveyance.

Palm. Nay, I should have made an excellent Jugler,
Faith.

Whead. Come be chearful, I've lodg'd a Deer shall
Make amends for all; I lack'd a Man to help me set my
Toils, and thou art come most happily.

Palm. My dear *Wheadle*, who is it?

Whead. My new Friend and Patron, Sir *Nicholas Cully*.

Palm. He's fat, and will say well, I promise you.
I'll do his Business most dextrously, else let me ever lose
The Honour of serving a Friend in the like Nature.

Whead. No more Words, but haite, prepare for the
Design; Habit your self like a good thrifty Country-man:
Get Tools, Dice and Money for the purpose, and meet me
At the Devil about Three exactly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, Sir *Nicholas Cully* is without.

Whead. Desire him to walk in. Here *Palmer*, the
Back-way, quickly, and be sure——

Palm. Enough, enough, I'll warrant thee. [Ex. *Palm*.]

Enter Sir Nicholas Cully.

Whead. Sir *Nicholas*, this Visit is too great a Favour: I
Intended one to you; how do you find your self this
Morning?

Cul. Faith much the drier for the last Night's wetting.

Whead. Like thirsty Earth, which Gapes the more for
A small Shower; we'll soak you thoroughly to Day.

Cul. Excuse me, faith I am engag'd.

Whead. I am sorry for't; I meant you a share in my
Good Fortune. But since it cannot be——

Cul. What? what good Fortune?

Whead. Nay 'twill but vex you to know it, since you
Have not leisure to pursue it.

Cul. Dear *Wheadle* pr'ythee tell me.

Whead. Now do I want Power to keep it from you.
Just as you came in at that Door, went out at this a

Waiting

Waiting-Gentlewoman, sent with a civil Message from Her Lady, to desire the Happiness of my Company this Afternoon, where I should have the opportunity of seeing Another lovely brisk Woman, newly married to a foolish Citizen, who will be apt enough to hear Reason from One that can speak it better than her Husband: I return My humble Thanks for the Honour she did me, and that I could not do my self so great an Injury to disobey her Will; this is th' Adventure; but since y'ave Business—

Cul. A pox on Bus'ness. I'll defer't.

Whend. By no means for a silly Woman; our Pleasures Must be Slaves to our Affairs.

Cul. Were it to take Possession of an Estate, I'd neglect It. Are the Ladies Cavaliers?

Whend. Oh, most Loyal-hearted Ladies.

Cul. How merry will we be then!

Whend. I lay mind your Bus'ness.

Cul. I'll go and put it off immediately. Where shall I Meet you in the Afternoon?

Whend. You'll find me at the Devil about Three a Clock, where I expect a second Summons as she passes Toward the City.

Cul. Thither will I come without fail; be sure you Wait for me. [Exit *Cul.*]

Whend. Wait for thee, as a Cat does for a Mouse she Intends to play with, and then prey upon. How eagerly Did this half-witted Fellow chap up the Bait? like a Ravenous Fish, that will not give the Angler leave to Sink his Line, but greedily darts up and meets it half Way. [Ex. *Laughing*]

SCENE IV.

The Lord Bevil's House.

Enter Graciana, and Aurelia immediately after her, with Letter in her Hand.

Grac. The Sun's grown lazy; 'tis a tedious space Since he set forth, and yet's not half his Race. I wonder *Beaufort* does not yet appear; Love never loiters, Love sure brings him here.

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Aur. Brought on the Wings of Love, here I present
[Presenting the Letter.

His Soul, whose Body Prisons yet prevent;
The noble *Bruce*, whose Virtues are his Crimes.

[*Grac.* rejects the Letter.

Are you as false and cruel as the Times!
Will you not read the Stories of his Grief;
But wilfully refuse to give Relief?

Grac. Sister, from you this Language makes me start:
Can you suspect such Vices in my Heart?
His Virtues I, as well as you, admire;
I never scorn'd, but pity'd much his Fire.

Aur. If you did pity, you wou'd not reject

[*Grac.* rejects the Letter again.

This Messenger of Love: This is Neglect.

Grac. 'Tis Cruelty to gaze on Wounds I'm sure,
When we want Balsom to effect their Cure.

Aur. 'Tis only want of Will in you, you have
Beauty to kill, and Virtue too to save.

Grac. We of our selves can neither love nor hate:
Heav'n does reserve the Pow'r to guide our Fate.

Aur. *Graciana* —

Enter Lord Beville, Lovis, and the Widow.

Grac. Sister, forbear; my Father's here.

L. Bev. So Girl; what, no News of your Lover yet?
Our Dinner's ready, and I am afraid He will go nigh to
Incur the Cook's Anger.

Wid. I believe h'as undertook a hard Task; Sir *Frederick*,
They say, is no easie Man to be perswaded to come
Among us Women.

Lov. Sir.

[*Lovis and Lord Beville whisper*]

L. Bev. What now?

Wid. I am as impatient as thou art, Girl: [To *Grac.*
I long to see Sir *Frederick* here.

L. Bev. Forbear, I charge you on my Blessing: Not
One Word more of Colonel *Bruce*.

Lov. You gave Encouragement, Sir, to his Love;
The Honour of our House now lyes at Stake.

L. Bev. You find by your Sister's Inclinations Heav'n
Has decreed her otherwise.

Lov.

Lov. But Sir,——

L. Bev. Forbear to speak, or else forbear the Room.

Lov. This I can obey, but not the other. [*Ex. Lov.*]

Enter Foot-Boy.

Foot-b. Sir, my Lord *Beaufort's* come.

L. Bev. 'Tis well.

Wid. D'hear, are there not two Gentlemen?

Foot-b. Yes Madam, there is another proper handsome Gentleman. [*Exit Foot-boy.*]

L. Bev. Come, let's walk in, and give them Entertainment.

Wid. Now Cousin, for Sir *Frederick*, this Man of Men, There's nothing like him. [*Exeunt all but Aurelia.*]

Aur. With curious Diligence I still have strove

[*Holding the Letter in her Hand.*]

During your Absence, *Bruce*, to breath your Love
Into my Sister's Bosom, but the Fire
Wants force; Fate does against my Breath conspire:
I have obey'd, though I cannot fulfil,
Against my self, the Dictates of your Will;
My Love to yours does yield; since you enjoin'd,
I hourly court my Rival to be kind;
With Passion too, as great as you can do,
Taught by those Wounds I have receiv'd from you.
Small is the difference that's between our Grief;
Yours finds no Cure, and mine seeks no Relief.
You unsuccessfully your Love reveal;
And I for ever must my Love conceal:
Within my Bosom I'll your Letter wear,

[*Putting the Letter in her Bosom.*]

It is a Tomb that's proper for Despair.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Lord *Bevill's* House.

Enter Clark and Dufoy.

Clark. **M**ethinks the Wound your Master gave you
Last Night, makes you look very thin,
Monsieur.

Duf.

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Duf. Begar you are mistaké, it be de Woundé dat my
etresse did give me long ago.

Clark. What some pretty little English Lady's crept into
your Heart?

Duf. No, but damn'd little English whore is creepé
into my Bone begar, me could wish dat de Diable would
take her vid all my Harté.

Clark. You have manag'd your Bus'ness ill, Monsieur.

Duf. It vas the Rascal Cyrugin English dat did
manage de Business illé; me did putté my Businessé into
his Haundé: he did stop de Tapé, and de Liquor did
marké, varké, varké, up into de Headé, and de Shoulder,
begar.

Clark. Like Soap clapp'd under a Saddle.

Duf. Here come my Matré; holdé your Peacé.

[*Ex. Clark.*

Enter Sir Frederick, Widow and Maid.

Sir Fred. Whither, whither do ye draw me, Widow?
What's your Design?

Wid. To walk a turn in the Garden, and then repose
in a cool Arbour.

Sir Fred. Widow, I dare not venture my self in those
amorous Shades; you have a mind to be talking of Love
perceive, and my Heart's too tender to be trusted with
such Conversation.

Wid. I did not imagine you were so foolishly conceited;
is it your Wit or your Person, Sir, that is so taking?

Sir Fred. Truly you are much mistaken, I have no such
Great Thoughts of the young Man you see; who ever
knew a Woman have so much Reason to build her Love
Upon Merit? Have we not daily Experience of great
Fortunes, that fling themselves into the Arms of vain idle
Yellows? Can you blame me then for standing upon my
Guard? No, let us sit down here, have each on's a Bottle
Of Wine at our Elbows; so prompted, I dare enter into
Discourse with you.

Wid. Wou'd you have me sit and drink Hand to Fist
With you, as if we were in the *Fleece*, or some other of
your beloved Taverns?

Sir Fred. Faith I wou'd have thee come as near as
Possible

Possible to something or other I have been us'd to Converse with, that I may the better know how to Entertain thee.

Wid. Pray which of those Ladies you use to converse With; cou'd you fancy me to look like! be merry, and Tell me.

Sir Fred. 'Twere too great a Sin to compare thee to Any of them; and yet th'ast so incens'd me, I can hardly Forbear to wish thee one of 'em. Ho *Dufoy*! Widow, I Stand in awe of this Gentleman; I must have his Advice Before I dare keep you Company any further.—How Do you approve the spending of my time with this Lady?

Duf. Ver vel, begar; I could wish I had never spend My time in de vorse Compaignie.

Wid. You look but ill, Monsieur; have you been sick Lately?

Duf. I have de ver great Affliction in my Mindé, Madam.

Wid. What is't?

Duf. Truly I have de ver great Passion vor dis Jentel-Woman, and she have no Compassion at all vor me; She do refuse me all my Antouré and my Addressé.

Wid. Indeed, *Betty*, you are to blame.

Maid. Out upon him for a French Dissembler, he Never spake to me in his Life, Madam.

Duf. You see, Madam, she scorné me vor her Serviteur.

Maid. Pray, when did you make any of your French Lové to mé?

Duf. It vil breké my Hearté to remember de time van You did refuse me.

Wid. Will you permit me to serve you in this Business, Monsieur?

Duf. Madam, it be d'Honour vor de King dé France.

Wid. *Betty*, whither run you?

Maid. I'll not stay to be jeer'd by a sneaking *Valet-de-Chambrière*: I'll be reveng'd if I live, Monsieur.

[*Ex. Betty.*]

Wid. I'll take some other time.

Duf. Van you have de leisiré, Madam.

Sir

Sir Fred. By those Lips,——

Wid. Nay, pray forbear, Sir.

Sir Fred. Who's conceited now, Widow? could you
Imagine I was so fond to kiss them?

Wid. You cannot blame me for standing on my Guard
So near an Enemy.

Sir Fred. If you are so good at that, Widow, let's see
What Guard wou'd you chuse to be at, shou'd the
Trumpet sound a Charge to this dreadful Foe?

Wid. It is an idle Question amongst experienc'd
Soldiers; But if we ever have a War, we'll never trouble
the Trumpet; the Bells shall proclaim our Quarrel.

Sir Fred. It will be most proper; they shall be rung
upwards.

Wid. Why so, Sir?

Sir Fred. I'll have all the helps that may be to allay a
dangerous Fire; Widows must needs have furious
Bellows; the Bellows have been at Work, and blown 'em up.

Wid. You grow too rude, Sir. I will have my
hour, a Walk i'th' Garden; and afterwards we'll take
the Air in the Park.

Sir Fred. Let us join Hands then, Widow.

Wid. Without the dangerous help of a Parson, I do not
do it, Sir.

[Ex. Sir Fred. and Wid.]

Duf. Begar I do no care two Souls if de Shamber-Maid
change; be it not great deal better pretend
affection to her, dan to tellé de hole Varldé I do take
Medicine vor de Clapé? Begar it be dever great deal
better.

[Ex. Dufoy.]

SCENE II.

A Garden belonging to my Lord Bevil's
House.

Enter Beaufort and Graciana.

Beauf. Graciana, why do you condemn your Love?
Your Beauty without that, alas! would prove
my Destruction, an unlucky Star,
signifying Ruin and Despair.

Grac.

Grac. Sir, you mistake; 'tis not my Love I blame;
 But my Discretion; * Here the active Flame { * *Pointing to her Breast.*
 Shou'd yet a longer time have been conceal'd,
 Too soon, too soon I fear it was reveal'd.

Our weaker Sex glories in a Surprise,
 We boast the sudden Conquests of our Eyes;
 But Men esteem a Foe that dares contend,
 One that with noble Courage does defend
 A wounded Heart; the Victories they gain
 They prize by their own Hazard, and their Pain.

Beauf. *Graciana*, can you think we take Delight
 To have our Happiness against us fight;
 Or that such Goodness shou'd us Men displease,
 As does afford us Heav'n with greater ease!

[*Enter Lovis, walking discontentedly*]

See where your Brother comes;
 His Carrage has been strange of late to me;
 I never gave him cause of Discontent;
 He takes no Notice of our being here;
 I will salute him.

Grac. By no means:

Some serious Thoughts you see employ his Mind.

Beauf. I must be civil. Your Servant, Sir.

Lov. You are my Sister's Servant, Sir; go fawn
 Upon your Mistress: Fare-you-well.

[*Ex. Lovis*]

Beauf. Fare-you-well, if you are no Better Company,
 Heav'n's! What is the Matter?

[*Grac. weeps*]

What sawcy Sorrow dares approach your Heart?
 Waste not these precious Tears: Oh, weep no more,
 Shou'd Heav'n frown, the World wou'd be too poor
 (Robb'd of the sacred Treasure of your Eyes)
 To pay for Mercy one fit Sacrifice.

Grac. My Brother, Sir, is growing mad, I fear.

Beauf. Your Brother is a Man, whose noble Mind
 Was to severest Virtue still inclin'd;
 He in the School of Honour has been bred,
 And all her subtle Laws with heed has read:
 There is some hidden Cause, I fain wou'd know
 From whence these strange Disorders in him flow.

Graciana, shall I beg you to dispell
These Mists which round my troubled Reason dwell?

Grac. It is a Story I cou'd wish you'd learn,
From one whom it does not so much concern:
I am th' unhappy Cause of what y've seen;
My Brother's Passion does proceed from mine.

Beauf. This does confound me more; it cannot be;
You are the Joy of all your Family:
Dares he condemn you for a noble Love,
Which Honour and your Duty both approve?

Grac. My Lord, those Errors merit our Excuse
Which an Excess of Virtue does produce.

Beauf. I know that Envy is too base a Guest
To have a Lodging in his gen'rous Breast;
Tis some Extream of Honour, or of Love,
Or both, that thus his Indignation move.

Grac. E'er I begin, you my sad Story end;
You are a Rival to his dearest Friend.

Beauf. *Graciana*, though you have so great a Share
Of Beauty, all that see you Rivals are;
Yet during this small Space I did proclaim
To you, and to the World, my purer Flame,
I never saw the Man that durst draw near,
With his ambitious Love t' assault your Ear.
What Providence has kept us thus asunder?

Grac. When I have spoke, you'll find it is no Wonder.
He has a Mistress more renown'd than me,
Whom he does court, his dearer Loyalty;
He on his Legs does now her Favour wear;
He is confin'd by her foul Ravisher:
You may not know his Person; but his Name
Is strange to none that have convers'd with Fame.
Tis *Bruce*.

Beauf. The Man indeed I ne'er did see,
But have heard Wonders of his Gallantry.

Grac. This gallant Man my Brother ever lov'd;
But his Heroick Virtues so improv'd
In time those Seeds of Love which first were sown,
That to the highest Friendship they are grown.
This Friendship first, and not his Love to me,
Brought an Alliance with our Family.

B

My

My Sister and my self were newly come
 From learning how to live, to live at home:
 When barren of Discourse one Day, and free
 With's Friend, my Brother chanc'd to talk of me;
 Unlucky Accident! His Friend reply'd,
 He long had wish'd their Blood might be ally'd;
 Then press'd him that they might my Father move
 To give an Approbation to his Love:
 His Person and his Merits were so great,
 He granted faster than they cou'd entreat;
 He wish'd the Fates that govern Hearts would be
 So kind to him, to make our Hearts agree,
 But told them he had made a sacred Vow,
 Never to force what Love shou'd disallow.

Enter Sir Frederick and Widow.

But see, Sir *Frederick* and my Aunt.
 My Lord, some other time I will relate
 The Story of his Love, and of its Fate.

Sir Fred. How now my Lord? so grave a Countenance
 In the Presence of your Mistress? Widow, what wou'd
 You give your Eyes had Power to make me such another
 Melancholy Gentleman?

Wid. I have seen even as merry a Man as your self,
Sir Frederick, brought to stand with folded Arms, and
 With a tristful Look tell a mournful Tale to a Lady.

Enter a Foot-boy, and whispers Sir Frederick.

Sir Fred. The Devil owes some Men a Shame; the
 Coach is ready: Widow, I know you are Ambitious to
 Be seen in my Company.

Wid. My Lord, and Cousin, will you Honour me
 With yours to the Park; that may take off the Scandal
 Of his?

Enter Aurelia and Leticia.

Beauf. Madam, we'll wait upon you; but we must
 Not leave this Lady behind us.

Wid. Cousin *Aurelia* —

Aur. Madam, I beg you will excuse me, and you,
 My Lord; I feel a little Indisposition, and dare not
 Venture into so sharp an Air.

Beauf. Your Servant, Madam. [*Ex. all but Aur. and Let.*]

Aur. Retire: I would not have you stay with me,
 I have too great a Train of Mistris.

If Virtuous Love in none be Cause of Shame,
Why shou'd it be a Crime to own the Flame?
But we by Custom, not by Nature led,
Must in the beaten Paths of Honour tread.
I love thee *Bruce*; but Heav'n, what have I done!
Leticia, did I not command you hence?

Leticia. Madam, I hope my Care is no Offence:
I am afflicted thus to see you take
Delight to keep your Miseries awake.

Aur. Since you have heard me, swear you will be true
Leticia, none must know I love but you.

Leticia. If I at any time your Love declare,
May I of Heav'n and serving you despair.
Though I am young, yet I have felt this Smart;
Love once was busie with my tender Heart.

Aur. Wert thou in Love?

Leticia. I was.

Aur. Pr'ythee, with whom?

Leticia. With one that like my self did newly bloom:
Methoughts his Actions were above his Years. [*She weeps.*]

Aur. *Leticia*, You confirm me by your Tears:
Now I believe you lov'd; did he love you?

Leticia. That had been more than to my Love was due;
He was so much above my humble Birth,
My Passion had been fitter for his Mirth.

Aur. And does your Love continue still the same?

Leticia. Some Sparks remain, but time has quench'd the Flame;
I hope 'twill prove as kind to you, and cure
These greater Grievs which (Madam) you endure.

Aur. Time to my bleeding Heart brings no Relief;
Death there must heal the fatal Wounds of Grief.

Leticia, come, within this shady Bower
We'll join our mournful Voices, and repeat
The saddest Tales we ever learn'd of Love.

*Aurelia and Leticia walk into an Arbour and sing this
Song in Parts.*

S O N G.

WHEN Phillis watch'd her harmless Sheep
Not one poor Lamb was made a Prey;
Yet she had Cause enough to weep.
Her silly Heart did go astray.

LOVE in a TUB.

*Then flying to the Neighb'ring Grove,
She left the tender Flock to rove,
And to the Winds did breathe her Love.*

She sought in vain

To ease her Pain;

The heedless Winds did fan her Fire;

Venting her Grief

Gave no Relief;

But rather did increase Desire.

Then sitting with her Arms a-cross,

Her Sorrows streaming from each Eye;

She fix'd her Thoughts upon her Loss,

And in Despair resolv'd to die.

Aur. Why should you weep, *Leticia*, whilst we sing?

[Walking out of the Arbour.

Tell me from whence those gentle Currents spring.

Can yet your faded Love cause such fresh Showers?

This Water is too good for dying Flowers.

Letic. Madam, it is such Love commands this Dew
As cannot fade; it is my Love to you.

Aur. *Leticia*, I am weary of this Place;
And yet I know not whither I shou'd go.

Letic. Will you be pleas'd to try if you can sleep?
That may deceive you of your Cares a while.

Aur. I will: There's nothing here does give me Ease,
But in the End will nourish my Disease. *[Exeunt.*

S C E N E III. *A Tavern.*

Enter Wheadle, and immediately after him a Foot-boy.

Whead. The Hour is come; where's your Master, Sirrah?

Foot-b. He'll be here immediately, Sir.

Whead. Is he neatly dress'd?

Foot-b. In the very Suit he won th' other Day of the
Buckinghamshire Grafter.

Whead. Take this Letter, and give it me when you
Perceive me talking with Sir *Nicholas Cully*, with
Recommendations from a Lady; lurk in some secret Place
'Till he's come, that he may not perceive you at his
Entrance. Oh, here's *Palmer*. *[Exit Foot-boy.*

Thom.

Thom, what's the Price of a Score of fat Wethers?

[Enter Palmer.

Palm. Do they not well become me, Boy?

Whead. Nature doubtless intended thee for a Rogue, She has so well contriv'd thee for Disguises. Here comes Sir Nicholas.

[Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir Nicholas, come, come; this is an honest Friend and Countryman of mine.

Sir Nich. Your Servant, Sir; Is not the Lady come By yet?

Whead. I expect her every Moment;—Ho, here's her Boy. Well, what News?

[Enter Boy.

Boy. My Lady presents her Service to you, Sir, and Has sent you this.

[Delivers a Letter.

[Wheadle reads, and seems much displeas'd.

Sir Nich. What is the matter, Man?

Whead. Read, read, I want Patience to tell you. Fortune still jades me in all my Expectations.

[Gives Cul. the Letters

Sir Nich. (*reading the Letter.*) The Citizen's Wife, forc'd To go to Greenwich with her Husband, will meet some Time next Week.

Come, come, Wheadle, another time will do; be not so Passionate, Man.

Whead. I must abuse my Friend upon an Idle Woman's Word!

Sir Nich. Pish, 'tis an Accident: come let us drink a Glas of Wine, to put these Women out of our Heads.

Palm. Women? ho Boys, Women, where are the Women?

Whead. Here's your merry Countryman.

Palmer sings.

HE took her by the Apron,
To bring her to his beck;
But as he wound her to him,
The Apron-strings did break.

Enter Drawer with Wine.

Sir Nich. A merry Man indeed. Sir, my Service To you

[Drinks to Palmer.

Palm.

Palm. Thank you, Sir. Come Mr. *Wheadle*,
 Remembring my Landlord, i' faith; wou'd he were e'en
 Among us now. Come be merry Man. * Lend [** To Sir Nich.*
 Me your Hand; Sir; you look like an honest Man;
 Here's a good Health to all that are so: Tope—here
 Pledge me. [*Drinks.*

[*Gives Sir Nicholas the Glass.*
Sir Nich. Mr. *Wheadle*, to you.

[*Drinks, and leaves some in the Glass.*
Pa'm. I'll not abate you an Ace. 'Slid, y'are not so
 Honest as I took you for. [*Sir Nicholas drinks up the rest.*

Palmer sings.

IF any Man baulk his Liquor,
 Let him never baulk the Gallows,
 But sing a Psalm there wth th' Vicar,
 Or die in a Dirty Ale-house.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. There's a Country-man below desires to speak
 With his Master *Palmer*.

Palm. So, so, thank thee Lad; it is my Man, I
 Appointed him to call here; h'as sold the Cattle I'll
 Warrant you: I'll wait upon you again presently,
 Gentlemen. [*Exit Palmer.*

Whead. Is not this a very pleasant Fellow?

Sir Nich. The pleasantest I ever met with; what is he?

Whead. He's a *Buckinghamshire* Grasier, very rich;
 He has the fat Oxen, and fat Acres in the Vale: I met
 Him here by chance, and cou'd not avoid drinking a
 Glass o' Wine with him. I believe he's gone down to
 Receive Money; 'twere an excellent Design to bubble him.

Sir Nich. How 'twou'd change his merry Note; will
 You try him?

Whead. Do you; I cannot appear in't, because he takes
 Me for his Friend.

Sir Nich. How neatly I cou'd rope upon him!

Whead. All things will pass upon him; I'll go your
 Half: Talk of Dice, you'll perceive if he's coming.
 What Money have you about you?

Sir Nich. Ten Pieces.

Whead

Whead. I have about that Quantity too; here, take it.
If he should run us out of our ready Money be sure you
Set him deep upon Tick, if he'll be at you, that we
May recover it; for we'll not pay a Farthing of what we
Lose that Way. Hush, here he comes.

*Enter Palmer with a Bag of Money under his Arm,
and flings it upon the Table.*

Palm. All my fat Oxen and Sheep are melted to this,
Gentlemen.

Whead. Their Grease is well try'd, Sir.

Sir Nich. Come, Sir, for all your Riches, you are in
Arrear here. *[Offers him a Glass.]*

Palm. I'll be soon out of your Debts: My hearty Love,
To you, Sir. *[Drinks.]* Wou'd I had you both in
Buckinghamshire, and a Pipe of this Canary in my Cellar;
We'd roast an Ox before we parted; shou'd we not, Boy?

Palmer sings.

WE'd sing, and we'd laugh, and we'd drink all the
Day;
Our Reason we'd banish, our Senses shou'd sway;
And every Pleasure our Wills shou'd obey.

Palm. Come, drink to me a brimmer if you dare now.

Sir Nich. Nay, if you provoke me you'll find me a
Bold Man: Give me a bigger Glass, Boy: So, this is
Fit for Men of Worship: Hang your retail Drinkers;
Have at thee, my brave Country-man. *[Drinks.]*

Palm. I'll do all I can for my Guts to pledge thee.
Ho, brave Boys! that's he, that's he, i'faith; how I
Cou'd hug thee now! Mr. *Wheadle*, to you.

Whead. I protest, Gentlemen, you'll fright me out of
Your Company. *Sir Nicholas*, shall we have t'other
Round?

Sir Nich. Let's pause a while. What say you,
Gentlemen, if to pass away the time, and to refresh us,
We shou'd have a Box and Dice, and sing a merry
Main among our selves in Sport?

Whead. 'Twill spoil good Company; by no means,
Sir Nicholas.

Palm. Hang Play among Friends; let's have a Wench.

LOVE in a TUB.

SINGS.

AND Jenny was all my Joy,
 She had my Heart at her Will;
 But I left her and her Toy
 When once I had got my Fill.

What say you, shall we have her?

Sir Nich. We are not drunk enough for a Wench.

Palm. Let's sing a Catch then.

Whead. Cull. Agreed, agreed.

Whead. Begin, Mr. Palmer.

Palmer sings, standing in the middle, with a Glass of Wine
 in his Hand.

Palm. I Have no Design here,
 But drinking good Wine here.

Whead. Nor I, Boy.

Sir Nich. Nor I, Boy.

Whead. Th' art my Boy.

Sir Nich. Th' art my Boy.

All Three. Our Heads are too airy for Plots:

Let us hug then all three,

Since our Virtues agree,

We'll hollow and cast up our Hats.

[They hollow whilst Palmer drinks, and then
 change 'till it has gone round.]

Sir Nich. Enough, enough.

Palm. Very good Boys all, very good Boys all. Give
 Me a Glass of Wine there; fill a Brimmer: Sir Nicholas,
 Your Lady.

Sir Nich. Pray, Sir, forbear; I must be forc'd to
 Leave your Company else. Pr'ythee, Wheadle, let's have
 A Box and Dice.

Whead. We shall grow dull. Mr. Palmer, what say
 You to the Business?

Palm. I do not understand Dice: I understand good
 Pasture and Drink——Hang the Devil's Bones.

[Wheadle whispers Cully to send for Dice, Cully whispers
 the Drawer.]

Palmer sings.

HE that leaves his Wine for Boxes and Dice,
 Or his Wench for fear of Mishaps,
 May be beg all his Days, cracking of Lice,
 And die in conclusion of Claps.

Enter

Enter Drawer with Dice.

Palm. Come, come, Gentlemen, this is the harmlesser Sport of the two ; a merry Glas round.

Sir Nich. Excuse me, Sir ; I'll Pledge you here. [*Takes Dice.*
Come, come, Sir, on Six ; Six is the Main.

Palm. The Main ? what's the Main.

Sir Nich. Do not you understand Hazard ?

Palm. I understand Dice, or Hap-hazard !

Sir Nich. Can you play at Passage ?

Palm. You pass my Understanding ; I can fling most At a Throw, for a Shot, or a Glas of Wine.

Sir Nich. Passage is easily learn'd : The Caster wins if He fling above Ten with Doublets upon three Dice.

Palm. How Doublets ?

Sir Nich. Two of a fort ; two Cinques, two Tre's, Or the like.

Palm. Ho, ho ; I have you.

Sir Nich. Come, set then.

Palm. I set you this Bottle.

Sir Nich. Nay, nay, set Mony.

Palm. Is it a fair Play, Mr. *Wheadle* ? I trust to you.

Whead. Upon my Word a very fair square Play ; but This Table is so wet, there's no playing upon it.

Drawer. Will you be pleas'd to remove into the next Room, Gentlemen ?

Sir Nich. I think 'twill not be amiss.

Whead. Much better. Come Mr. *Palmer*.

Palm. I'll follow, Sir.

Palmer sings.

I F she be not as kind as fair,
But peevish and unhandy,
Leave her, she's only worth the Care
Of some spruce Jack-a-dandy.
I wou'd not have thee such an Ass,
Had'st thou ne'er so much leisure,
To sigh and whine for such a Lass
Whose Pride's above her Pleasure.

Sir Nich. Ho brave Boy.

Palm. March on, march on.

B 5

SINGS.

S I N G S.

MAKE much of ev'ry Buxome Girl,
Which needs but little Courting;
Her value is above the Pearl,
That takes Delight in sporting.

[Exeunt]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, A Tavern.

Enter Sir Nicholas Cully, Wheadle, Palmer, and Drawer

Palm. **N**AY, Sir Nicholas, for all your haste, I must
Have a Note under your Hand for the
Thousand Pounds you owe me.

Whead. This must not be among Friends, Mr. Palmer
Sir Nicholas shall not pay the Money.

Sir Nich. I had been a Mad-man to play at such a
Rate, if I had ever intended to pay.

Palm. Tho' I am but a poor Country-man, I
Scorn to be cheus'd; I have Friends in Town.

Whead. But hark you Mr. Palmer.

Palm. Hark me no harks; I'll have my Money.

Sir Nich. Drawer take your Reck'ning.

Whead. [Laughing.] Farewel, Sir; haste into the County
To mind your Cattel.

Palm. But hark you, Gentlemen; are you in earnest?

Whead. Ay indeed; fare you well, Sir.

Palm. I took you for my Friend, Mr. *Wheadle*;
But now I perceive what you are.

* Your Ear, Sir.

[* To Cully]

Whead. Never fear him; he dares not go into the Field
Without it be among his Sheep.

Cul. Agreed; to morrow, about Eight in the Morning
Near Pancridge.

Whead. I will have the Honour to serve you, Sir Nich^l
Provide your self a Second, Mr. Palmer.

[Exeunt Sir Nich. and Wheadle laughing
Palm.]

Palm. So, Laugh. This is the Sheep that I must
Fleece. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Covent-Garden.

*Enter Sir Frederick Frolick, with Fiddlers before him, and
six or eight Link-boys, Dancing and Singing.*

Sir Fred. Here, here, this is the Window ; range your
Selves here.

Enter the Bell-man.

Bell-m. Good-morrow, Gentlemen.

Sir Fred. Honest Bell-man, pry'thee lend me thy Bell.

Bell-m. With all my Heart, Master.

[Sir Fred. rings the Bell, and then repeats these Verses,

Sir Fred. **Y**OU Widow, that do sleep Dog sleep,
And now for your dead Husband weep,
Perceiving well what want you have
Of that poor Worm has eat in Grave ;
Rise out of Bed, and ope the Door ;
Here's that will all your Joys restore.

Good-morrow, my Mistress dear, Good-morrow.

Good-morrow, Widow.

[He rings the Bell again.

*The Chamber-maid comes to the Window unlac'd, holding
her Petticoats in her Hand.*

Maid. Who's that comes at this unseasonable Hour, to
Disturb my Lady's Quiet ?

Sir Fred. An honest Bell-man to mind her of her Frailty.

Maid. Sir Frederick, I wonder you will offer this ; you
Will lose her Favour for ever.

Sir Fred. Y'are mistaken ; now's the time to creep into
Her Favour.

Maid. I'am sure y'ave wak'd me out of the sweetest
Sleep : Hey ho——

Sir Fred. Poor Girl ! let me in, I'll rock thee into
A sweeter.

Maid. I hear a stirring in my Mistress's Chamber ; I
Believe y'ave frightened her.

[Exit Maid.]

Sir Fred. Sound a fresh Alarm ; the Enemy's at Hand.

[Fiddlers Play.]

The

The Widow comes to the Window in her Night-Gown.

Wid. Whose Insolence is this, that dares affront me Thus ?

Sir Fred. in ? If there be Insolence in Love, 'tis I
a Canting Tone. § Have done you this unwilling Injury.

Wid. What pitiful riming Fellow's that ? He speaks as
If he were prompted by the Fidlers.

Sir Fred. Alas ; what Pains I take thus to unclosethose pretty Eye-lids which lock'd up my Foes !

Wid. A godly Book wou'd become that Tone a great Deal better : He might get a pretty Living by reading Mother Shipton's Prophecies, or some Pious Exhortation At the Corner of a Street : His mournful Voice, I vow, Has mov'd my Compassion.

Sir Fred. Ay, ay, we shou'd have a Fellow-feeling of One another indeed, Widow.

Wid. Sir Frederick, is it you ?

Sir Fred. Yes truly ; and can you be angry, Lady ? Have not your Quarters been beaten up at these most Seasonable Hours before now ?

Wid. Yes, but it has been by one that has had a Commission for what he did : I'm afraid shou'd it once Become your Duty, you wou'd soon grow weary of the Employment.

Sir Fred. Widow, I hate this distance ; 'tis not the English Fashion, pry'thee let's come to't Hand to Fist.

Wid. I give no Entertainment to such lewd Persons. Farewel, Sir.

[Exit Wid.]

Sir Fred. I'll fetch thee again, or conjure the whole Garden up. Sing the Catch I taught you at the Rose.

[Fidlers sing.]

S O N G.

HE that will win a Widow's Heart
Must bear up briskly to her :
She loves the Lad that's free and smart,
But hates the formal Wooer.

Widow runs to the Window again, with her Maid.

Wid. Hold, hold, Sir Frederick ; what do you imagine The Neighbours will think ?

Sir

Sir Fred. So ill, I hope, of thee, thou'lt be forced to think the better of me.

Wid. I am much beholden to you for the Care you have of my Reputation.

Sir Fred. Talk no more, but let the Door be open'd ; Or else Fidlers——

Wid. Pray hold ; what Security shall I have for your Good Behaviour ?

Sir Fred. My Word.

Wid. That's pawn'd at the Tavern from whence you came.

Sir Fred. Thy own Honesty then ; is that engag'd ?

Wid. I think that will go nigh to secure me. Give 'em Entrance, Betty. [Ex. Widow and her Maid.

Enter Palmer, with a Link before him.

Sir Fred. Ha ! who goes there ?

Palmer. An humble Creature of yours, Sir.

Sir Fred. Palmer in a Disguise ! what Roguery hast Thou been about ?

Palmer. Out of my Loyal Inclinations doing Service to His Majesty.

Sir Fred. What ? a plotting ?

Palmer. How to destroy his Enemies, Mr. Wheadle and I are very Vigilant.

Sir Fred. In bubbling of some Body, on my Life.

Palmer. We do not use to boast our Services, nor do we seek Rewards ; good Actions recompence themselves.

Sir Fred. Ho the Door opens ; farewell, Sirrah.

Gentlemen, wait you without, and be ready when I call. Best Bell-man drink this. [Gives the Bell-man Money.

Bell-m. Thank you, noble Master. [Exit Bell-man.

Sir Fred. *entering*. Here's something to stop thy Mouth [The Maid shrieks.

Maid. Out upon you, Sir Frederick ; you'll never leave your old Tricks. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Widow's House.

Sir Frederick, *leading the Widow, follow'd by her Maid*.

Sir Fred. Little did I think I shou'd have been brought to this pass : Love never had the Power to rob me of my Rest before.

Wid.

Wid. Alas poor Gentleman ! he has not been us'd to These late Hours.

Sir Fred. Widow, do not you be peevish now, 'tis Dangerous Jestings with my Affection ; 'tis in its Infancy, And must be humour'd.

Wid. Pray teach me how, Sir.

Sir Fred. Why, with Kisses, and such pretty little Dalliances ; thus, thus. [Kisses her]

Wid. Hold, hold, Sir ; if it be so froward, put it out To Nurse ; I am not so fond of it as you imagine ; pray How have you dispos'd of your brave Comrades ? Have You left them to the mercy of the Beadle ?

Sir Fred. No, you must be acquainted with their Virtues. Enter Gentlemen.

Enter the Fiddlers, and a Masque of the Link-boys, who are Dancing-Masters, disguis'd for the Frolick.

Wid. These are Men of Skill. [After the Masque]

Sir Fred. I disguis'd 'em for your Entertainment.

Wid. Well, Sir, now I hope you'll leave me to my Rest.

Sir Fred. Can you in Conscience turn a Young Man Out of Doors at this time o'th' Night, Widow ? Fie, The very Thought on't will keep you waking.

Wid. So pretty, so well-favour'd a Young Man ; one That loves me !

Sir Fred. Ay, one that loves you.

Wid. Truly 'tis a very hard-hearted thing. [She sighs]

Sir Fred. Come, come, be mollify'd. You may go to Gentlemen, and leave me here ; you may go. [To the Masque]

Wid. You may stay, Gentlemen ; you may stay, and Take your Captain along with you ; You'll find good Quarters in some warm Hay-loft.

Sir Fred. Merciless Woman ! Do but lend me thy Maid ; faith I'll use her very tenderly and lovingly, even As I'd use thy self, dear Widow, if thou wou'dst but Make proof of my Affection.

Wid. If the Constable carry your suspicious Person to The Compter, pray let me have notice of it ; I'll send My Taylor to be your Bail.

Sir Fred. Go, go to Bed, and be idle, Widow ;

Worse than any Misfortune I can meet with. Strike up,
And give notice of our coming. Farewel, Widow ; I
Shy thy solitary Condition. [Exeunt, Fiddlers playing.]

SCENE IV. Sir Frederick's Lodging.

Enter Dufoy and Clark.

Clark. I wonder Sir Frederick stays out so late.

Duf. Dis is noting ; six, seven a Clock in the Morning
ver good Hour.

Clark. I hope he does not use these Hours often.

Duf. Some six, seven time a Week ; no oftiner.

Clark. My Lord commanded me to wait his coming.

Duf. Matr  Clark, to divertise you, I vil tell you

ow I did get be acquainted vid dis Bedlam Matr .

bout two, tree Year ago me had for my conveniance

discharg  my self from attending [Enter Foot-boy,

s Matr  D'ostel to a Person of Condition in Parie ; it

happen after de dispatch of my little Affair —

Foot-b. That is, after h'ad spent his Mony, Sir.

Duf. Jan foutr  de Lacque ; me vill have de Vip and
de Belle vor your Breec , Rogue.

Foot-b. Sir, in a Word, he was Jack-Pudding to a
Mountebank, and turn'd off for want of Wit : My
Master pick'd him up before a Puppet-show, mumbling a
Half-penny Cuffard, to send him with a Letter to the
Post.

Duf. Morbleu, see, see de Insolance of de Foot-boy
English, Bogre Rasc le, you lie, begar I vil cutt  your
Troat . [Exit Foot-boy.]

Clark. He's a Rogue ; on with your Story, Monsieur.

Duf. Matr  Clark, I am your ver humble Serviteur ;
But begar me have no patience to be abus . As I did
say, after de dispatch  of my Affair , van Day being
idle, vich does produc  de Melancholique, I did valk 
Over de new Bridge in Parie, and to devertise de Time,
And my more serious Thought , me did look to see de
Marrionet  and de Jack-puddinge, vich did play hundred
Pretty Trick , time de Collation vas come ; and vor I
Had no Company, I vas unwilling to go to de Cabaret ,
Bur

But did buy a Darriolé, littel Custardé vich did satisfie
 My Appetite ver vel : In dis time young Monsieur de
Grandvil (a Jentleman of ver great Quality, van dat
 My ver good Friendé, and has done me ver great and
 Infignal Faveure) come by in his Caroché, vid dis
Sir Frollick, who did Pention at the same Academy, to
 Learn the Language, de bon Mine, de great Horfe, and
 Many oder Triké : Monsieur seeing me did make de
 Bowé, and did beken, beken me come to him ! He did
 Tellé me dat de Englis Jentleman had de Lettré vor de
 Posté, and did entreaté me (if I had de oppertunity)
 To see de Lettré deliver : He did tellé me too, 'it vould be
 Ver great Obligation : De Memory of de Faveur I had
 Receive from his Famelyé, beside the Inclination I
 Naturally have to servé de Strangeré, made me returné
 De Complemen vid ver great Civility, and so I did take
 De Lettré, and see it deliveré. *Sir Frollick* perceiving
 (By de Management of dis Affairé) dat I vas Man
 D'esprit, and of Vitté, did entreaté me to be his Serviteur
 Me did take d'Affection to his Personé, and vas content
 To live vid him, to counsel and to advisé him. You see
 Now de lie of de Bougre de Lacque Englishe, Morbleu

Enter a Foot-man.

Foot-m. Monsieur, the Apothecary is without.

Duf. Dat News be no ver welcome, begar. *Marré*
Clark, go and sit you down ; I vil but swal my
 Break-face, and be vid you again presant. Morbleu
 L'Apothecaré. [Exit

SCENE V. A Field.

Enter Wheadle and Cully.

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, this is too dangerous a Testimonie
 Of thy Kindness.

Whead. I shou'd be angry with you if you thought for
 What makes you so serious ?

Cul. I am sorry I did not provide for both our Safeties.

Whead. How so ?

Cul. Colonel *Hewson* is my Neighbour, and very good
 Friend ; I might have acquainted him with the Business
 And got him with a File of Musketeers to secure us all.

Whead.

Whead. But this wou'd not secure your Honour.

Jul. wou'd the World have judg'd?

Jul. Let the World have judg'd what it wou'd: Have not had many Prefidents of late, and the World knows not what to judge?

Whead. But you see there was no need to hazard your Reputation; here's no Enemy appears.

Jul. We have done our Duty, let's be going then.

Whead. We ought to wait a while.

Jul. The Air is so bleak, I vow I can no longer endure it.

Whead. Have a little Patience, methinks I see two coming towards us in the next Close.

Jul. Where, where? 'Tis them.

Whead. Bear up bravely now like a Man.

Jul. I protest I am the worst Dissembler in Cases of Nature.

Whead. Along; look like a Man of Resolution.

Jul. Whither, whither go you?

Jul. But to the next House to make my Will, for I am of the worst: Tell them I'll be here again presently.

Whead. By no means; if you give 'em the least occasion to suspect you, they'll appear like Lions.

Jul. Well, 'tis but giving Security for the Mony; it will bring me off at last.

Enter Palmer and his Second.

Palmer. I see you ride the Fore-horse, Gentlemen.

[All strip but Cully, who fumbles with his Doublet.]

Whead. Good-morrow, Sir.

Palmer. Come, Sir, let us match the Swords. *[To Wheadle.]*

Whead. With all my Heart. *[They match the Swords.]*

Palmer sings.

HE had and a good right Bilbo Blade,
Wherewith he us'd to vapour;
Full many a stubborn Foo had made
To wince and cut a Caper.

Palmer. Here's your Sword, Sir.

[To Palmer.]

Palmer. Come, Sir, are you ready for this Sport? *[To Cully.]*

Jul. By and by, Sir; I will not rend the Buttons from my Doublet for no Man's Pleasure.

Whead.

Whend. Death, y'ave spoil'd all; make haste.

Cul. Hang 'em, the Devil eggs 'em on; they will.

Palm. What, will you never have done fumbling?

Sec. This is a shame; fight him with his Doublet
There's no foul play under it.

Palm. Come, Sir, have at you. [*Making to C*]

Sec. Here, here, Sir. [*To Whend*]

Whend. I am for you, Sir.

[*Whend and the Second seem to*]

Cul. Hold, hold, I beseech you, Mr. Palmer, hear
Me, hear me.

Whend. What's the matter?

Cul. My Conscience will not let me fight in a w
Cause; I will pay the Mony, I have fairly lost it.

Whend. How contemptible is Man, overcome by t
Worst of Passions, Fear! it makes him as much below
Beasts as Reason raises him above them. I will my se
Fight you both; come on, if you dare.——

Cul. Pr'ythee, dear *Whend*, do but hear me.

Whend. I disown all the Kindness I ever had for y
Where are these Men of Valour, which owe their
Virtue to this Man's Vice? Let me go, I will chastise
Their Insolence my self. [*Cully holds*]

Cul. Dear *Whend*, bear with the Frailties of thy
Friends.

Whend. Death! what would you have me do? Can
Serve you with any thing more dear than my Life?

Cul. Let us give them Security.

Whend. Do you know what it is you would do?
You consider'd what a thousand Pounds is? 'Tis a
Fortune for any one Man.

Cul. I will pay it all, thou shalt be no Loser.

Whend. Do you hear, Shepherd? How do you en
This Money?

Palm. I expect such Security for it as my Friend
Advise.

Sec. A Warrant to confess a Judgment from you

Whend. You shall be damn'd first; you shall have
Nothing.

Palm. and Sec. We'll have your Bloods.

[*They proffer to fight; Cully holds Whend*]

Head. Let me go.

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, let it be so. You shall have a
segment, Gentlemen.

Head. I will take care hereafter with whom I engage.

[*The Second pulls Papers out of his Pocket.*]

at? you have your Tacklings about you.

Sec. We have Articles for Peace, as well as Weapons
War.

Head. Dispatch, dispatch then, put me to no more
ment with delays.

Sec. Come Sir *Nicholas* to the Book; you see we are
ourable, we grant you the Benefit of your Clergy.

[*Cul. subscribes on Palmer's Back; and then Wheadle.*
ar helping Hand good Mr. *Wheadle*, to finish the Work.

Head. Take that into the Bargain. [*Kicks him.*]

alm. You shall have another, if you please, at the Price.

Sec. We seldom quarrel under a thousand Pound.

alm. and Sec. We wish you merry, Gentlemen.

Palmer sings;

COME let's to the Tavern *senpo*,
And drink while we can stand;
We thirst more for the Blood of old Grapes
Than for the Blood of Man.

[*Exeunt Palmer and Second.*]

Head. Do you see now what Men of mighty Prowess
se are?

Cul. I was to blame indeed.

Head. I am in such a Passion I know not what to do:
us not stand gazing here; I would not have this
own for a Kingdom.

Cul. No, nor I neither.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The Lord Bevill's House.*

Enter my Lord Bevill and Louis.

Lov. 'Tis yet within your Power, Sir, to maintain
Honour, and prevent this threatening Stain.

Bev. Forbear this wicked Insolence: Once more

arge you think on your Obedience. [*Ex. L. Bevill.*]

Lov.

Lov. Beauty, what art thou, we so much admire!
 Thou art no real, but a seeming Fire,
 Which, like the Glow-worm, only casts a light
 To them whose Reason Passion does benight.
 Thou art a Meteor, which but blazing dies,
 Made of such Vapours as from us arise.
 Within thy guilty Beams lurk cruel Fates,
 To peaceful Families, and warring States,
 Unhappy Friend, to doat on what we know——

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Colonel Bruce, unexpectedly released from
 His Imprisonment, is come to wait upon you. [*Ex. Serv.*]

Lov. What shall I do! Ye Powers above be kind,
 Some Counsel give to my distracted Mind:
 Friendship and Shame within me so contend,
 I know not how to shun or meet my Friend.

Enter Bruce.

Bruce. Where is my gen'rous Friend? Oh noble Youth
 How long have I been rob'd of this Content; [*They Embrace.*]
 Though Deprivation be the greatest Pain,
 When Heav'n restores our Happiness again
 It makes amends by our increase of Joy,
 Perfecting that which it did once destroy.
 Dear Friend, my Love does now exact its due;
Graciana must divide my Heart with you:
 Conduct me to your Sister, where I may
 Make this my Morn of Joy a glorious Day.
 What means this sad Astonishment!

Lov. How can we chuse but with Confusion greet,
 When I your Joys with equal Sorrows meet.

Bruce. O Heav'n! must my Afflictions have no end
 I 'scap'd my Foe, to perish by my Friend:
 What strange Disaster can produce this Grief!
 Is *Graciana* dead? Speak, speak; be brief.

Lov. She lives; but I cou'd wish her dead.

Bruce. Rash Man! why shou'd your Envy swell so
 To wish the World this great Calamity?
 With the whole frame of Nature were dissolv'd,
 That all things to a Chaos were revolv'd,
 There is more Charity in this Desire;
 Since with our Loss, our Sorrows wou'd expire.

Enter Aurelia.

Here comes *Aurelia*, sent for my Relief:
 She knows her Tongue can best express this Grief.
 Mine her, and you shall find ere long
 Revenge, tho' not relate your Wrong.
Peace. For Pity haste, *Aurelia*, and declare

[Kisses her Hand.]

Reasons of your Brother's frightening Care:
 My Soul is rack'd with Doubts, until I know.

[After a Pause.]

Silence and your Looks, *Aurelia*, show
 Your Kindness made you bear a part
 Of those great Sorrows that afflict his Heart.
 His Passion is so noble and so just,
 His generous Soul can know it but it must
 Claim unto a Portion, as its due:
 Can be thus concern'd for none but you.

Peace. Kind Maid, reveal what my Misfortunes are;
 Friendship must not engross them, though it share.
 I'd not willingly my Love suspect,
 Yet I fear 'tis answer'd with Neglect.

My Sister, by unlucky Stars misled,
 From you and from her Happiness is fled;
 Cruel in the way, by Passion prest,
 She has took Shelter in another's Breast.

Peace. Fate, thou hast donethy worst, thy Triumph sing;
 Thou hast stung so home, th'ast lost thy Sting.

Be not Pow'r, *Gracianna*, to exclaim *[After a Pause.]*

Must your Fault; indeed you are to blame.

My Sister. Tell me, did she her Promise plight, or give
 My Love Encouragement enough to live?

Peace. It was her Pity sure, and not her Love,
 That made her seem my Passion to approve:

My Story was unpleasant to her Ear

At first; but Time had made her apt to hear

My Love: She told me that it grew her Grief,

As much as mine, my Pain found no Relief;

She promis'd she'd endeavour the decrease

Of that in her which warr'd against my Peace.

As in this joyful Spring of Love that I

Was ravish'd from her by our Enemy:

My

My Hopes grew strong, I banish'd all Despair:
These glowing Sparks I then left to the care
Of this Fair Maid, thinking she might inspire
My Passion, and blow up the kindling Fire.

Lov. Alas! she to my Knowledge has been true;
Sh'as spoke and sigh'd all that she cou'd for you.

Aur. When you were forc'd to end, I did proceed,
And with success the catching Fire did feed:
Till noble *Beaufort* one unlucky Day

A Visit to our Family did pay;
Newly arriv'd from Foreign Courts, and fraught
With all those Virtues that in Courts are taught:
He with his am'rous Tales so charm'd her Ear,
That she of Love from none but him wou'd hear.

Bruce. That Heart which I so long with Toil and
Besieg'd, and us'd all Stratagems to gain,

Enter a Servant, and whispers with Lovis.
Is now become within a trice we see
The Triumph of another's Victory.

There is a Fate in Love, as well as War;
Some, though less careful, more successful are.

Lov. Do not this Opportunity withstand;
These Lovers now are walking Hand in Hand
I'th' Garden; fight him there, and sacrifice
His Heart to that false Woman's Cruelties:
If Fate be so unjust to make thee fall,
His Blood or mine shall wait thy Funeral.

Bruce. Young Man, this Rashness must have my Excuse
Since 'tis your Friendship does your Fault produce;
If Pow'rs above did not this Passion sway,
But that our Love our Reason did obey,
Your Sister I with Justice might accuse,
Nor wou'd I this Occasion then refuse.

Lov. Does *Bruce* resolve thus tamely to decline
His Int'rest, and like foolish Women pine?
Can that great Heart which in your Breast does dwell,
Let your fond Grievs above your Courage swell?

Bruce. My Passions grow unruly, and I find
Too soon they'll raise a Tempest in my Mind.
Graciana, like fond Parents, y'are to blame
You did not in its Youth correct my Flame;

now so Head-strong, and so wild a Fire,
to both our Ruins 'twill conspire:
now impatient, Friend, come lead me where
to her my injur'd Love declare.
Graciana, yet your Heart shall be my Prize,
and my Heart shall be your Sacrifice.
It's the Issue of ignoble Minds,
but with Cowards Entertainment find.

[*Exeunt Lovis and Bruce.*]

Heav'n grant some Moderation to this Rage,
Reason their swell'd Passions may assuage.
Bruce! thou little think'st the Fates in me
to the full reveng'd thy Injury.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. A Garden belonging to my
Lord Bevil's House.

[*Enter Beaufort and Graciana.*]

Beauf. Madam, what you have told so much must move
that have sense of Honour or of Love,
for my Rival I could shed a Tear
if I had any Pow'r when you are near.
Grac. Leave this Discourse; your Mistress you neglect,
to your Rival all your Thoughts direct.

[*Enter Bruce and Lovis, and stand undiscover'd.*]

Beauf. Forgive me, dear Graciana, I have been
by Compassion sooth'd into a Sin.
The holiest Man that to the Altar bows,
his wand'ring Thoughts too often stains his Vows.

Bruce. Graciana, you are alter'd much, I find,

[*Surprising her by the Hand.*]

Beauf. I was here y'ave learn'd how to be kind.

God of Love, which subtly let you sway,

sol'n your Heart, and taught it to obey.

Grac. Heav'n's! what strange Surprise is this!

Bruce. Hither I'm come, to make my lawful Claim;

you are my Mistress, and must own my Flame.

Beauf. Forbear, bold Man, and do not tempt thy Fate;

thou hast no Right; her Love does Right create:

[*Striking her by the other Hand.*]

Thy

Thy Claim must to my Title here give place;
'Tis not who loves, but whom she's pleas'd to grace.

Grac. Hear me but speak. *Bruce*, you divide my
Though not my Love, you my Compassion share;
My Heart does double Duty; it does mourn
For you brave *Bruce*; for you brave *Beaufort* burn.

Bruce. Your Pity but destroys; if you wou'd save,
It is your Love, *Graciana*, I must have.

Beauf. Her Love is mine, she did it now declare;
Name it no more, but vanish and despair.

Bruce. Death, do you think to conjure me away!
I am no Devil that am forc'd t'obey:
If y'are so good at that, here are such Charms

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword*]
Can fright y' into the Circle of her Arms

[*Graciana takes Beaufort in her Arms*]
Beauf. Here is a Sword more fit for my Defence;
This is not Courage, *Bruce*, but Insolence.

Graciana, let me go, my Heart wants room.

Grac. My Arms till now were ne'er thought troublesome.

Bruce. *Beaufort*, I hope y'ave Courage to appear
Where sacred Sanctuary is not near.
I'll leave you now within that happy State,
Which does provoke my Fury and my Hate.

[*Ex. Bruce and Love*]
Grac. You must not meet him in the Field, to prove
A doubtful Combat for my certain Love.

Beside, your Heart is mine; will you expose
The Heart you gave me to its raging Foes?
Those Men want Honour who stake that at Play,
Which to their Friends their Kindness gave away.

Beauf. *Graciana*, why did you confine me so
Within your Arms? You shou'd have let me go:
We soon had finish'd this our hot Debate,
Which now must wait a longer time on Fate.

Grac. None in Compositions blame such as desire
To save their precious goods from raging Fire.
Banish this Passion now, my Lord, and prove
Your Anger cannot over-cloud your Love.

Beauf. Your glorious Presence can this Rage control
And make a Calm in my tempestuous Soul;

But yet there must be time; the Sun does bear
A while with the fierce Tempests of the Air,
Before he makes those stormy Conflicts cease,
And with his conqu'ring Beams proclaims a Peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Lord Beaufort and Lovis.

Lov. Farewell, my Lord, I'll to my Friend declare
How gen'rous you in your Acceptance were.

Beauf. My Honour is as forward as my Love,
On equal Wings of Jealousie they move:
to my Rival will in neither yield;

I've won the Chamber, and I'll win the Field.

Lov. Your Emulation, Sir, is swoln so high,
You may be worthy of his Victory:

You'll meet with Honour blown, not in the Bud,
Whose Root was fed with vast Expence of Blood.

[*Exit Lovis.*]

Enter Sir Frederick.

Sir Fred. What, my Lord, as studious as a Country
Squire on a *Saturday* in the Afternoon? I thought you
had been ready for the Pulpit.

Beauf. I am not studying of Speeches for my Mistress;
Tis Action that I now am thinking on, wherein there's
Honour to be gain'd; and you, Cousin, are come luckily
to share it.

Sir Fred. On my Life, a Prize to be play'd for your
Mistress: I had Notice of your Quarrel, which brought
me hither so early with my Sword to serve you. But
are so zealous a Lover as your Lordship break the
Commandment of your Mistress? I heard, poor Lady,
she wept, and charg'd you to sleep in a whole Skin; but
young Men never know when they are well.

Beauf. Cousin, my Love to her cannot make me forget
my Duty to my Family.

C

Sir

Sir *Fred.* Pray whose Body must I exercise my Skill Upon?

Beauf. You met the Man; *Graciana's* Brother.

Sir *Fred.* An expert Gentleman, and I have not Fenc'd of late, unless it were with my Widow's Maids; And they are e'en too hard for me at my own Weapon.

Beauf. Cousin, 'tis time we were preparing for the Field.

Sir *Fred.* I wait to serve you, Sir.

Beauf. But yet with Grief, *Graciana*, I must go, Since I your Brother there shall meet my Foe: My Fate too near resembles theirs, where he Did wound himself that hurt his Enemy. [Exit

SCENE II.

Enter Wheadle, and Palmer dress'd like the Lord Beville

Whead. So, my *Proteus*, exactly dress'd! Dexterous Rogue! Is *Grace* ready in her Geers, and settled in my Lady *Darwell's* House?

Palm. Every Trap is baited.

Whead. I'll warrant thee then we catch our *Cully*: He's gone to put himself into a fantastick Garb, in Imitation of Sir *Frederick Frolick*; he's almost frantick With the very Conceit of gaining the rich Widow. But hark, I hear him coming; slip down the back-way And to your Charge. [Exit *Palmer*

Enter Cully.

Sir *Nick.* *Wheadle*, and what think you of this Habit? Is it not very modish?

Whead. As any Man need wear: How did you furnish Your self so suddenly?

Sir *Nick.* Suddenly? I protest I was at least at sixty Brokers, before I cou'd put my self exactly into the Fashion; but now I defy Sir *Frederick*; I am as fine as He, and will be as mad as he, if that will carry the Widow, I'll warrant thee.

Whead. Is it not better pushing thus for a Fortune, Before your Reputation's blasted with the infamous Name Of Coward and Gamester, and so become able to pay

The thousand Pounds without noise; than going into the Country, selling your Land, making a havock among your Woods, or Mortgaging your Estate to a scrupulous scrivener, that will whisper it into the Ears of the whole Town, by enquiring of your good Behaviour?

Sir *Nich.* Excellent *Wheddle!* And will my Lord *Bevill* speak my Commendations to his Sister?

Whedd. She is impatient 'till she see you, Sir; for in my hearing, upon the account I gave him of you, he told her you were the prettiest, wittiest, wildest Gentleman about the Town; and a Cavalier in your heart; the only things that take her.

Sir *Nich.* *Wheddle*, come, I will go to the Tavern, and swallow two whole Quarts of Wine instantly, and when I am Drunk ride on a Drawer's Back to visit her.

Whedd. Some less Frolick to begin with.

Sir *Nich.* I will cut three Drawers over the Pate, then, and go with a Tavern-Lanthorn before me at Monday. Come away. [Exeunt Cully singing.

SCENE III.

Enter Palmer and Grace.

Palm. Do not I look like a very Reverend Lord, *Grace?*

Grace. And I like a very fine Lady, Mr. *Palmer?*

Palm. Yes in good Faith, *Grace*; what a Rogue is that *Wheddle*, to have kept such a Treasure to himself, without communicating a little to his Friends? [Offers to Kiss her.

Grace. Forbear; you'll be out in your Part, my Lord, when Sir *Nicholas* comes.

Palm. The Truth is, my Lady, I am better prepar'd this time to Act a Lover than a Relation.

Grace. That grave Dress is very amorous indeed.

Palm. My Virtues, like those of Plants in the Winter, retir'd; your warm Spring wou'd fetch 'em out with vengeance.

Enter Jenny in haste.

Jenny. Mr. *Wheddle* and Sir *Nicholas* are come.

Palm. Away, away then, Sister expect your Cue.

Enter Wheadle, and Sir Nicholas kicking a Tavern-boy before him, who has three Bottles of Wine on a Rope hanging at his Back.

*Cul. singing. Then march along Boys;
Valiant and strong Boys.*

So, lay down the Bottles here.

Whead. My Lord, this is the worthy Gentleman that I told you was ambitious to be your Sister's Servant.

Cul. Hither am I come, my Lord, to drink your Sister's Health, without Offence, I hope.

Palm. You are heartily welcome, Sir.

Cul. Here's a Brimmer then to her, and all the Fleas About her.

Palm. Sir, I'll call her to pledge it.

Cul. Stay, stay, my Lord, that you may be able to Tell her you have drunk it. [*Palmer drinks and Exits*]
Wheadle, how do you like this? [*Draws his Sword*]
Shall I break the Windows?

Whead. Hold, hold; you are not in a House of evil Reputation.

Cul. Well admonish'd, Sir *Frederick Frolick*.

Enter Palmer and Grace.

Palm. This is Sir *Nicholas*, Sister.

Cul. I Madam, I am Sir *Nicholas*, and how do you Like me?

Grace. A pretty Gentleman. Pray, Sir, are you come to A House-warming. that you bring Wine with you?

Cul. If you ask such pert Questions, Madam, I can Stop your Mouth. [*Kisses*]

Hither I am come to be Drunk, that you may see me Drunk; and here's a Health to your Flannel Petticoat. [*Drinks*]

Grace. Mr. *Wheadle*, my Service to you; a Health to Sir *Nicholas's* great Grand father's Beard-brush. [*She drinks*]

Cul. Nay, pledge me; ha——

Grace. You are not quarrelsome in your Drink, I Hope, Sir.

Cul. No, Faith; I am wond'rous loving. [*Hugs*]

Grace. You are a very bold Lover.

Cul. Widow, let you and I go upon the Ramble to Night.

Grace. Do you take me for a Night-walker, Sir?

Cul. Thou shalt be witness how many Constables I break about the Watchmens Ears: How many Bell-men I'll rob of their Verses, to furnish a little apartment in the back-side of my Lodging.

Grace. I believe y'are an excellent Man at Quarter-staff, Sir.

Cul. The odds was on my Head against any Warrener in all our Country; but I have left it off this two year. My Lord, what say you, Do you think your Master and I shou'd not furnish a Bed-Chamber as well as two soberer People? What think you, my Lord?

Grace. Ay, and a Nursery too, I hope, Sir.

Cul. Well said, Widow, i'faith; I will get upon thy Body a Generation of wild Cats, Children that shall paw, waw, scratch their Nurses, and be Drunk with their Sucking-bottles.

Whed. Brave Sir *Nicholas*.

Cul. *Whedle*, give me a Brimmer; the Widow shall drink it to our Progeny. [Exit *Grace*
Where, where is she gone?

Palm. You have frighted her hence, Sir.

Cul. I'll fright her worse, if I find her in a Corner.

Whed. Widow, I'll follow you, I'll follow you, ha. [Ex. *Cul*

Whed. The Wine makes the Rogue witty; he over-acts the Part I gave him; Sir *Frederick* is not half so mad: I will keep him thus elevated 'till he has married *Grace*, and we have the best part of his Estate at our Mercy.

Palm. Most ingenious *Whedle*!

Whed. I was not born to Ease nor Acres; Industry is my Stock of Living. [The Women shriek within.

Palm. Hark, he puts them to the squeek.

Whed. We must go and take him off; he's as fierce as a Bandog that has newly broke his Chain. [Ex. laughing,

SCENE IV. *A Field.*

Enter Bruce and Lovis, and traverse the Stage.

Then enter Four or Five Men in Disguises.

1 *Man.* This way they went; be sure you kill the Villain: Let Pity be a Stranger to your Breasts.

2 *Man.* We have been bred, you know, unacquainted With Compassion.

3 *Man.* But why, Colonel, shou'd you so eagerly Pursue his Life? He has the Report of a gallant Man.

1 *Man.* He murdered my Father.

3 *Man.* I have heard he kill'd him fairly in the Field At Naseby.

1 *Man.* He kill'd him, that's enough; and I my self Was Witness; I accus'd him to the Protector, and Suborn'd Witnesses to have taken away his Life by Form Of Law; but my Plot was discover'd, and he Yesterday Releas'd, since which I've watch'd an opportunity, without The help of seeming Justice, for my Revenge. Strike Home.——

3 *Man.* We are your hired Slaves; and since you'll Have it so, we'll shed his Blood, and never spare Our own.

[Exeunt, drawing their Swords]

Enter Beaufort and Sir Frederick, and traverse the Stage

Enter Bruce and Lovis at another Door.

Bruce. Your Friendship, noble Youth, 's too prodigal For one already lost you venture all; Your present Happiness, your future Joy; You for the hopeless your great Hopes destroy.

Lov. What can I venture for so brave a Friend? I have no Hopes but what on you depend. Shou'd I your Friendship and my Honour rate Below the value of a poor Estate, A heap of Dirt? Our Family has been To blame, my Blood must here atone the Sin.

Enter the Five Villains with drawn Swords.

Heav'ns! what is there an Ambuscado laid! Draw, dearest Friend, I fear we are betray'd.

Vil. Bruce, look on me, and then prepare to die.

[Pulling off his Vizard.]

Bruce. O treach'rous Villain!

Vil. Fall on, and sacrifice his Blood to my Revenge.

Lov. More Hearts than one shall Bleed if he must die.

[They fight.]

Enter Beaufort and Sir Frederick.

*Beau. Heav'ns! what's this I see! Sir Frederick, draw
Their Blood's too good to grace such Villains Swords.*

Courage, brave Men; now we can match their Force.

Lov. We'll make you Slaves repent this Treachery.

[The Villains run]

Beauf. So.

Bruce. They are not worth pursuit; we'll let them go.

ave Men! this Action makes it well appear

is Honour, and not Envy brings you here.

*Beauf. We come to Conquer, Bruce, and not to see
uch Villains rob us of our Victory.*

our Lives our fatal Swords claim as their Due;

ad wrong'd our selves had we not righted you.

*Bruce. Your gen'rous Courage has oblig'd us so,
at to your Succour we our Safety owe.*

Lov. Y'ave done what Men of Honour ought to do,

hat in your Cause we wou'd have done for you.

Beauf. You speak the Truth, we've but our Duty done;

pare: Duty's no Obligation.

[He strips.]

Bruce. My Honour is dissatisfy'd; I must,

[Loves and Sir Frederick strip.]

My Lord, consider whether it be just

To draw my Sword against that Life which gave

me, but e'en now, Protection from the Grave.

Beauf. None come into the Field to weigh what's right,

This is no place for Counsel, but for Fight:

atch.

Bruce. I am resolv'd I will not fight.

Beauf. Did I come hither then only to fright

Company of fearful Slaves away?

Courage stoops not at so mean a Prey:

ow, Bruce, I hither come to shed thy Blood.

Bruce. Open this Bosom, and let out a Flood.

Beauf. I come to conquer bravely in the Field,
Not to take poor Revenge on such as yield.
Has nothing Pow'r, too backward Man, to move
Thy Courage? Think on thy neglected Love:
Think on the Beauteous *Graciana's* Eyes:
'Tis I have robb'd thee of that glorious Prize.

Bruce. There are such Charms in *Graciana's* Name,
[Strips hastily]

My scrup'lous Honour must obey my Flame:
My lazy Courage I with Shame condemn:
No Thoughts have Power Streams of Blood to stem.

Sir Fred. Come, Sir, out of Kindness to our Friends
You and I must pass a small Compliment on each other.

[They all fight]

Beaufort after many Passes closes with *Bruce*; they fall;
Beaufort disarms him.

Beauf. Here, live. [Giving *Bruce* his Sword again]

Bruce. My Lord, y've gain'd a perfect Victory;
Y've vanquish'd and oblig'd your Enemy.

Beauf. Hold, gallant Men.

[*Bruce* and *Beaufort* part *Louis* and *Sir Frederick*]

Lou. Before we bleed: Do we here fight a Prize,
Where handsome Proffers may for Wounds suffice?
I am amaz'd! what means this bloodless Field!

Bruce. The stoutest Heart must to his Fortune yield.
Brave Youth! here Honour did with Courage vie, [To *Beaufort*]
And both agree to grace your Victory.
Heav'n does with such a Conquest favour few:
'Tis easier to destroy than to subdue.

Our Bodies may by brutish Force be kill'd;
But noble Minds alone to Virtue yield.
My Lord, I've twice receiv'd my Life from you:
Much is to both those gen'rous Actions due;
The noble Giver I must highly prize,
Though I the Gift, Heav'n knows, as much despise.
Can I desire to live, when all the Joy
Of my poor Life its Ransom does destroy!
No, no, *Graciana's* Loss I'll ne'er survive:
I pay too dear for this unsought Reprieve.

[Falls on his Sword, and is desperately wounded]

Beauf.

LOVE in a TUB.

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Beauf. Hold gallant Man ! Honour her self does bleed ;

[Running to him, takes him in his Arms.

All gen'rous Hearts are wounded by this Deed.

Lov. He does his Blood for a lost Mistress spend ;

And shall not I bleed for so brave a Friend ?

[Lovis offers to fall on his Sword, but is hindered by Sir Frederick.

Sir Fred. Forbear, Sir, the Frolick's not to go round, as I take it.

Beauf. 'Twere greater Friendship to assist me here ;
I hope the Wound's not mortal, though I fear——

Bruce. My Sword, I doubt, has fail'd in my Relief ;
It has made a vent for Blood, but not for Grief.

Bruce struggling, Lovis and Sir Frederick help to hold him.
Let me once more the unkind Weapon try :

Will ye prolong my Pain ? oh Cruelty !

Lov. Ah dearest *Bruce*, can you thus careless be
Of our great Friendship, and your Loyalty !

Look on your Friend ; your drooping Country view ;
And think how much they both expect from you.

You for a Mistress waste that precious Blood,
Which shou'd be spent but for our Master's good.

Sir Fred. Expend of Blood already makes him faint ;
Let's carry him to the next House, 'till we can procure a
Chair to convey him to my Lord *Bevill's*, the best place
for Accommodation. *[They all take him up.]*

Beauf. Honour has plaid an After-Game ; this Field
The Conqu'ror does unto the Conquer'd yield. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

Enter Graciana weeping.

Grac. Farewel all Thoughts of Happiness, farewell :
My Fears together with my Sorrows swell :

While from my Eyes there flows this Chrystal Flood,
From their brave Hearts there flow such Streams of Blood,

Where I am lost, while both for me contend ;
With what Success can this strange Combat end !

Honour with Honour fights for Victory,
And Love is made the common Enemy.

Enter Lord Bevill.

L. Bev. Weeping ! Ah Child !——

C 5.

Grac.

Grac. Kill me not with Expectation, Sir.

L. Bev. The gen'rous *Bruce* has kill'd himself for you:
Being disarm'd, and at his Rival's Mercy;
His Life and Sword were giv'n him by the
Noble Youth: he made a brave Acknowledgment
For both; but then consid'ring you were lost,
He scorn'd to live; and, falling on his Sword,
Has giv'n himself a Mortal Wound. [*Exit L. Bevil.*]

Enter Aurelia weeping.

Aurel. Cruel *Graciana*, go but in and see
The fatal Triumph of your Victory.
The Noble *Bruce*, to your Eternal Shame,
With his own Blood has quench'd his raging Flame.

Grac. weeping. My Carriage shall in these Misfortunes prove
That I have Honour too, as well as Love.

Aurel. [*Aside.*] Thy Sorrows, sad *Aurelia*, will declare
At once, I fear, thy Love and thy Despair:
These Streams of Grief straight to a Flood will rise;
I can command my Tongue, but not my Eyes. [*Ex. Aurel.*]

Grac. In what a Maze, *Graciana*, dost thou tread!
Which is the Path that doth to Honour lead?
I in this Lab'rinth so resolve to move,
That none shall judge I am mis-led by Love.

Enter Beaufort.

Beauf. Here Conqu'rors must forget their Victories,
And Homage pay to your Victorious Eyes.

Graciana, hither your poor Slave is come,
After his Conquest to receive his Doom:
Smile on his Vict'ry; had he prov'd untrue
To Honour, he had then prov'd false to you.

Grac. Perfidious Man, can you expect from me
An Approbation of your Treachery!
When I, distracted with prophetick Fears,
Blasted with Sighs, and almost drown'd in Tears,
Begg'd you to moderate your Rage last Night,
Did you not promise me you wou'd not fight?
Go now and triumph in your Victory;
Into the Field you went my Enemy,
And are return'd the only Man I hate,
The wicked Instrument of my sad Fate.
My Love has but dissembled been to thee,
To try my gen'rous Lover's Constancy. [*Exit Graciana*]

LOVE in a TUB.

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Beauf. Oh Heav'n! how strange and cruel is my Fate!
Preserv'd by Love, to be destroy'd by Hate! [*Ex. Beauf.*

SCENE VI. The Widow's House.

Enter Betty and Lettice (the two Chamber-maids) severally.

Betty. Oh, *Lettice*, we have staid for you.

Lett. What hast thou done to the *Frenchman*, Girl?
He lyes yonder neither Dead nor Drunk; no Body
knows what to make of him.

Betty. I sent for thee to help make sport with him;
He'll come to himself, never fear him: Have you not
Observ'd how scurvily ha's look'd of late?

Lett. Yes; and he protests it is for Love of you.

Betty. Out upon him, for a dissembling Rascal; he's
Got the foul Disease, our Coach-man discover'd it by a
Bottle of Diet Drink he brought and hid behind the
Stairs, into which I infus'd a little *Opium*.

Lett. What dost intend to do with him?

Betty. You shall see.

*Enter Coach-man with a Tub without a Bottom, and shut at
the Top to be lock'd, and a hole to put ones Head out at,
made easie to be born on ones Shoulders.*

Coach-m. Here's the Tub; where's the *Frenchman*?

Betty. He lyes behind the Stairs; haste and bring him
in, that he may take quiet Possession of his Wooden
Tenement; for 'tis near his time of waking.

*The Coach-man and another Servant bring in Dufoy, and
put him into the Tub.*

Is the Fidler at Hand that us'd to play at the blind
Ale-house?

Coach-m. He's ready.

Enter a Fidler.

Betty. Well, let's hear now what a horrible Noise you
Can make to wake this Gentleman. [*Fidler plays a Tune.*

Lett. He wants a helping Hand; his Eye-lids are seal'd
Up; see how the Wax sticks. [*Dufoy begins to wake.*
Upon 'em. Let me help you, Monsieur.

Duf. Vat aré you? Jernie! vat is dis! am I Jack in a
Boxe? begar, who did putté me here?

Betty.

Betty. Good-morrow, Monsieur; will you be pleas'd To take your Pills this Morning?

Duf. Noé; but I vo'd have de Diable take youé; it Vas youé dar did abusé me dus, vas it noté? begar I vil Killé ale de Shamber-maid in *Englandé*.

Lett. Will you be pleas'd to drink, Monsieur? There's A Bottle of your Diet-drink within.

Duf. Are youé de little Diable come to tormenté mé! Morbleu! vas ever Man afronté in dis Naturé!

Betty. Methinks he has *fourbon Mine*. Monsieur, now If you please to make your little Addressé, and your Amouré, you will not find me so coy.

Duf. Begar I vil no marié de Cousin-Germane of de Diable.

Lett. What shou'd he do with a Wife? he has not House-room for her.

Betty. Why do you not keep your Head within Doors, Monsieur?

Lett. Now there's such a Storm abroad.

Duf. Why did not youé keep your Maiden-headé vid In Dooré? begar; tellé me daté.

Coach-m. Have you any fine *French* Commodities to Sell, Gloves and Ribbands? y'ave got a very convenient Shop, Monsieur.

Duf. I do hope you vil have verié convenient Halteré, Begar. Jerny, can I not taré dis tingé in de pices?

Betty. You begin to sweat, Monsieur; the Tub is Proper for you.

Duf. I have no more patiencé; I vil breaké dis Prison Or I vil breaké my Neké, and ye shall alé be hangé.

[Struggles to get out]

Lett. He begins to Rave; bless the poor Man.

Betty. Some Musick quickly, to compose his Mind.

[The Musick plays; and they Dance about him]

How prettily the Snail carries his Tenement on His Back!

[He walks with the Tub on his Back]

I'm sorry I am but his Mistress: If I had been your Wife, Monsieur, I had made you a compleat Snail; your Horns shou'd have appear'd.

Duf. I vil have de patiencé, dere is no oder remedie You be alé de Raskale Whore; de Diable take you alé; And I vil say no more begar.

Betty

Betty. This is a very fine Vessel, and wou'd swim well,
 's to the Horse-pond with him.

Let. Come, come, he looks as fullenly as a Hare in her
 arm; let's leave him.

Conch-m. Your Serviteur tres humble, Monsieur.

[*Exeunt all but Dufoy.*]

Duf. Bougre, I canno hangé my selfé; begar I canno
 Downé my selfé; I vil go hide my selfé, and starvé to
 é: I vil no be de laughé for every Jackanapé Englishé,
 bleu. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

*Frederick is brought in upon a Bier, with a Mourning
 Cloth over him, attended by a Gentleman in a Mourning
 Cloak: Four Fiddlers carry the Corps, with their Instru-
 ments tuck'd under their Cloaks.*

Enter the Widow weeping.

Mourner. Madam, you must expect a bloody Consequence
 when Men of such prodigious Courage fight.

The young Lord *Beaufort* was the first that fell,

er his Sword too deeply had engag'd

Rival not to stay behind him long.

Frederick with your Nephew bravely fought;

with long did keep his distance, as if he

and fear'd excess of Valour; but when they,

er-loaded with their Wounds, began to faint,

with his Terrors did invade their Breasts.

he soon brought many to the Tragick place,

ere I found my dearest Friend, Sir *Frederick*,

most as poor in Breath as Blood:

took me by the Hand, and all the Stock h'ad left

spent, Madam, in calling upon you.

first proclaim'd your Virtues, then his Love;

and having charg'd me to convey his Corps hither,

wait on you, his latest Breath expir'd with

the Command.

Wid. The World's too poor to recompence this Loss.

happy Woman! why shou'd I survive

only Man in whom my Joys did live?

dreadful Grief!

[*The Fiddlers prepare.*]

Enter

Enter Dufoy in his Tub.

Duf. Oh my *Marré*, my *Marré*; who has kill my *Marré*? *Morbleu*, I vil ——— [*The Widow shrieks and runs out: All the Fiddlers run out in a fright*
Oh, de *Diablé*, de *Diablé*! [*Sir Frederick starts up, which frights Dufoy*

Sir *Fred.* What devilish Accident is this? Or has The Widow undermin'd me?

Enter the Widow and her Maid laughing.

I shall be laugh'd to Death now indeed, by Chamber-maids. Why have you no Pity, Widow?

Wid. None at all for the living: Ha, ha, ha. You see we are provided for your Frolick, Sir; ha, ha.

Sir *Fred.* Laugh but one Minute longer, I will forswear Thy Company, kill thy Tabby Cat, and make thee woe For ever after.

Wid. Farewel, Sir; expect at Night to see the old Man, with his Paper Lanthorn and crack'd Spectacles, Singing your woful Tragedy to Kitchen-maids and Coblers Prentices.

[Widow offers to go, Sir Frederick holds her by the Arm]

Sir *Fred.* Hark you, hark you, Widow: By all those Devils that have hitherto possess'd thy Sex ———

Wid. No swearing, good Sir *Frederick*.

Sir *Fred.* Set thy Face then; let me not see the remain Of one poor Smile: So now I will Kiss thee, and be Friends.

[Widow falls out a laughing]
Not all thy Wealth shall hire me to come within smell of Thy Breath again. Jealousie, and which will be worse to Thee, Widow, Impotence light upon me, if I stay one Moment longer with thee.

[Offers to go]
Wid. Do you hear, Sir; can you be so angry with one That loves you so passionately she cannot survive you?

Sir *Fred.* Widow, may the Desire of Man keep thee Waking 'till thou art as Mad as I am. [*Ex. Sir Frederick*

Wid. How lucky was this Accident! How he would Have insulted over my Weakness else!

Sir *Frederick*, since I've warning, you shall prove More subtil ways, before I own my Love. [*Exit*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Lord Bevill's House.

Enter Lovis, a Chirurgeon, Servants carrying Bruce in a Chair.

Courage, brave Sir ; do not mistrust my Art.
Bruce. Tell me, didst thou e'er cure a wounded
 Skill, fond Man, thou here employ'st in vain ; [Heart ?
 The Ease thou giv'st does but increase my Pain.

Lov. Dear *Bruce*, my life does on your Life depend ;
 Though you disdain to live, yet save your Friend.

Bruce. Do what you please ; but are not those unkind
 That ease the Body, to afflict the Mind ?

[The Chirurgeon dresses him.]

O cruel Love ! thou shoot'st with such strange Skill,
 The Wounds thou mak'st will neither heal nor kill :
 Thy flaming Arrows kindle such a Fire
 Will not waste thy Victims, nor expire !

Enter Aurelia.

Lov. Is the Wound Mortal ? tell me, *[To the Chirurgeon]*
 May we cherish Hopes of his Recovery ?

Chir. The Danger is not imminent : Yet my Prognostick
 Ads a sad Event : For though there be no great Vessel
 Affected, yet I have Cause to fear that the *Parenchyma*
 of the right Lobe of the Lungs, near some large Branch
 of the *Asperia Arteria*, is perforated.

Lov. Tell me in English, will he live or die ?

Chir. Trully I despair of his Recovery. *[Ex. Chirurgeon.]*

Aur. *[Aside.]* Forgive me, Ladies, if excess of Love
 Beyond Rules of Modesty does move,

And, against Custom, makes me now reveal
 Those Flames my tortur'd Breast did long conceal ;
 'Tis some Excuse, that I my Love declare
 When there's no Med'cine left to cure Despair.

[Weeps by the Chair side.]

Bruce. Oh Heav'n ; can fair *Aurelia* weep for me !
 'Tis some Comfort to my Misery.

Kind

Kind Maid, those Eyes shou'd only Pity take
Of such as feel no Wounds but what they make :
Who for another in your sight does mourn,
Deserves not your Compassion, but your Scorn.

Aur. I come not here with Tears to pity you ;
I for your Pity with this Passion sue.

Bruce. My Pity ! tell me, what can be the Grief,
That from the Miserable hopes Relief!

Aur. Before you know this Grief, you feel the Pain.

Bruce. You cannot love, and not be lov'd again :
Where so much Beauty does with Love conspire,
No Mortal can resist that double Fire.

Aur. When proud *Graciana* wounded your brave He
On poor *Aurelia's* you reveng'd the Smart :
While you in vain did seek those Wounds to cure,
With Patience I their Torture did endure.

Bruce. My Happiness has been so long conceal'd,
That it becomes my Misery reveal'd :
That which shou'd prove my Joy, now proves my G
And that brings Pain, which, known, had brought Re
Aurelia, why wou'd you not let me know,
While I had Power to pay the Debt I owe ?
'Tis now too late ; yet all I can I'll do,
I'll sigh away the Breath I've left for you.

Aur. You yet have Pow'r to grant me all I crave ;
'Tis not your Love I court, I court your Grave.
I with my Flame seek not to warm your Breast,
But beg my Ashes in your Urn may rest :
For since *Graciana's* Loss you scorn t'out-live,
I am resolv'd I'll not your Death survive.

Bruce. Hold, you too gen'rous are ; yet I may live :
Heav'n for your sake may grant me a Reprieve.

Aur. Oh no ; Heav'n has decreed, alas, that we
Shou'd in our Fates, not in our Loves agree.

Bruce. Dear Friend, my Rashness I too late repent ;
I ne'er thought Death 'till now a Punishment. [To Love

Enter Graciana.

Grac. Oh, do not talk of Death ! the very sound
Once more will give my Heart a mortal Wound:
Here on my Knees I've sinn'd I must confess
Against your Love, and my own Happiness ;

the Child, whose Folly proves his Loss,
s'd the Gold, and did accept the Dross.

ruce. You have in *Beaufort* made so good a Choice,
Virtue's such, he has his Rival's Voice;
Graciana, none but his great Soul cou'd prove
worthy to be the Centre of your Love.

ruce. You to another wou'd such Virtue give,
Sir, as in your self does only live.

the most deserving I am due,
must resign his weaker Claim to you.

ruce. This is but Flatt'ry; for I'm sure you can
think none so worthy as that gen'rous Man:
Honour you are his.

ruce. Yet, Sir, I know

much I to your gen'rous Passion owe;
bled for me; and if for me you die,
or Loss I'll mourn with vow'd Virginity.

ruce. Can you be mindful of so small a Debt,
that which you to *Beaufort* owe forget?
will not Honour but Injustice be;
our with Justice always does agree.

gen'rous Pity which for me you show,
more than you to my Misfortunes owe:

se Tears, *Graciana*, which for me you shed,
prize the Blood which I for you have bled:
now I can no more—

Spirits faint within my wearied Breast.

ruce. Sister, 'tis fit you give him leave to rest.
so waits?

[Enter Servants.]

h Care convey him to his Bed.

ruce. Hold—

rest *Aurelia*, I will strive to live,

you will but endeavour not to grieve.

ruce. Brave Man! The Wonder of this Age thou'lt prove,
matchless Gratitude, and gen'rous Love.

[Exit all but Graciana.]

ruce. How strangely is my Soul perplex'd by Fate!

Man I love I must pretend to hate;

with dissembled Scorn his Presence fly,
his Absence is my greatest Misery!

Enter

Enter Beaufort.

Beauf. Hear me, upon my Knees I beg you'll hear.
She's gone. *[Exit Grace]*

There was no need, false Woman, to encrease
My Misery with hopes of Happiness.
This Scorn at first had to my Love and me
But Justice been; now it is Cruelty.
Was there no way his Constancy to prove,
But by your own Inconstancy in Love?
To try another's Virtue could you be,
Graciana, to your own an Enemy?
Sure 'tis but Passion which she thus does vent,
Blown up with Anger and with Discontent;
Because my Honour disobey'd her Will,
And *Bruce* for Love of her his Blood did spill.
I once more in her Eyes will read my Fate;
I need no Wound to kill me, if she hate.

SCENE II.

*Enter Cully Drunk, with a blind Fellow led before him
ing on a Cymbal, follow'd by a number of Boys Holla
and Persecuting him.*

Cul. Villians, Sons of unknown Fathers, tempt me
More. *[The Boys hoot at him, he draws his Sm]*
I will make a young Generation of Cripples; to succ
In *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* and *Covent-Garden*. The barbar
Breeding of these London Boys! *[Frights the Boys, an*
Boy that leads the Cymbal. Whither do you intend
Go, Sir?

Cul. To see the wealthy Widow, *Mrs. Rich.*

Boy. Where does she dwell, Sir?

Cul. Hereabouts; enquire; I will Serenade her at
Noon-day. *[Exit]*

Enter the Widow, and her Maid Betty.

Wid. Where is this poor French-man, Girl? has don
Me good Service.

Betty. The Butler has got him down into the Cellar,
Madam, made him Drunk, and laid him to Sleep among
His empty Casks.

Pray, when he wakes let him be releas'd of his Conment; *Betty*, you use your Servants too severely.

[The Cymbal plays without.]

what ridiculous Noise is that? It sets my Teeth an worse than the Scraping of Trenchers.

Enter a Servant.

Madam, a rude drunken Fellow with a Cymbal in his Hand, and his Sword in his Hand, is press'd into your House.

Enter Cully and Cymbal: The Women shriek.

Sirrah, play me a Bawdy Tune, to please the Widow: Have at thee, Widow.

'Tis one of *Oliver's* Knights, Madam, *Nicholas Cully*; his Mother was my Grandmother's maid.

Her Servants, they lay Hands on him, and take away his Sword.

Let me go; I am not so Drunk but I can stand out your help, Gentlemen. Widow, here is Nick; send for a Parson, and we will Dance *Barnaby* in this half Hour.

I will send for a Constable, Sir.

Ha! a mind to see me beat him? How those eyes dread me! Did not *Wheadle* tell thee upon what conditions I wou'd condescend to make thee my Fellow, Widow, speak?

This is some drunken Mistake; away with him, thrust him out of Door.

Enter a Servant: Clashing of Swords, and Noise without.

Help, help, for Sir *Frederick*.

What's the matter?

He is fighting, Madam, with a Company of Fops, that wou'd Arrest him at the Door.

Haste every one, and Rescue him quickly.

[Exeunt all but Cully.]

Widow, come back. I say, Widow, I will not move one Foot after thee: Come back, I say, Widow.

[Falls down and sleeps.]

Enter Dufoy.

Vat de Diable be de Matré? here is de ver-ge Varké in dis House; de Vemen day do cry, ha, Ha,

Ha, ha; de Men day do run, day do take de Batton,
Dung-vorké, and de Vire-vorké; vat is here, Ván k

[Looking on C

Enter Betty.

Betty. You are a trusty Servant, indeed: Here you
Lock'd up, while your poor Master is Arrested, and
Dragg'd away by unmerciful Bailiffs.

Duf. My Matré? Jernie! Metres *Bet*, letté me go
Begar I vil kill allé de bogre de Bailié, and recover my
Matré. Bogre de Bailié.

Betty. So, make all the haste you can.

[*She helps him out of the*

Duf. Morbleu! bogre de Bailié: I vil go prepare to
Killé a tousand Bailié begar: Bogre de Bailié.

Enter the Widow and Servant severally.

Wid. Well; what News?

Serv. Madam, they have arrested him upon an
Execution for two hundred Pounds, and carried him
Bailiff's House hard by.

Wid. If that be all, *Betty*, take my Key, and give
The Mony in Gold; do you content the Bailiffs, but
Sir *Frederick* know nothing of it; and then let them
Bring him to my House as their Pris'ner: Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Betty and Serv*

Enter a Foot-boy.

Foot-b. Pray, Madam, is there not a stray Gentleman
Here, mis'led by Drink?

Wid. There lyes the Beast you look for; you had best
Remove him quickly, or I shall cause him to be put
The Pound.

[*Exit Wid*

Foot-b. If I do not get this Fool clear off before he
Comes to himself, our Plot is quite spoil'd: This
Summer-Livery may chance to hover over my shivering
Limbs next Winter. Yonder sits honest *Palmer*, my poor
Master, in a Coach, quaking for fear; all that see him
That Reverend Disguise, will swear he has got the
Falsie. Ho, Sir *Nicholas*.

[*Pulls*

Cal. I will drink three Beer-glasses to the Widow's
Health before I go.

Foot-b. The Widow stays for you, to wait upon her
The Exchange.

LOVE in a TUB. 69

Let her go into her Bed-Chamber and meditate;
not drunk enough to be seen in her Company.

St. b. I must carry him away upon my Back; but
things may go ill, 'tis good to make sure of
thing: I'll examine his Pockets first: So, for this I
k my own Ingenuity; in this way of plain Dealing
live without the help of my Master.

Enter a Servant.

Sir, will you help me up with my Burden?

St. v. I am sure your Master has his Load already.

[They lift him up.]

Carry me to my Widow, Boy: Where is my
ack?

*Sir Frederick with the Baliffs, who are Fiddlers dis-
s'd, with their Fiddles under their Coats, at one Door,
and the Widow at another.*

There is no hopes now; I'll shift for my self.

[Exit Boy.]

Fred. Widow, these are old Acquaintance of mine,
them welcome: I was coming to wait upon you
; but meeting them by the way, they press'd me
rink——

[Cully reels against Sir Frederick.]

St. l. *Sir Frederick!* Widow, bid him welcome; he is
y good Friend of mine, and as mad a Fellow as my
Kiss, kiss the Widow, Man; she has a plump
er-lip, and kisses smartly.

St. Fred. What's here? *Cully* Drunk, transform'd into
allant, and acquainted with the Spring and Proportion
he Widow's Lips!

St. l. I, I am Drunk, Sir; am I not, Widow? I scorn
be soberer than your self, I will Drink with you,
ar with you, break Windows with you, and so forth.

St. Fred. Widow, is this your Champion?

St. l. You have no Exceptions against him, I hope; he
challeng'd you at your own Weapons.

St. l. Widow, *Sir Frederick* shall be one of our
e-men; I will have none but such mad Fellows at
Wedding; but before I marry thee I will consider
on it.

[He sits down and sleeps.]

St. Fred. Pray, Widow, how long have you been
quainted with this Mirror of Knighthood?

Wid.

Wid. Long enough you hear, Sir, to treat of Marriage.
Sir Fred. What? You intend me for a reserve then? You will have two Strings to your Bow, Widow, I perceive your Cunning; and Faith I think I shall do The heartier Service, if thou employ'st me by the by.

Wid. You are an excellent Gallant indeed; shake off These lowlie Companions; come carry your Mistress to The Park, and treat her at the Mulberry-garden this Glorious Evening.

Sir Fred. Widow, I am a Man of Business; that Ceremony's to be perform'd by idle Fellows.

Wid. What wou'd you give to such a Friend as I'll Dispatch this Business now, and make you one of the Idle Fellows.

Sir Fred. Faith, pick and chuse; I carry all my Wealth about me; do it; and I am all at thy Service, Widow.

Wid. Well, I have done it, Sir; you are at Liberty And a Leg now will satisfy me.

Sir Fred. Good Faith, thou art too reasonable, dear Widow; Modesty will wrong thee.

Wid. Are you satisfy'd?

Fid. Yes, Madam.

Enter Dufoy, with a Helmet on his Head, and a great Sword in his Hand.

Duf. Vare are de bougre de Bailié? Tetibleu, bougre Rogue. [*He falls upon the Fiddler.*]

Fid. Help, help, Sir Frederick, Murder, Murder! Sir, we are not Bailiffs; you may see we are Men of An honest Vocation. [*They show their Instruments.*]

Sir Fred. Hold, hold, thou mighty Man at Arms.

Duf. Morbleu, de Fidler! and is my Matré at liberty? Play me de Trichaté, or de Jegg Englishé, quicklie, or I will make you all Dance vidout your Fiddle; quicklie.

Wid. I am over-reach'd, I perceive. [*Dufoy dances a Minuet.*]

Sir Fred. Kind Widow, thank thee for this Reliance Laugh, Widow; [*Shakes his Pocket.*]

Ha, ha, ha; where is your Counterplot, Widow?
 Ha, ha, ha. Laugh at her, *Dufoy*. Come, be not so Melancholly; we'll to the Park: I care not if I spend a Piece or two upon thee in Tarts and Cheescakes. Piff!

Widow

Widow, why so much out of Humour? 'Tis no shame
to have such a likely young Fellow.

Widow. I cou'd almost find in my Heart to punish my
Son for so afflicting thee, and marry that drunken Sor I never
before.

Fred. How came he hither?

Widow. Enquire elsewhere; I will not answer thee one
word; nor let thee see me out of a Mask any more
to-morrow.

Fred. Go, go into thy Closet, look over thy old
clothes, and talk wantonly now and then with thy
Maid; I shall not trouble thee much 'till this is
done, and by that time thy [Shakes his Pockets.
new Vow will be near over.

Widow. I want Patience to endure this Insolence. Is my
Son rewarded thus?

Fred. Pious Widow, call you this Charity? 'twill
be a little hereafter; thou must answer for every Sin
of thine: Here is Wine and Women in
abundance. [Shakes his Pockets.

Widow. Avoid my House, and never more come near me.

Fred. But hark you, hark you, Widow, do you
think this can last always?

Widow. Ungrateful Man!

[Exit Widow.

Fred. She's gone; Impatience for these two Hours
has been her's, and then I shall be pretty well reveng'd.

Widow. Begar, Matré, have you not de yet faithful
to me? you do never take notice of my Merit.

Fred. Dufoy, thou art a Man of Courage, and hast
acted bravely; I will cast off this Suit a Week sooner
than I intended, to reward thy Service:

Widow. Begar I have several time given you ver
y generous Testimonie of Affection.

Enter a Servant, and takes up Cully in his Arms.

Fred. Whither do you carry him?

Widow. Sir, there is an old Gentleman below in a Coach,
like my Lord Beuill, who, hearing what a Condition
Nicholas was in, desired me to bring him to him in
my Arms.

Widow. Let me go, where is the Widow?

Fred. What Widow?

Cul.

Cul. Mrs. Rich; she is to be my Wife.

Sir Fred. But do you hear, Sir Nicholas? how have you courted this Widow!

Cul. Mr. Wheadle can tell you; Trouble me not with Idle Questions, Sir Frederick, you shall be welcome Any time; she loves Men that will Roar, and Drink And Serenade her.

Sir Fred. This is some strange Mistake; sure *Wheadle* Intending to chouse him, has shew'd him some Counterfeit Widow, and he being Drunk, has been Misguided to the true Widow's House. The Fellow The Coach may discover all; I will step and see who Is: Hold him here, *Dufoy*, 'till I return: Gentlemen Come you with me. [*Ex. Sir Frederick and*

Cul. Where is my Mistress?

Duf. Vat Metres?

Cul. The Widow.

Duf. She be de Metres of my Matré.

Cul. You lie, Sirrah.

Duf. Begar you be de Jackanape to tellé me I

Cul. You are a French Rascal, and I will blow your Nose without a Handkerchief. [*He pulls Dufoy by the*

Duf. Helpé, helpé me; Morbleu; I vil beat you My Fisté and my Footé, tellé you aské me de Pardon Take dat and daté; aské me de Pardon.

[*Cully falls down, and Dufoy beats*

Cul. I ask your Pardon, Sirrah?

Duf. Sirrah! Tettibleu.

[*Offers to*

*Enter Sir Frederick and Fiddlers, leading in *Palm* trembling.*

Sir Fred. Hold, hold, *Dufoy*.

Duf. Begar he do merite to be beaté; he sware be Marré youré Metres.

Palm. I beseech you, Sir Frederick.

Cul. My Lord Bevill!

Sir Fred. So he takes him for my Lord Bevill; and The Plot will out. 'Tis fit this Rascal shou'd be Cheated; but these Rogues will deal too unmercifully With him: I'll take Compassion upon him, and will More favourably my self.

Cul. My Lord, where is the mad Wench your Sister?

[*Sir Frederick pulls off Palmer's Disguise.*

Sir Fred. Look you, *Sir Nicholas*, where is my Lord
will now?

Cul. My merry Country-man, *Mr. Palmer*! I thought
had been in *Buckinghamshire*. [*Sings.*

*And he took her by the Apron,
To bring her to his Beck.*

over a Catch now, my merry Country-man?

Frederick, I owe this Gentleman a thousand Pounds.

Sir Fred. How so?

Cul. He won it of me at Dice, *Wheadle* went my
eyes; and we have given him a Judgment for it.

Sir Fred. This was the Roguery you had been about
the other Night, when I met you in Disguise, *Palmer*;
I'll never leave your Cheating and your Robbing.

How many Robberies do I know of your committing?

Palmer. The Truth is, *Sir*, you know enough to Hang
me; but you are a worthy Gentleman, and a Lover of
Justice.

Sir Fred. This will not pass: Produce the Judgment.

Palmer. Alas, *Sir*, *Mr. Wheadle* has it.

Sir Fred. Produce it, or—Fetch the Constable, Boy.

Palmer. *Sir Frederick*, be merciful to a sorrowful Rascal.
Here is a Copy of the Judgment, as it is enter'd.

Sir Fred. Well, who is this Counterfeit Widow?
I'll see.

Palmer. Truly 'twas *Wheadle's* Contrivance; a Pox on
him: Never no good comes on't when Men are so
conscienceless in their Dealings.

Cul. What, am I cheated, *Sir Frederick*? Sirrah, I
will have you hang'd.

Sir Fred. Speak, who is this Widow?

Palmer. 'Tis *Grace*, *Sir*, *Wheadle's* Mistress, whom he
plac'd in my Lady *Dambwal's* House: I am but a
poor Instrument, abus'd by that Rascal.

Sir Fred. You see, *Sir Nicholas*, what Villains these
are: they have cheated you of a thousand Pounds, and
wou'd have married you to a Wench, had I not
discovered their Villany.

Cul. I am beholden to you, *Sir Frederick*: they are Rogues, Villainous Rogues: But where is the Widow?

Sir Fred. Why, you saw the true Widow here a little While ago.

Cul. The Truth is, methoughts she was something Comelier than my Mistress; but will not this Widow Marry me?

Sir Fred. She is my Mistress.

Cul. I will have none of her then.

Sir Fred. Well, I have discover'd this Cheat, kept You from marrying a Wench, and will save you the Thousand Pounds too. Now, if you have a Mind to Marry, what think you of my Sister? She is a plain Brown Girl, and has a good Portion; but not out Twenty thousand Pounds: This Offer proves I have a Perfect Kindness for you.

Cul. I have heard she is a very fine Gentlewoman; I Will marry her forthwith, and be your Brother-in-Law.

Sir Fred. Come then, I'll carry you where you may find Her, and ask her Consent. *Palmer*, you must go along With us, and by the way assign this Judgment to me. Do you guard him, Gentlemen. [To the File]

Sir Fred. Come, *Sir Nicholas*.

Cul. How came I hither?

Sir Fred. You will be satisfied in that hereafter.

Palm. What cursed Accident was this? What Mischievous Stars have the managing of my Fortune? Here's a turn with all my Heart like an after-game at Irish!

Duf. Alon marché; Shentlemen sheté; marché: You Make de Mourhé of de honest Shentlemen: Begar you Vil make de Wry Mouthé ven you be Hanged. [Exit]

SCENE III. A Garden.

Enter Graciana and Leticia severally; Leticia with a Nosegay in her Hand.

Grac. *Leticia*, what hast thou been doing here?

Let. Cropping the Beauty of the youthful Year.

Grac. How innocently dost thou spend thy Hours, Selecting from the Crowd the choicest Flowers!

Where is thy Mistress?

Let. Madam, she's with the wounded Colonel.

Grac. Come then into this Arbour, Girl, and there

th thy sweet Voice refresh my wearied Soul.

[They walk into an Arbour.]

[Let. sings.]

S O N G.

Ladies, though to your Conqu'ring Eyes
Love owes his chiefeſt Victories,
And borrows thoſe bright Arms from you
With which he does the World ſubdue:
Yet you your ſelves are not above
The Empire nor the Griefs of Love.

Then wrack not Lovers with Diſdain,
Leſt Love on you revenge their Pain:
You are not free becauſe ye're Fair;
The Boy did not his Mother ſpare.
Beauty's but an offensive Dart;
It is no Armour for the Heart.

Grac. Dear Girl; thou art my little Confident;

to thee have breath'd my Diſcontent;

thy ſweet Voice as oft has eas'd my Care:

now thy Breath is like infectious Air. *[Enter Beauf.]*

Heeds the ſecret Cauſe of my Diſeaſe,

does enrage what it did uſe t' appeaſe.

Beauf. ſtarting. Hark, that was Graciana's Voice.

Grac. Oh Beaufort!

Beauf. She calls on me, and does advance this way:

I'll conceal my ſelf within this Bower; ſhe may

ſecret Cauſes of my Grief betray.

*Beaufort goes into an Arbour, and Graciana and Leticia
come upon the Stage.*

Grac. Too rigidly my Honour I purſue;

ſomething from me to my Love is due:

thin theſe private Shades for him I'll mourn,

om I in publick am oblig'd to ſcorn.

Let. Why ſhou'd you, Madam, thus indulge your Grief;

ne never yet in Sorrow found Relief:

These Sighs, like Northern Winds to th' early Spring,
Destruction to your blooming Beauty bring.

Grac. Leticia, peace; my Beauty I despise:
Wou'd you have me preserve these fatal Eyes?

Let. Had you less Beauteous been, y'ad known less
Ladies are happiest moderately Fair:

But now shou'd you your Beauty waste, which way
Cou'd you the Debt it has contracted pay?

Grac. Beaufort, didst thou but know I weep for thee
Thou wou'dst not blame my Scorn, but pity me.

Let. When Honour first made you your Love decline
You from the Centre drew a crooked Line:

You were to *Beaufort* too severe, I fear,
Left to your Love you partial might appear.

Grac. I did what I in Honour ought to do:
I yet to *Beaufort* and my Love am true;
And if his Rival live, I'll be his Bride,
Joy shall unite whom Grief does now divide:
But if for Love of me brave *Bruce* does die,
I am contracted to his Memory.

Oh *Beaufort*!

Beauf. Oh, *Graciana*! here am I
(By what I've heard) fix'd in an Ecstasie.

Grac. We are surpriz'd: unlucky Accident!
Fresh Sorrow's added to my Discontent.

[*Exeunt Graciana and Leticia leisurely.* *Beaufort* and

Beauf. *Graciana*, stay, you can no more contend,
Since Fortune joins with Love to be my Friend:
There is no fear of *Bruce* his Death; the Wound
By abler Surgeons is not Mortal found.
She will not stay.

My Joys, like Waters swell'd into a Flood,
Bear down whate'er their usual Streams withstood.

[*Exit Beaufort*]

SCENE IV.

My Lady *Dowbwell*'s House.

Enter Wheadle and Grace.

Whead. I wonder we have yet no Tidings of our
Knight, nor *Palmer*,——Fortune still crosses the

dustrious, Girl; when we recover him you must begin
lie at a little openerward; 'tis dangerous keeping the
ol too long at Bay, lest some old Wood-man drop in
Chance, and discover thou art but a Rascal Deer.
ave counterfeited half a Dozen Mortgages, a Dozen
ods, and two Scriveners to vouch all; that will satisfie
in thy Estate: He has sent into the Country for his
tings: But see, here he comes.

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Nicholas, I must chide you, indeed I must; you
elect your Duty here: Nay, Madam, never blush;
th I'll reveal all. Y'are the happiest, the luckiest Man—

Enter Sir Frederick.

re betray'd; Death, what makes him here?

Frederick, your humble Servant; y'are come in the
kiest time for Mirth; [To Sir Frederick.

you but lend me your Ear? Do not you see

Nicholas and Grace. Yonder, look, look.

Fred. Yes.

Whead. I am perswading him to keep her; she's a pretty
ving Girl; Faith let us draw off a while, and
h among our selves, for fear of spoiling the poor
ch's Market; let us, let us.

Fred. With all my Heart.

Bailiffs meet Wheadle at the Door, and Arrest him.

Bailiffs. We Arrest you, Sir.

Whead. Arrest me? *Sir Frederick*, *Sir Nicholas*.

Fred. We are not provided for a Rescue at
nt, Sir.

Whead. At whose Suit?

Bailiffs. At *Sir Frederick Frolick's*.

Whead. *Sir Frederick Frolick's*? I owe him never a
ing.

Fred. Y'are mistaken, Sir; you owe me a thousand
ds: Look you, do you know *Mr. Palmer's Hand*?
as assign'd such a small Debt over to me.

Enter Palmer and Jenny.

Whead. How was I bewitch'd to trust such a Villain!

Logue, Dog, Coward, Palmer,

Wm. Oh thou unconscionable *Wheadle*; a thousand
ds was too small a Bubble!

Sir Fred. Away with him, away with him.

Whead. Nay, *Sir Frederick*, 'tis Punishment enough to
Fall from my Expectation: Do not ruin a young Man.

Grace. I beseech you, Sir.

Sir Fred. Thou hast mov'd me, *Grace*; Do not
Tremble, Chuck; I love thy Profession too well to harm
Thee. Look you, Sir, what think you of a Rich Widow

[*Proffering him the Whore*]

Was there no Lady to abuse, *Wheadle*, but my Mistress?
No Man to bubble but your Friend and Patron,
Sir Nicholas? But let this pass; *Sir Nicholas* is satisfy'd;
Take *Grace*. Here, marry her, we are all satisfy'd; She
A pretty deserving Girl, and a Fortune now in earnest;
I'll give her a thousand Pounds.

Whead. Pray, Sir, do but consider——

Sir Fred. No Consideration: dispatch, or to Limbo.

Whead. Was there ever such a Dilemma? I shall rot in
Prison. Come hither, *Grace*; I did but make bold, like
A young Heir, with his Estate, before it come into his
Hands: Little did I think, *Grace*, that this Pasty,
[*Stroking her Belly.*] when we first cut it up, shou'd have
Been preserv'd for my Wedding-Feast.

Sir Nick. You are the happiest, the luckiest Man,
Mr. Wheadle.

Palm. Much Joy, *Mr. Wheadle*, with your rich
Widow.

Whead. *Sir Frederick*, shall that Rogue *Palmer* laugh
At me?

Sir Fred. No, no; *Fenny*, come hither; I'll make thee
Amends, as well as thy Mistress, for the Injury I did
Thee th'other Night: Here is a Husband for thee too.
Mr. Palmer, where are you?

Palm. Alas, *Sir Frederick*, I am not able to maintain her.

Sir Fred. She shall maintain you Sir. Do not you
Understand the Mystery of *Stiponie*, *Fenny*?

Maid. I know how to make *Democruana*, Sir.

Sir Fred. Thou art richly endow'd, i' faith: Here, here,
Palmer; no shall I, shall I: This or that, which you
Deserve better.

Palm. This is but a short Reprieve; the Gallows will
Be my Destiny.

Fred. Sir *Nicholas*, now we must haste to a better
manity; my Sister expects us. Gentlemen, meet us
the Rose; I'll bestow a Wedding Dinner upon you.
there release your Judgment, *Mr. Wheadle*. Bailiffs,
upon them thither.

Nich. I wish you much Joy with your Fair Brides,
Gentlemen.

Whead. A Pox on your Assignment, *Palmer*.

Alm. A Pox on your rich Widow, *Wheadle*; come,
come, come. [Exit.

SCENE V. The Lord *Bevill's* House.

Lord Bevill, *Bruce* led in, *Lovis*, *Beaufort*, *Graciana*
and *Aurelia*.

Bruce. *Graciana*, I have lost my Claim to you,

now my Heart's become *Aurelia's* Due;

All this while within her tender Breast

Flame of Love has carefully suppress'd,

Striving for me, and striving to destroy

My own Contentment to advance my Joy.

Alm. I did no more than Honour press'd me to;

And I had Woo'd successfully for you.

Bruce. You so excel in Honour and in Love,

That both my Shame and Admiration move.

Aurelia. here, accept that Life from me,

Which Heav'n so kindly has preserv'd for thee.

Lord. I hope you will my Choice allow, [To *L. Bevill*.

With your Approbation seal our Vow.

Bev. In gen'rous Minds this to the World will prove,

That Gratitude has Pow'r to conquer Love.

Alm. here, brave Man, Impiety in me

Will approve that which the Heav'ns decree.

Bruce. *Graciana*, on my gen'rous Rival you

Now bestow what to his Merit's due.

Alm. Since you recovering, *Bruce*, your Claim decline;

And with Honour I my Heart resign,

Alm. Such Honour and such Love as you have shown,

Not in the Records of Virtue known.

My

My Lord, you must assist us here once more; [To L. B.]
The God of Love does your Consent implore.

L. Bev. May Love in you still feed your mutual Fire.

Beauf. And may that Flame but with our Breaths expire. [Joining their Hands]

Lov. My Lord, our Quarrel now is at an end;

You are not Bruce's Rival, but his Friend.

Beauf. In this brave Strife your Friendship soar'd above
The active Flames of our aspiring Love.

Bruce. Dear Friend, thy Merits Fame cannot express.

Lov. They are rewarded in your Happiness.

Bruce. Come all into my Arms before I rest;
Let's breathe our Joys into each other's Breast:
Thus Mariners rejoice when Winds decrease,
And falling Waves seem wearied into Peace.

Enter Sir Frederick and Dufoy at one Door, and
Widow and Betty at another.

Sir Fred. Haste, Dufoy, perform what I command
You.

Duf. I vil be ver quick begar; I am more den he
Mercurie.

Sir Fred. Ho, Widow! the Noise of these Nuptials
Brought you hither; I perceive your Mouth waters.

Wid. Were I in a Longing Condition I shou'd be
Enough to put my self upon you, Sir.

Sir Fred. Nay, I know th'art spiteful, and wou'dst
Fain marry me in Revenge; but so long as I have thee
Guardian Angels about me, I defie thee and all thy
Charms: Do skilful Faulknors thus reward their Hawks
Before they fly the Quarry?

Wid. When your Gorge is empty you'll come to the
Lure again.

Sir Fred. After I have had a little more Experience
The Vanity of this World, in a melancholly Humour
I may be careless of my self.

Wid. And marry some distressed Lady, that has had
No less Experience of that Vanity.

Sir Fred. Widow, I profess the contrary; I wou'd
Not have the Sin to answer for of Debauching any from
Such worthy Principles. Let me see: if I shou'd be
Good-natur'd now, and consent to give thee a Title to

own Wealth again, you wou'd be stubborn, and
steem the Favour, Widow.

Is it possible you can have Thoughts of
rude? Do you imagine me so foolish as your self, who
venture all at play, to recover one inconsiderable

Fred. I told you how 'twou'd be, Widow: Less
attendance attend thee, else I shall do no good upon
Farewel.

d. Stay, Sir; let us shake Hands at parting.

Fred. Nay, if thou once art acquainted with my
situation, thou't never let me go; Widow, here,
fine, examine. [*Holding out his Hand.*]

Bew. Sister, I long have known your Inclinations;
me leave to serve you. Sir *Frederick* here, take
and may you make each other happy.

d. Now I have receiv'd you into my Family, I
you will let my Maids go quietly about their
business, Sir.

Fred. Upon Condition there be no Twiss of the
Man departed; no Prescription pleaded for Evil
on the Wedding Night. Widow, what old
business will be anon! I have coupled no less than a
royal my self. This Day, my Lord, I hope you'll
take the Liberty I have taken to send for them; the
will much encrease your Mirth this joyful Day.

Bew. I shou'd have blam'd you, Sir, if you had
rain'd your Humour here. These must needs be
not Matches that are of his making.

Enter Dufoy.

Fred. What, are they come?

d. Day be all at de Dooré, begar; every Man vid
ret Metres, Brid, Whore. Entré Gentlemen, vid
Lady, entré vid your great Fortuné; Ha, ha, ha.
*Sir Nicholas and his Bride, Wheadle and his Bride,
Palmer and his Bride.*

Nich. Brother, do you see how sneakingly *Wheadle*
s yonder, with his Rich Widow?

d. Brother! is this Fellow your Brother!

Nich. Ay, that I am.

Fred. No, no, Sir *Nicholas*.

Sir

Sir Nich. Did not I marry your Sister, Sir?

Sir Fred. Fie, fie, *Sir Nicholas*; I thought y^e ad be
A modest Man.

Sir Nich. Is my Wife no Kin to you, Sir?

Sir Fred. Not your Wife; but your Son and Heir
May, if it prove so. * Joy be with thee, [* To Luc
Old Acquaintance: Widow, resolving to lead a Virt
Life, and keep House altogether with thee, I have
Dispos'd of my own Household-stuff, my dear Mrs. L
To this Gentleman.

Whead. and Palm. We wish you Joy with your F
Bride, *Sir Nicholas*.

Sir Nich. I will go and complain, and have you all
Clapp'd up for a Plot immediately.

Sir Fred. Hold, hold, *Sir Nicholas*; there are cert
Catch-poles without: You cannot 'scape without y
Thousand Pounds in your Pocket: Carry her into t
Country; come, your Neighbours Wives will visit
And vow she's a Virtuous well-bred Lady: And, g
Her due, faith she was a very honest Wench to
And I believe will make a very honest Wife to you.

Sir Nich. If I discover this I am lost; I shall be
Ridiculous even to our own Party.

Sir Fred. You are in the right: Come, take her,
Much of her, she shall save you a thousand Pounds.

Sir Nich. Well, *Lucy*, if thou can'st but deceive m
Old Mother, and my Neighbours in the Country, I
Shall bear my Fortune patiently.

Sir Fred. I'll warrant you, Sir; Women so skill'd
Vice can dissemble Virtue.

Duf. Fie, fie, maké de much of your Lady,
Shentlemen; begar you vil find dem ver civil.

Sir Fred. *Dusoy*, I had almost forgot thee.

Duf. Begar my Merit is ver seldom in your Memo

Sir Fred. Now I will reward thy Services; here, c
Thy Mittress.

Duf. Ver vel, begar; you will give me two tree
Gowné vor all my Diligence.

Betty. Marry come up! Is that a despicable Portion
For your greasie Pantaloon?

Peace, peace, Metres *Bet*; ve vil be ver good
upon occasion; but ve vil no marrié: Dat be ver
better, begar.

Fred. Did you bring the Bailiffs with you?

Day be vidout: Begar, Shentlemen, you have
be ver sad; and now you shall be made ver mer
Fidler.

ad. Ha! cozen'd with Fidlers for Bailiffs! I durst
worn false Dice might as soon have pass'd upon me.

Fred. Bid them strike up; we will have a Dance,
y, to divert these melancholy Gentlemen.

[*They Dance.*]

ev. Sir *Frederick*, you shall command my House
his Day;

[*After the Dance.*]

all those welcome that are pleas'd to stay.

Fred. Sir *Nicholas*, and Mr. *Wheadle*, I release you
of your Judgment, and will give it you under my

at any time. Widow, for all these bloody
ations, there will be no great Massacre of

heads among us here. Anon I will make you
gh with the occasion of these Weddings.

at small Accidents depends our Fate,

Chance, not Prudence, makes us fortunate!

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]



EPILOGUE.



EPILOGU

Spoke by the Widow.

SIR Frederick, now I am reveng'd on you;
For all your Frolick Wit, y^e are couzen'd too:
I have made over all my Wealth to these
Honest Gentlemen; they are my Trustees.
Yet, Gentlemen, if you are pleas'd you may
Supply his Wants, and not your Trust betray.

Spoke by Wheadle.

Poor Wheadle hopes t^o be giv'n all you all Content;
Here he protests 'tis that he only meant:
If y^e are displeas'd, w^e are all cross'd to day,
And he has wheadled us that writ the Play.
Like Prisoners conscious of th^e offended Law,
When Furies after th^e Evidence withdraw;
So waits our Author between Hope and Fear,
Untill he does your doubtful Verdict hear.
Men are more civil than in former Days;
Few now in Publick hiss or rail at Plays;
He bid me therefore mind your Looks with Care,
And told me I shou'd read your Sentence there;
But I, unskill'd in Faces, cannot guess
By this first View what is the Play's Success;
Nor shall I ease the Author of his Fear,
'Till twice or thrice, at least, I've seen you here.



F I N I S.





Lud. Du Guernier inv.

be wou'd if She cou'd.

A

COMEDY.

ACTED AT

Highness the Duke of YORK's

THEATRE.



L O N D O N:

and for Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's Head over
against Catherine-street in the Strand,

MDCCXXIII.

Dramatis Personæ

Sir Oliver Cockwood }
and } *Two Country Knights*
Sir Joffin Jolley, }
Mr. Courtal } *Two honest Gentlemen of*
and } *Town.*
Mr. Freeman, }
My Lady Cockwood.
Ariana } *Two young Ladies, Kinswomen of*
and } *Joffin Jolley's.*
Gatty, }
Mrs. Sentry, My Lady Cockwood's *God*
woman.
Mrs. Gazette }
and } *Two Exchange Women.*
Mrs. Trinket, }
Mr. Rake-hell, A Knight of the Industry
Thomas, Sir Oliver Cockwood's Man
A Servant belonging to Mr. Courtal.
Waiters, Fidlers, and other Attendants.





he wou'd if She cou'd.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Dining-Room.

Enter Courtal and Freeman, and a Servant brushing Courtal.

C O U R T A L.

O, so, 'tis well; let the Coach be made Ready.

Serv. It shall, Sir.

[*Ex. Servant.*]

Court. Well, *Frank*, what is to be done To Day?

Free. 'Faith, I think we must e'en

show the old Trade; Eat well, and prepare our selves

with a Bottle or two of good *Burgundy*,

that our old Acquaintance may look lovely in our Eyes:

for ought as I see, there is no Hopes of new.

Court. Well! this is grown a wicked Town, it was otherwise in my Memory; a Gentleman shou'd not have been out of his Chamber, but some Civil Officer or other of the Game wou'd have been with him, and he given him notice where he might have had a horse or two in the Afternoon.

Free. Truly, a good Motherly Woman of my Acquaintance t'other Day, talking of the Sins of the Times, told me, with Tears in her Eyes, that there A Company of Higling Rascals, who partly for Themselves, but more especially for some secret Friend Daily forestall the Markers; nay, and that many Gentlemen Who formerly had been Persons of great Worth and Honour, are of late, for some private Reasons, become Their own Purveyors, to the utter Decay and Disencouragement of Trade and Industry.

Court. I know there are some wary Merchants, who Never trust their Business to a Factor; but for my part I hate the Fatigue, and had rather be bound to Back my Own Colts, and Man my own Hawks, than endure the Impertinencies of bringing a young Wench to the Limb.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there is a Gentlewoman below desires to Speak with you.

Court. Ha *Freeman*, this may be some lucky Adventure.

Serv. She ask'd me, if you were alone.

Court. And did not you say, Ay?

Serv. I told her, I wou'd go see.

Court. Go, go down quickly, and tell her I am.

Frank. pry'thee let me put thee into this Closet a while.

Free. Why may not I see her?

Court. On my Life thou shalt have fair play, and good Halfs, if it be a Purchase that may with Honour be Divided; you may over-hear all: But for Decency Sake, in, in Man.

Free. Well, good Fortune attend thee.

Enter Mistress Sentry.

Court. *Mistress Sentry!* this is a Happiness beyond Expectation.

Sent. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Court. I hope your Lady's come to Town?

Sent. Sir *Oliver*, my Lady, and the whole Family. Well! we have had a sad time in the Country: My Lady's so glad, she's come to enjoy the Freedom of the Place again, and I dare say longs to have the Happiness Of your Company.

Murt. Did she send you hither?

Ant. Oh no, if she shou'd but know that I did such a
ident Trick, she wou'd think me a good one i' faith;
Zeal I have to serve you, made me venture to call
my Way to the Exchange, to tell you the good
news, and to let you know our Lodgings are in
Es-sreet at the Black-Posts, where we lay the last
winter.

Murt. Indeed it is very obligingly done.

Ant. But I must needs desire you to tell my Lady,
you came to the Knowledge of this by some lucky
chance or other; for I wou'd not be discovered for a
fool.

Murt. Let me alone, I warrant thee.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir *Oliver Cockwood*, Sir, is come to wait on

Ant. Oh Heav'n! my Master! my Lady and my self
both undone, undone——

Murt. 'Sdeath, why did you not tell him I was busie?

Ant. For Heav'n's sake, Mr. *Courtal*, what shall I do?

Murt. Leave, leave trembling, and creep into the
Wood-hole here. [*She goes into the Wood-hole.*]

Enter Sir Oliver.

Murt. Sir *Oliver Cockwood*! [*Embraces him.*]

Sir Oliv. Honest Ned *Courtal*, by my troth I think
you tak'st me for a pretty Wench, thou hug'st me so
close and heartily.

Murt. Only my Joy to see you, Sir *Oliver*, and to
welcome you to Town.

Sir Oliv. Methinks, indeed, I have been an Age,
but I intend to redeem the Time; and how,
how stand Affairs, pr'ythee now? Is the Wine good?
the Women kind? Well, Faith, a Man had better
be a Vagabond in this Town, than a Justice of Peace in
the Country: I was e'en grown a Sot for want of
gentleman-like Recreations: if a Man do but rap out
his Oath, the People start as if a Gun went off; and if
by chance but to couple himself with his Neighbour's
daughter, without the help of the Parson of the Parish,
he leave a little Testimony of his Kindness behind

Him, there is presently such an uproar, that a poor Man
Is fain to fly his Country : as for Drunkenness, 'tis
True, it may be us'd without Scandal, but the Drink is
So abominable, that a Man would forbear it, for fear
Being made out of Love with the Vice.

Court. I see, Sir *Oliver*, you continue still your old
Humour, and are resolv'd to break your sweet Lady's
Heart.

Sir *Oliv.* You do not think me sure so barbarously
Unkind, to let her know all this ; no, no, these are
Secrets fit only to be trusted to such honest Fellows as
Thou art.

Court. Well may I, poor Sinner, be excus'd, since
Woman of such rare Beauty, such incomparable Parts,
And of such an unblemished Reputation, is not able to
Reclaim you from these wild Courses, Sir *Oliver*.

Sir *Oliv.* To say the Truth, She is a Wife that no
Man need be asham'd of, *Ned*.

Court. I vow, Sir *Oliver*, I must needs blame you,
Considering how tenderly she loves you.

Sir *Oliv.* Ay, ay, the more is her Misfortune, and
Mine too, *Ned* : I wou'd willingly give thee a pair of
Best Coach-Horses in my Stable, so thou could'st but
Persuade her to love me less.

Court. Her Virtue, and my Friendship, sufficiently
Secure you against that, Sir *Oliver*.

Sir *Oliv.* I know thou wert never married ; but
Never been thy Misfortune to have a Mistress love
Thus entirely ?

Court. It never has been my good Fortune, Sir *Oliver*
But why do you ask this Question ?

Sir *Oliv.* Because then, perchance, thou might'st
Been a little sensible what a damn'd Trouble it is.

Court. As how, Sir *Oliver* ?

Sir *Oliv.* Why look thee, thus : For a Man cannot
Be altogether ungrateful, sometimes one is oblig'd to
Kiss, and Fawn, and Toy, and lye fooling an Hour or
Two, when a Man had rather, if it were not for the
Disgrace sake, stand all that while in the Pillory
With Rotten Eggs and Oranges.

Court. This is a very hard Case indeed, *Sir Oliver.*

Sir Oliv. And then the Inconvenience of keeping regular Hours; but above all, that damn'd Fiend *Calouffe* does so possess these passionate Lovers, that I protest *Ned*, *Under the Rose* be it spoken, if I chance to be a little prodigal in my Expence on a private Friend so, I am call'd to so strict an Account at Night, that for quietness sake I am often forc'd to take a Dose of *Cantharides* to make up the sum.

Court. Indeed, *Sir Oliver*, every thing consider'd, you are not so much to be envy'd as one may rashly imagine.

Sir Oliv. Well, a Pox of this tying Man and Woman together, for better for worse! Upon my Conscience, was but a Trick that the Clergy might have a feeling in the Cause.

Court. I do not conceive it to be much for their Visit, *Sir Oliver*, for I dare lay a good Wager, let 'em allow Christian Liberty, and they shall get ten times more by Chistnings, than they are likely to lose Marriages.

Sir Oliv. Faith, thou hast hit it right, *Ned*; and now you talk'st of Christian Liberty, prythee let us Dine together to-day, and be swingingly merry, but with Secresie.

Court. I shall be glad of your good Company, *Oliver.*

Sir Oliv. I am to call on a very honest Fellow, whom I sit here hard by making a Visit, *Sir Josling Folley*, a Husbandman of my Wife's, and my Neighbour in the Country: We call Brothers, he came up to Town with us, and lodgeth in the same House; he has brought up a couple of the prettiest Kinswomen, Heiresses of a very good Fortune: Wou'd thou hadst the instructing of 'em little. Faith, if I am not very much mistaken, they are very prone to the Study of the Mathematicks.

Court. I shall be beholden to you for so good an acquaintance.

Sir Oliv. This *Sir Joslin* is in great Favour with my Mother, one that she has an admirable good Opinion of,

And will trust me with him any where ; but to say Truth, he is as arrant a Sinner as the best of us, and Will boggle at nothing that becomes a Man of Honour. We will go and get leave of my Lady ; for it is not fit I shou'd break out so soon without her Approbation, No.

Court. By no means, Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. Where shall we meet about an Hour hence

Court. At the French-house, or the Bear.

Sir Oliv. At the French-house by all means.

Court. Agreed, agreed.

Sir Oliv. Wou'd thou cou'dst bring a fourth Man.

Court. What think you of *Frank Freeman* ?

Sir Oliv. There cannot be a better——well——*Sentry*
Ned, Servant *Ned* ! [Exit Sir Oliver]

Court. Your Servant, Sir Oliver. Mrs. Sentry !

Sentry in the hole. Is he gone ?

Court. Ay, ay ! You may venture to bolt now.

Sentry crawling out. Oh Heav'ns ! I wou'd not end
Such another Fright.

Court. Come, come, pr'ythee be compos'd.

Sentry. I shall not be my self again this Fortnight ; Never was in such a Taking all the Days of my Life. To have been found false, and to one, who, to say Truth Has been always very kind and civil to me ; but above all I was concern'd for my Lady's Honour.——

Court. Come, come——there's no harm done.

Sentry. Ah ! Mr. Courtal, you do not know Sir Oliver. So well as I do, he has strange Humours sometimes, Has it enough in's Nature to play the Tyrant, but that My Lady and my self awe him by our Policy.

Court. Well, well, all's well ; did you not hear what A taring Blade Sir Oliver is ?

Sentry. Ah ! 'tis a vile dissembling Man. How fairly He carries it to my Lady's Face ! but I dare not Discover him, for fear of betraying my self.

Court. Well, Mistress Sentry, I must Dine with 'em. And after I have enter'd them with a Beer-glass or two. If I can I will slip away, and pay my Respects to your Lady.

Sent. You need not question your Welcome I assure
you, Sir——Your Servant, Sir.

Court. Your Servant Mistress *Sentry*, I am very sensible
of this Favour, I assure you.

Sent. I am proud it was in my Power to oblige you,
[Exit *Sentry*..]

Court. *Freeman* ! Come, come out of thy Hole ; how
art thou been able to contain ?

Free. Faith much ado, the Scene was very pleasant :
above all, I admire thy Impudence, I cou'd never
see you had the Face to have wheadl'd the poor Knight so.

Court. Pish, pish, 'twas both necessary and honest : we
ought to do all we can to confirm a Husband in the
good Opinion of his Wife.

Free. Pray how long, if without Offence a Man may
see you, have you been in good Grace with this Person
of Honour ? I never knew you had that commendable
fidelity of Secresie before.

Court. You are mistaken, *Freeman*, things go not as
you wickedly imagine.

Free. Why, hast thou lost all Sense of Modesty ? Dost
you think to pass these gross Wheadles on me too ?
Come, come, this good News shou'd make thee a little
prier. 'Faith, though she be an old Acquaintance, she
is the advantage of four or five Months Absence. 'Slid;
now not how proud you are, but I have thought my
self very spruce e'er now in an old Suit, that has been
worn and laid up a while.

Court. *Freeman*, I know in Cases of this Nature thou
art an Infidel; but yet methinks the Knowledge thou hast
of my sincere Dealing with my Friends shou'd make
thee a little more confiding.

Free. What devilish Oath cou'd she invent to fright thee
from a Discovery ?

Court. Wilt thou believe me, if I swear, the Preservation
of her Honour has been my Fault, and not hers ?

Free. This is something.

Court. Why then, know that I have still been as
careful to prevent all Opportunities, as she has been to
contrive'em; and still have carried it so like a Gentleman,
That:

That she has not had the least Suspicion of Unkindness. She is the very Spirit of Impertinence, so foolishly fond And troublesome, that no Man above Sixteen is able to Endure her.

Free. Why did you engage thus far then?

Court. Some Conveniences which I had by my Acquaintance with the Son her Husband, made me Extraordinary civil to her, which presently by her Ladyship was interpreted after the manner of the most Obliging Women. This Wench came hither by her Commission to-day.

Free. With what Confidence she deny'd it!

Court. Nay, that's never wanting, I assure you: Now is it expected I shou'd lay by all other Occasions, And watch every Opportunity to wait upon her; she Wou'd by her Good-will give her Lover no more Rest Than a young Squire that has newly set up a Coach, Does his only pair of Horses.

Free. Faith, if it be as thou say'st, I cannot much Blame the hardness of thy Heart. But did not the Old Talk of two young Ladies?

Court. Well remember'd, *Frank*; and now I think On't, 'twill be very necessary to carry on my Business With the old one, that we may the better have an Opportunity of being acquainted with them. Come, Us go and bespeak Dinner, and by the way consider These weighty Affairs.

Free. Well, since there is but little ready Money stow'd Rather than want Entertainment, I shall be contented Play a while upon Tick.

Court. And I, provided they promise fair, and we There's hopes of Payment hereafter.

Free. Come along, come along.

[Exit]

SCENE II. *Sir Oliver Cockwood's Lodging.*

Enter Lady Cockwood.

La. Cock. 'Tis too late to repent; I sent her, but I cannot but be troubled to think she stays so long: If she has so little Gratitude to let him, he has more

Hon

She won'd if She cou'd. 97

our than to attempt any thing to the Prejudice of my
ction——Oh——*Sentry*, are you come?

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh Madam! there has been such an Accident!

La. Cock. Pr'ythee do not fright me, Wench.—

Sent. As I was discoursing with Mr. *Courtal*, in came
Oliver.

La. Cock. Oh!——I'm ruin'd——undone for ever!

Sent. You'll still be sending me on these desperate
ands.

La. Cock. I am betray'd, betray'd——by this false——
at shall I call thee?

Sent. Nay, but Madam——have a little Patience——

La. Cock. I have lost all Patience, and will never more
e any.——

Sent. Do but hear me, all is well.——

La. Cock. Nothing can be well, unfortunate Woman.

Sent. Mr. *Courtal* thrust me into the Wood-hole.

La. Cock. And did not Sir *Oliver* see thee?

Sent. He had not the least glimpse of me.——

La. Cock. Dear *Sentry*——And what good News?

Sent. He intends to wait upon you in the Afternoon,
am.——

La. Cock. I hope you did not let him know I sent you.

Sent. No, no, Madam——I'll warrant you I did every
g much to the Advantage of your Honour.

La. Cock. Ah *Sentry*! if we cou'd but think of some
ky Plot now to get Sir *Oliver* out of the way.

Sent. You need not trouble your self about that,

am, he has engag'd to Dine with Mr. *Courtal* at the
ch-house, and is bringing Sir *Joslin Folley* to get your
ed-will; when Mr. *Courtal* has fix'd 'em with a
glass or two, he intends to steal away, and pay his
otion to your Ladyship.

La. Cock. Truly he is a Person of much Worth and
our.

Sent. Had you but been there, Madam, to have
er heard Sir *Oliver*'s Discourse, he would have made
u bless your self; there is not such another wild man
he Town; all his Talk was of Wenching, and
earing, and Drinking, and Tearing.

La.

98 *She wou'd if She cou'd.*

La. Cock. Ay, ay, *Sentry*, I know he'll talk of strange matters behind my Back ; but if he be not an abominable Hypocrite at Home, and I am not a Woman easily to be Deceiv'd, he is not able to play the Spark abroad thus, Assure you.

Enter Sir Oliver, and Sir Joslin ; Sir Joslin singing.
My dearest Dear, this is kindly done of thee to come Home again thus quickly.

Sir Oliv. Nay, my Dear, thou shalt never have any Just Cause to accuse me of Unkindness.

La. Cock. *Sir Joslin*, now you are a good Man, and shall trust you with *Sir Oliver* again.

Sir Josf. Nay, if ever I break my Word with a Lady I will be deliver'd bound to *Mrs. Sentry* here, and she shall have leave to Carve me for a Capon.

Sent. Do you think I have a Heart cruel enough for such a bloody Execution ?

Sir Josf. Kindly spoke i' faith, Girl ; I'll give thee a Kiss For that. [Kisses]

La. Cock. Fie, fie, *Sir Joslin*, this is not seemly in your Presence.

Sir Josf. We have all our Failings, Lady, and this is mine : A right bred Grey-hound can as well forbear Running after a Hare, when he sees her, as I can Mumbling a pretty Wench when she comes in my way.

La. Cock. I have heard indeed you are a parlous Man, *Sir Joslin*.

Sir Josf. I seldom brag, Lady, but for a true Cock Of the Game, little *Joslin* dares match with the best Of 'em.

Sir Oliv. *Sir Joslin's* merry, my Dear.

La. Cock. Ay, ay, if he should be wicked, I know Thou art too much a Gentleman to offer an Injury to Thine own dear Lady.

Sir Josf. Faith, Madam, you must give my Brother *Cockwood* leave to Dine abroad to Day.

La. Cock. I protest, *Sir Joslin*, you begin to make Hate you too ; well, you are e'en grown as bad as the Worst of 'em, you are still robbing me of the sweet Society of *Sir Oliver*.

She wou'd if She cou'd. 99

Sir *Jos.* Come, come, your Discipline is too severe,
with Lady.

La. *Cock.* Sir *Oliver* may do what he pleases, Sir; he
shows I have ever been his obedient Lady.

Sir *Oliv.* Pr'ythee, my Dear, be not angry. Sir *Joseph*
was so earnest in his Invitation, that none but a Clown
cou'd have refus'd him.

Sir *Jos.* Ay, ay, we Dine at my Uncle Sir *Joseph*
Peck's, Lady.

La. *Cock.* Will you be sure now to be a good Dear, I
will not drink, nor stay out late?

Sir *Jos.* I'll engage for all, and if there be no harm in
a Merry Catch, or a waggish Story——

Enter Ariana, and Mistress Gatty.

Ha! Slie-girl and Mad cap, are you got up? I know
that you have been meditating on; but never trouble
your Heads, let me alone to bring you Consolation.

La. *Cock.* We have often been beholden to you, Sir; for
every time he's Drunk, he brings us home a couple of
new Servants.

Sir *Oliv.* Well, farewell my Dear, pr'ythee do not sigh
thus, but make thee ready, visit, and be merry.

La. *Cock.* I shall receive most Satisfaction in my
Gamber.

Sir *Jos.* Come, come along, Brother: Farewel one
to all, Lady and Slie-girl, Slie-girl and Mad-cap, your
Obedient, your Servant.——

[Ex. Sir Oliver, and Sir Joslin singing.]

La. *Cock.* *[to Sentry aside.]* Sentry, is the new Point I
ought come home, and is every thing in a readiness?

Sentry. Every thing, Madam.

La. *Cock.* Come, come up quickly then, Girl, and
show me. —

[Ex. Lady Cockwood and Sentry.]

Ariana. Dost not thou wonder, Gatty, she shou'd be so
angely fond of this Coxcomb?

La. *Cock.* Well, if she does not dissemble, may I still be
deceiv'd when I do; didst thou not see how her
Countenance chang'd, as soon as ever their Backs were
turn'd, and how earnestly she whispered with her
man? There is some weighty Affair in Hand, I

Warrant

Warrant thee: My dear *Ariana*, how glad am I we
In this Town again.

Aria. But we have left the Benefit of the fresh Air,
And the Delight of wand'ring in the pleasant Groves.

Gat. Very pretty things for a young Gentlewoman
Bemoan the loss of indeed, that's newly come to a rest
Of the good things of this World.

Aria. Very good, Sister!

Gat. Why, hast not thou promis'd me a thousand
Times, to leave off this Demureness?

Aria. But you are so quick.

Gat. Why, wou'd it not make any one mad to hear
Thee bewail the Loss of the Country? Speak but one
Grave Word more, and it shall be my daily Pray'rs
May't have a jealous Husband, then you'll have cause
Of it I warrant you.

Aria. It may be, if your Tongue be not altogether
Nimble, I may be conformable: But I hope you do
Intend we shall play such mad Reaks as we did last
Summer?

Gat. 'Slife, dost thou think we come here to be
Mew'd up, and take only the liberty of going from
Chamber to the Dining-Room, and from the
Dinning-Room to our Chamber again? And like a Bird
A Cage, with two Perches only, to hop up and down
Up and down?

Aria. Well, thou art a mad Wench.

Gat. Wouldst thou never have us go to a Play but
Our grave Relations, never take the Air but with our
Grave Relations; to feed their Pride, and make the
World believe it is in their Power to afford some Gall
Or other a good Bargain?

Aria. But I am afraid we shall be known again.

Gat. Pish! the Men were only acquainted with our
Vizards, and our Petticoats, and they are worn out
Since: How I envy that Sex! Well! We cannot Plague
Enough when we have it in our Power, for those
Privileges which Custom has allow'd 'em above us.

Aria. The Truth is, they can run and ramble here,
And there, and every where, and we poor Fools rather
Think the better of 'em.

She wou'd if She cou'd.

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Sat. From one Play-house, to the other Play-house,
if they like neither the Play nor the Women,
they seldom stay any longer than the Combing of
their Perriwigs, or a Whisper or two with a Friend; and
then they cock their Caps, and out they strut again.
Mria. But whatsoever we do, pr'ythee now let us
solve to be mighty honest.

Sat. There I agree with thee.

Mria. And if we find the Gallants like lawless
jects, who the more their Princes grant, the more
they impudently crave——

Sat. We'll become absolute Tyrants, and deprive 'em
all the Privileges we gave 'em.

Mria. Upon these Conditions I am contented to Trail
like under thee——March along Girl. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Mulberry-Garden.

Enter Courtal and Freeman.

Free. **W**AS there ever a Couple of Fops better
March'd than these two-Knights are?

Court. They are Harp and Violin, Nature has so
ordain'd 'em, as if she intended they should always play the
one in Confort,

Court. Now is Sir *Oliver* secure, for he dares not go
home till he's quite Drunk, and then he grows Valiant,
quits, and defies his sweet Lady; for which, with
Sweats and Tears, he's forc'd to feign a bitter Repentance
the next Morning.

Free. What do we here idling in the Mulberry-Garden?
Why do not we make this Visit then?

Court. Now art thou as Mad upon this Trail, as if we
were upon a hot Scent.

Free. Since we know the Bush, why do we not start
the Game?

Court.

Court. Gently, good *Frank* : First know that the Laws of Honour prescrib'd in such nice Cases, will not Allow me to carry thee along with me; and next, Thou so little Wit to think, that a discreet Lady that Had the Experience of so much Human Frailty, can have So good an Opinion of the Constancy of her Servant, To lead him into Temptation ?

Free. Then we must not hope her Ladyship shou'd Make us acquainted with these Gentlewomen.

Court. Thou may'st as reasonably expect, that an old Rook shou'd bring a young Snap acquainted with his Bubble; but Advantages may be hereafter made, by my Admission into the Family.

Free. What is to be done then ?

Court. Why, look you, thus I have contriv'd it : Sir *Oliver*, when I began to grow resty, that he might Incline me a little more to Drunkenness, in my Ear Discover'd to me the Humour of his dear Friend, Sir *Joslin* ; He assur'd me, that when he was in that Good-natur'd Condition, to requite their Courtesie, he Always carried the Good Company home with him, and Recommended them to his Kinswomen.

Free. Very good !

Court. Now after the fresh Air has breath'd on us A while, and expell'd the Vapours of the Wine we have Drunk, thou shalt return to these two Sots, whom we Left at the French-house, according to our Promise, and Tell 'em, I am a little staid by some unlucky Bus'ness, and will be with 'em presently ; thou wilt find 'em there With long Fight, weak and unable to observe their Order ; charge 'em briskly, and in a Moment thou shalt Rout 'em, and with little or no Damage to thy self, gain An absolute Victory.

Free. Very well !

Court. In the mean time, I will make my Visit To the longing Lady, and order my Business so Handsomely, that I will be with thee again immediately To make an Experiment of the good Humour of Sir *Joslin*.

Free. Let's about it.

Court. 'Tis yet too early, we must drill away a little
here, that my Excuses may be more probable, and
Persecution more tolerable.

*Enter Ariana and Gatty with Vizards, and pass nimbly
over the Stage.*

Dee. Ha, ha——How wantonly they trip it ! There is
temptation enough in their very Gate, to stir up the
rage of an old Alderman : Pr'ythee let us follow 'em.

Court. I have been so often balk'd with these
ard-Masks, that I have at least a Dozen times
worn 'em ; they are a most certain sign of an ill
man, or what is worse, an old Acquaintance.

Dee. The Truth is, nothing but some such weighty
reason, is able to make Women deny themselves the
pleasure they have to be seen.

Court. The Evening's fresh and pleasant, and yet there
is a little Company.

Dee. Our Course will be the better, these Deer
are not Herd : Come, come Man, let's follow.

Court. I find it is a meer Folly to swear any thing, it
will but make the Devil the more earnest in his
temptation.

[They go after the Women.]

Enter Women again, and cross the Stage.

Ariana. Now if these should prove two Men of War
are Cruising here, to watch for Prizes.

Court. Wou'd they had Courage enough to set upon us,
that we might be engag'd.

Ariana. Look, look yonder, I protest they chase us.

Court. Let us bear away then : if they be truly Valiant
they'll quickly make more Sail, and Board us.

*[The Women go out, and go about behind
the Scenes to the other Door.]*

Enter Courtal and Freeman,

Dee. 'Sdeath, how fleet they are ! whatsoever Faults
they have, they cannot be broken-winded.

Court. Sure, by that little mincing Step they shou'd be
country Fillies that have been breath'd a Course at Park,
Barly-Break : We shall never reach 'em.

Dee. I'll follow directly, do thou turn down the
walk and meet 'em.

Enter

*Enter the Women, and after 'em Courtal at the lower End
and Freeman at the upper on the contrary side.*

Court. By your leave, Ladies. —

Gas. I perceive you can make bold enough without
Free. Your Servant Ladies. —

Ari. Or any other Ladies that will give themselves
The trouble to entertain you.

Free. 'Sife, their Tongues are as nimble as their He

Court. Can you have so little Good-nature to dash
Couple of bashful young Men out of Countenance, who
Came out of pure Love to tender you their Service?

Gas. 'Twere pity to baulk 'em, Sister.

Aria. Indeed, methinks, they look as if they never
Been slip'd before,

Free. Yes Faith, we have had many a fair Course in
This Paddock, have been very well flesh'd, and dare
Boldly fasten. [*They Kiss their Hands with a little*

Aria. Well, I am not the first unfortunate Woman
That has been forc'd to give her Hand, where she
Intends to bestow her Heart.

Gas. Now, do you think 'tis a Bargain already?

Court. Faith, wou'd there were some lusty Earnest
Given, for fear we should unluckily break off again.

Free. Are you so wild, that you must be hooded?

Court. Fie, fie, put off these Scandals to all good
Faces.

Gas. For your Reputation's sake we shall keep 'em
'Sife we should be taken for your Relations, if we do
Shew our Faces with you thus publickly.

Aria. And what a Shame that wou'd be to a couple
Young Gallants! Methinks you shou'd blush to think of

Court. These were pretty Toys, invented, first, men
For the good of us poor Lovers to deceive the Jealous
And to blind the Malicious; but the proper use is so
Wickedly perverted, that it makes all honest Men hate
The Fashion mortally.

Free. A good Face is as seldom cover'd with a
Vizard-Mask, as a good Hat with an oil'd Case: And
On my Conscience, you are both Handsome.

Court. Do but remove 'em a little, to satisfy a foolish
Scruple.

Isa. This is a just Punishment you have brought
on your selves, by that unpardonable Sin of Talking.

Isa. You can only brag now of your Acquaintance
with a Farendon-grown, and a piece of Black Velvet.

Court. The Truth is, there are some vain Fellows,
whose loose Behaviour of late has given great
Encouragement to the Honourable Proceedings of all
the young Ladies.

Isa. But I hope you have more Charity, than to
give us of the number of the Wicked.

Isa. There's not a Man of you to be trusted.

Isa. What a shame it is to your whole Sex, that a
Man is more fit to be a Privy-Counsellor, than a
young Gallant a Lover?

Court. This is a pretty kind of fooling, Ladies, for
that are idle; but you must bid a little fairer, if
you intend to keep us from our serious Bus'ness.

Isa. Truly you seem to be Men of great Employment,
that are every Moment rattling from the Eating-houses
to the Play-houses, from the Play-houses to the
Berry-Garden, that live in a perpetual Hurry, and
lose little Leisure for such an idle Entertainment.

Court. Now would not I see thy Face for the World
thou'd be but half so good as thy Humour, thou
wou'dst dangerously tempt me to dote upon thee, and
getting all Shame; become Constant.

Isa. I perceive, by your fooling here, that Wit and
Humour may make a Man in Love with a
Famoor. That the Devil shou'd contrive it so, that
thou'd have earnest Bus'ness now.

Court. Wou'd they wou'd but be so kind to meet us
again to-morrow.

Isa. You are full of Bus'ness, and 'twould but take
you off of your Employments.

Isa. And we are very unwilling to have the Sin to
answer for, of ruining a couple of such hopeful young
Men.

Isa. Must we then despair?

Isa. The Ladies you are going to will not be so
hard-hearted.

Court.

Court. to *Free*. On my Conscience they love us, Begin to grow Jealous already.

Free. Who knows but this may prove the luckier Adventure of the two ?

Court. Come, come, we know you have a mind to Meet us : We cannot see you blush, speak it out bold

Gat. Will you swear then, not to visit any other Women before that time ?

Aria. Not that we are jealous, but because we wou'd Not have you tir'd with the Impertinent Conversation Of our Sex, and come to us dull and out of humour.

Court. Invent an Oath, and let it be so horrid 'twou'd Make an Atheist start to hear it.

Free. And I will swear it readily, that I will not so Much as speak to a Woman, 'till I speak to you again.

Gat. But are you troubl'd with that foolish scruple Keeping an Oath ?

Free. O most religiously !

Court. And may we not enlarge our Hopes upon a Little better Acquaintance ?

Aria. You see all the Freedom we allow.

Gat. It may be we may be intreated to hear a Fit Or mingle in a Country Dance, or so.

Court. Well ! we are in too desperate a condition to Stand upon Articles, and are resolved to yield on any Terms.

Free. Be sure you be punctual now !

Aria. Will you be sure ?

Court. Or else may we become a couple of credulous Coxcombs, and be Jilted ever after.

—Your Servants, Ladies.

[*Ex. M.*]

Aria. I wonder what they think of us !

Gat. You may easily imagine ; for they are not of a Humour so little in Fashion, to believe the best : I assure You the most favourable Opinion they can have, is that We are still a little wild, and stand in need of better Manning.

Aria. Pr'ythee, dear Girl, what dost think of 'em ?

Gat. Faith so well, that I'm asham'd to tell thee.

Aria. Wou'd I had never seen 'em !

Ant. Ha! Is it come to that already?

Mria. Pr'ythee, let's walk a Turn or two more, and
of'em.

Ant. Let us take care then we are not too particular
in our Commendations, lest we shou'd discover we
reach upon one anothers Inclinations, and so grow
irksome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Sir Oliver's Lodgings.*

Enter Lady Cockwood and Sentry.

Ant. Dear Madam, do not afflict your self thus
reasonably; I dare lay my Life, it is not want
Devotion, but Opportunity that stays him.

Cock. Ingrateful Man! To be so insensible of a
Man's Passion!

Ant. If I thought he were so wicked, I shou'd hate
him strangely— But, Madam——

Cock. Do not speak one Word in his Behalf, I
am resolv'd to forget him; perfidious Mortal, to abuse
my sweet an Opportunity!

Ant. Hark, here is some Body coming up Stairs.

Cock. Peace, he may yet redeem his Honour.

Enter Courtal.

Court. Your humble Servant, Madam.

Cock. starting. Mr. Courtal, for Heav'n sake how
did you hither?

Court. Guided by my good Fortune, Madam——
Your humble Servant, Mistress Sentry.

Ant. Your humble Servant, Sir; I protest you made
great too, to see you come in thus unexpectedly.

Cock. I did not imagine it could be known I was
at home yet.

Ant. Sir Oliver did me the Favour to make me a
Guest and Dine with me to-day, which brought me to
Knowledge of this Happiness, Madam; and as soon
as I could possibly, I got the freedom to come hither
to enjoy it.

Cock. You have ever been extream obliging, Sir.

Ant. 'Tis a worthy Gentleman, how punctual he is
in following your Directions!

[*Aside.*]

La

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La. Cock. Will you be pleas'd to Repose, Sir? *Set some Chairs.* [Exit Servants]

Court. With much difficulty, Madam, I broke out of My Company, and was forc'd by the Importunity of One Sir *Joslin Folley*, I think they call him, to do My Honour I would return again immediately.

La. Cock. You must not so soon rob me of so fine Satisfaction

Court. No Consideration, Madam, could take me from you, but that I know my Stay at this time may Needs endanger your Honour; and how often I have Deny'd my self the greatest Satisfaction in the World To keep that unblemish'd, you your self can witness

La. Cock. Indeed I have often had great Tryals of Generosity, in those many Misfortunes that have attended Our innocent Affections.

Court. Sir *Oliver*, Madam, before I did perceive I Was got near that pitch of Drunkenness, which made Him come reeling home, and unmanfully insult over Your Ladyship; and how subject he is then to injure You with an unjust Suspicion, you have often told me Which makes me careful not to be surpriz'd here.

La. Cock. Repose your self a little, but a little, Sir: These virtuous Principles make you worthy to be Trusted with a Lady's Honour: Indeed Sir *Oliver* has His Failings; yet I protest, Mr. *Courtal*, I love him Dearly, but cannot be altogether unsensible of your Generous Passion.

Court. Ay, ay, I am a very passionate Lover! [Exit] Indeed this Escape has only given me leisure to look at My Happiness.

La. Cock. Is my Woman retir'd?

Court. Most dutifully, Madam.

La. Cock. Then let me tell you, Sir——yet we must Make very good use of it.

Court. Now am I going to be drawn in again.

La. Cock. If Sir *Oliver* be in that indecent Condition You speak of, to-morrow he will be very submissive As it is meet for so great a Misdemeanor; then can Feigning a desperate Discontent, take my own Freedom Without the least suspicion.

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Court. This is very luckily and obligingly thought on, Madam.

La. Cock. Now if you will be pleas'd to make an assignation, Sir.

Court. To Morrow about Ten a Clock in the over-walk of the *New Exchange*, out of which we can easily pop into my Coach.

La. Cock. But I am still so pester'd with my Woman, I cannot go without her; on my Conscience she's very dear, but it is not good to trust our Reputations too much to the Frailty of a Servant.

Court. I will bring my Chariot, Madam, that will hold but two.

La. Cock. O most ingeniously imagin'd, dear Sir! for that means I shall have a just Excuse to give her leave to see a Relation, and bid her stay there 'till I fetch her.

Court. It grieves me much to leave you so soon, Madam; but I shall comfort my self with the Thoughts of the Happiness you have made me hope for.

La. Cock. I wish it were in my Power eternally to be with you, dear Sir.

Court. Your humble Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. Your humble Servant, sweet Sir. [*Ex. Court.*]
—— why *Sentry*—— Where are you?

Enter Sentry.

Sentry. Here, Madam,

La. Cock. What a strange thing is this! Will you never give me warning, but still be leaving me alone in these serious Occasions?

Sentry. I was but in the next Room, Madam.

La. Cock. What may Mr. *Courtal* think of my innocent questions? I protest if you serve me so again, I shall be very angry: You shou'd have more regard to your own Honour.

Sentry. If I stay in the Room, she will not speak kindly to me in a Week after; and if I go out, she always treats me thus: This is a strange Infirmary she has, but I must bear with it; for on my Conscience, Custom has made it so natural, she cannot help it.

F

La. Cock.

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La. Cock. Are my Cousins come home yet ?

Sent. Not yet, Madam.

La. Cock. Do'st thou know whither they went this Evening ?

Sent. I heard them say they would go take the Air, Madam.

La. Cock. Well, I see it is impossible with virtuous Counsel to reclaim them ; truly they are so careless of Their own, I could wish Sir *Joslin* would remove 'em For fear they should bring an unjust Imputation on Honour.

Sent. Heav'ns forbid, Madam !

Enter Ariana and Gatty.

La. Cock. Your Servant, Cousins.

Amb. Your Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. How have you spent the Cool of the Evening ?

Gat. As the Custom is, Madam, breathing the fresh Air in the Park and Mulberry-Garden.

La. Cock. Without the Company of a Relation, or Some discreet Body to justify your Reputations to the World——You are young, and may be yet inensible It ; but this is a strange censorious Age, I assure you

[Noise of Musick]

Aria. Hark ! what Musick's this ?

Gat. I'll lay my Life my Uncle's Drunk, and has Pick'd us up a couple of worthy Servants, and has Taken Them home with him in Triumph.

Enter the Musick playing, Sir Oliver strutting and swaggering, Sir Joslin singing and dancing with Mr. Courtier, Mr. Freeman in each Hand : Gatty and Ariana, Courtier and Freeman, shriek and Exit.

Sir Jos. Hey-day ! I told you they were a couple Of skittish Fillies, but I never knew 'em boggle at a Man before : I'll fetch 'em again I warrant you, Boys

[Exit after]

Free. to Court. These are the very self-same Gown and Petticoats.

Court. Their Surprise confirms us it must be they

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ree. 'Slife, we have betray'd our selves very pleasantly.
court. Now am I undone to all Intents and Purposes,
they will innocently discover all to my Lady, and
will have no Mercy.

Oliv. Dan, Dan, Da ra, Dan, &c. [*Strutting.*
and my Presence, the very sight of that Face makes
more impotent than an Eunuch.

Cock. Dear Sir *Oliver* ! [*Offering to Embrace him.*

Oliv. Forbear your conjugal Clippings, I will have
Wench, thou shalt fetch me a Wench, *Sentry* !

ut. Can you be so inhuman to my dear Lady ?

Oliv. Peace, Envy, or I will have thee executed
petty Treason ; thy Skin flay'd off, stuff'd, and hung
in my Hall in the Country, as a Terror to my
Family.

urt. What Crime can deserve this horrid Punishment ?

Oliv. I'll tell thee, *Ned* : 'Twas my Fortune
her Day to have an Intrigue with a Tinker's Wife
in the Country, and this malicious Slut betray'd the
Ditch where we us'd to make our Assignations,
my Lady.

te. She deserves your Anger indeed, Sir *Oliver* :
be not so unkind to your virtuous Lady.

Oliv. Thou dost not know her, *Frank* ; I have
Design to break her Heart ever since the first
that I had her, and 'tis so tough, that I have not
rack'd one String on't.

rt. You are too unmerciful, Sir *Oliver*.

Oliv. Hang her, *Ned*, by wicked Policy she
usurp my Empire, and in her Heart is a very
Job ; for every Night she's a putting me upon
a Brick without Straw.

rt. I cannot see a virtuous Lady so afflicted,
but offering her some Consolation : Dear Madam,
not as I told you ? [*Aside to her.*

Cock. The Fates could not have been more
cious, and I shall not be wanting to the furthering
of mutual Happiness. [*To Courtal, aside.*

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Enter Sir Jossling, with Ariana and Gatty in each Hand, dancing and singing.

C A T C H.

T *HIS is sly and pretty,
And this is wild and witty;
If either stay'd
'Till she dy'd a Maid,
I'faith 'twould be great pity.*

Sir Jos. Here they are, Boys, i'faith, and now little Jossling's a Man of his Word. Heuk! Sly-girl and Mad-cap, to 'em, to 'em, to 'em, Boys, alou!

[Flings 'em to Courtal and Freeman, who kiss their Hands.]
What's yonder, your Lady in Tears, Brother Cockswain? Come, come, I'll make up all Breaches.

[He sings— And we'll all be merry and free.]
Fie, fie, though Man and Wife are seldom in good Humour alone, there are few want the Discretion to Dissemble it in Company.

[Sir Jossling, Sir Oliver, and Lady, stand talking together.]

Free. I knew we should surprize you, Ladies.

Court. Faith I thought this Conjuring to be but meer Jest 'till now, and could not believe the Astrologer Rascal had been so skillful.

Free. How exactly he describ'd 'em, and how precisely He was in his Directions to apprehend 'em!

Gat. Then you have been with a Conjurer, Gentleman?

Court. You cannot blame us, Ladies; the loss of our Hearts was so considerable, that it may well excuse the Indirect means we took to find out the pretty Thief That stole 'em.

Aria. Did not I tell you what Men of Business they Were, Sister?

Gat. I vow I innocently believ'd they had some Pre-engagement to a Scrivener or a Surgeon, and Wist'd 'em so well, that I am sorry to find 'em so Perfidious.

Free. Why, we have kept our Oaths, Ladies.

Aria. You are much beholden to Providence.

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Gat. But we are more, Sister; for had we once been
cluded into an Opinion they had been faithful, who
ows into what Inconveniences that Error might have
own us?

Court. Why should you be so unreasonable, Ladies,
expect that from us, we should scarce have hop'd for
m you? Fie, fie, the keeping of ones Word is a thing
w the Honour of a Gentleman.

Free. A poor Shift! Fit only to uphold the Reputation
a poultry Citizen.

Jos. Come, come, all will be well again, I warrant
y, Lady.

Cock. These are insupportable Injuries, but I will
em with an invincible Patience, and to-morrow
e him dearly sensible how unworthy he has been.

Jos. To-morrow my Brother *Cockwood* will be
ther Man.—So, Boys, and how do you like the
and Blood of the *Follies*?—Heuk, Sly-Girl—

Mad-cap, Hey—come, come, you have heard
m exercise their Tongues a while; now you shall see
m ply their Feet a little: This is a clean Limb'd
ch, and has neither Spavin, Splinter, nor Wind-gall;
e her a Jig, and play't roundly, you shall see her
nce it away like a nimble Frigot before a fresh
—Hey, methinks I see her under Sail already.

[*Gatty dances a fig.*

Jos. Hey my little Mad-cap—Here's a Girl of
true Breed of the *Follies* i'faith—But hark you,
x you, a Consultation, Gentlemen—Bear up
her *Cockwood* a little: What think you, if we pack
le idle Hufwives to Bed now, and retire into a
m by our selves, and have a merry Catch, and
ottle or two of the best, and perfect the good
rk we have so unanimously carry'd on to-day.

Oliv. A most admirable Intrigue—Tan, dan,
ra, dan, come, come, march to your several Quarters:
we have sent for a Civil Person or two, and are
olv'd to fornicate in private.

Cock. This is a barbarous Return of my Kindness.

Free. and Court. Your humble Servant, Madam.

[*Ex. Lady Cockwood and Servants.*]

Court. Hark you ! Hark you ! Ladies, do not harbour Too ill an Opinion of us, for Faith, when you have Had a little more Experience of the World, you'll find We are no such abominable Rascals.

Gat. We shall be so charitable to think no worse of You, than we do of all Mankind for your sakes, only That you are Perjur'd, Perfidious, Inconstant, Ingrate.

Free. Nay, nay, that's enough in all Conscience, Ladies ; and now you are sensible what a shameful thing It is to break one's Word, I hope you'll be more careful To keep yours to-morrow.

Gat. Invent an Oath, and let it be so horrid —

Court. Nay, nay, it is too late for Raillery, i'faith, Ladies.

Gat. and Aria. Well, your Servant, then.

Free. and Court. Your Servant, Ladies.

Sir Oliv. Now the Enemy's march'd out. —

Sir Jos. Then the Castle's our own, Boys — *Hey!*

And here and there I had her,

And every where I had her,

Her Toy was such, that every Touch

Wou'd make a Lover madder.

Free. and Court. Hey brave Sir *Joslin* !

Sir Oliv. Ah my dear little witty *Joslin*, let me hug you.

Sir Jos. Strike up you obstreperous Rascals, and March along before us. [Exeunt singing and dancing.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The New-Exchange.

Mistress Trincket sitting in a Shop, People passing by the Exchange.

Mrs. Trinc. **W**HAT d'ye buy ? what d'ye lack, Gentlemen ? Gloves, Ribbons, and Essences ; Ribbons, Gloves, and Essences ?

Enter Mr. Courtal.

Mr. Courtal ! I thought you had a Quarrel to the

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ange, and were resolv'd we shou'd never see you here
in.

Court. Your Unkindness indeed, *Mrs. Trincket*, had
enough to make a Man banish himself for ever.

Enter Mrs. Gazet.

Trinck. Look you, yonder comes fine *Mrs. Gazet*,
whether you intend your Visit, I am sure.

Gaz. Mr. *Courtal* ! Your Servant.

Court. Your Servant, *Mistress Gazet*.

Gaz. This Happiness was only meant to *Mistress Trincket*,
it not been my good Fortune to pass by, by
ance, I shou'd have lost my share on't

Court. This is too cruel, *Mistress Gazet*, when all the
kindness is on your side, to rally your Servant thus.

Gaz. I vow this tedious Absence of yours, made me
eve you intended to try an Experiment on my poor
art, to discover that hidden Secret, how long a
pairing Lover may languish without the sight of the
y.

Court. You are always very pleasant on this Subject,
Mistress Gazet.

Gaz. And have not you reason to be so ?

Court. Not that I know of.

Gaz. Yes, you hear the good News.

Court. What good News ?

Gaz. How well this Dissembling becomes you ! But
w I think better on't, it cannot concern you, you
more a Gentleman, than to have an Amour last
nger than an *Easter Term* with a Country Lady ;
yet there are some, I see, as well in the Country, as
the City, that have a pretty way of Huswifery a
ver, and can spin an Intrigue out a great deal farther,
an others are willing to do.

Court. What pretty Art have they, good *Mistress Gazet* ?

Gaz. When Tradesmen see themselves in an ill Condition,
and are afraid of Breaking, can they do better than to
ke in a good substantial Partner, to help carry on their
ading ?

Court. Sure you have been at Riddle me, riddle me,
ely, you are so wondrous witty.

Gaz. And yet I believe my Lady *Cockwood* is so Haughty, she had rather give over the Vanity of an Intrigue, than take in a couple of young handsome Kinswomen to help to maintain it.

Court. I knew it wou'd out at last; indeed it is the Principle of most good Women that love Gaming, when they begin to grow a little out of play themselves, to Make an Interest in some young Gamester or other, in Hopes to rook a Favour now and then: But you are Quite out in your Policy, my Lady *Cockwood* is none These, I assure you.—Hark you, Mistress *Gazet*, You must needs bestir your self a little for me this Morning, or else Heav'n have Mercy on a poor Sinner.

Gaz. I hope this wicked Woman has no Design Upon your Body already: Alas! I pity your tender Conscience.

Court. I have always made thee my Confident, Now I come to thee as a faithful Counsellor.

Gaz. State your Case.

Court. Why, this Ravenous Kite is upon Wing Already, is fetching a little compass, and will be Here within this half Hour to swoop me away.

Gaz. And you wou'd have me your Scar-Crow?

Court. Something of that there is in't; she is still Customer.

Gaz. I have furnish'd her, and the young Ladies, with A few fashionable Toys since they came to Town, to Keep 'em in Countenance at a Play, or in the Park.

Court. I wou'd have thee go immediately to the young Ladies, and by some Device or other intice 'em hither.

Gaz. I came just now from taking measure of 'em for A couple of Handkerchiefs.

Court. How unlucky's this!

Gaz. They are calling for their Hoods and Scarfs, And are coming hither to lay out a little Money in Ribbons and Essences. I have recommended them to Mistress *Trinker's* Shop here.

Court. This falls out more luckily than what I had Contriv'd my self, or cou'd have done; for here will Be busie just before the Door, where we had made our

pointment: But if this long-wing'd Devil shou'd
dance to trufs me before they come.

Gaz. I will only step up and give some Directions to
my Maid, about a little Bus'ness that is in haste, and
come down again and watch her; if you are snap'd,
be with you presently, and rescue you I warrant you,
at least stay you 'till more Company come: She dares
not force you away in my sight; she knows I am great
with Sir *Oliver*, and as malicious a Devil as the best
'em—Your Servant, Sir.

[*Ex. Gazet.*

Enter Freeman.

Court. Freeman! 'Tis well you are come.

Free. Well! what Counter-plot? what hopes of
disappointing the old, and of seeing the young Ladies? I
am ready to receive your Orders.

Court. Faith, Things are not so well contriv'd as I cou'd
have wish'd 'em, and yet I hope by the help of Mistress
Gazet to keep my Word, *Frank.*

Free. Nay, now I know what Tool thou hast made
choice of, I make no question but the Bus'ness will go
well forward; but I am afraid this last unlucky Bus'ness
has so distast'd these young Trouts, they will not be so
easily Tickl'd as they might have been.

Court. Never fear it, whatsoever Women say, I am
sure they seldom think the worse of a Man, for running
at all, 'tis a sign of Youth and high Mettal, and makes
them rather pique, who shall tame him: That which
troubles me most, is, we lost the hopes of Variety,
and a single Intrigue in Love, is as dull as a single Plot
in a Play, and will tire a Lover worse, than t'other does
an Audience.

Free. We cannot be long without some Underplots in
this Town, let this be our main design, and if we are
any thing fortunate in our Contrivance, we shall make
a pleasant Comedy.

Court. Leave all things to me; and hope the best: Be
gone, for I expect their coming immediately; walk a
turn or two above, or fool awhile with pretty Mistress
Arvil, and scent your Eye-brows and Perriwig with a
little Essence of Oranges, or Jessimine; and when you

F S

See

See us all together at Mistress *Gazet's* Shop, put in
Were by chance : I protest yonder comes the old
Haggard ; to your Post quickly ! 'Sdeath, where's *Gazet*
And these young Ladies now ? [Ex. Freely]

Enter Lady Cockwood and Sentry.

O Madam, I have waited here at least an Hour, and
Seems very tedious, when it delays so great a Happiness
You bring with you.

La. Cock. I vow, Sir, I did but stay to give Sir *Old*
His due Correction for those unseemly Injuries he did
Last Night Is your Coach ready ?

Court. Yes, Madam : But how will you dispose of
Your Maid ?

La. Cock. My Maid ! For Heav'n's sake, what do you
Mean, Sir ? Do I ever use to go abroad without her ?

Court. 'Tis upon no Design, Madam, I speak it, I
Assure you ; but my Coach-Glass broke last Night,
And I was forc'd to bring my Chariot, which can
But two.

La. Cock. O Heav'n ! you must excuse me, dear
For I shall deny my self the sweetest Recreations in the
World, rather than yield to any thing that may bring
Blemish upon my spotless Honour.

Enter Gazet.

Gaz. Your humble Servant, Madam. Your Servant
Mr. *Courtal*.

Lady and Court. Your Servant, Mistress *Gazet*.

Gaz. I am extream glad to see your Ladyship here,
I intended to send my Maid to your Lodgings this
Afternoon, Madam, to tell you I have a Parcel of new
Lace come in, the prettiest Patterns that ever were
For I am very desirous so good a Customer as your
Ladyship shou'd see 'em first, and have your Choice.

La. Cock. I am much beholden to you, Mistress *Gazet*
I was newly come into the *Exchange*, and intended to
Call at your Shop before I went home.

Enter Ariana and Gatty, Gazet goes to them.

Court. 'Sdeath, here are your Cousins too ! Now
Is no hope left for a poor unfortunate Lover to come
Himself withal.

Aria, and *Gatty*. Your Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. I am newly come into the *Exchange*, and chance met with Master *Courtal* here, who will needs give himself the trouble to play the Gallant, and wait upon me.

Gat. Does your Ladyship come to buy?

La. Cock. A few Trifles; *Mistress Gazet* says she has a Parcel of very fine new Laces, shall we go look upon 'em?

Aria. We will only fancy a Suit of Knots or two at his Shop, and buy a little Essence, and wait upon your Ladyship immediately.

Gat. *Mistress Gazet*, you are skill'd in the Fashion, pray let our Choice have your Approbation.

Gaz. Most gladly, Madam.

[*All go to the Shop to look upon Ware, but Courtal and Lady Cockwood.*]

Court. 'Sdeath, Madam, if you had made no Ceremony, and stepped into the Coach presently, we had escap'd this mischief.

La. Cock. My over-tenderness of my Honour, has blasted all my Hopes of Happiness.

Court. To be thus unluckily surpriz'd in the height of all our Expectation, leaves me no Patience.

La. Cock. Moderate your Passion a little, Sir, I may find out a way.

Court. Oh 'tis impossible, Madam, never think on't how you have been seen with me; to leave 'em upon my pretence will be so suspicious, that my Concern for my Honour will make me so feverish and disordered, that I shall lose the Taste of all the Happiness you can give me.

La. Cock. Methinks you are too scrupulous, Heroick Sir,

Court. Besides the Concern I have for you, Madam: I know the Obligations I have to Sir *Oliver*, and that Professions of Friendship there are on both sides; to be thought Perfidious and Ingrateful, what an Action wou'd that be to a generous Spirit!

La. Cock. Must we then unfortunately part thus?

Court. Now I have better thought on't, that is not absolutely necessary neither.

La.

La. Cock. These Words revive my dying Joys; dear Sir, go on.

Court. I will by and by, when I see it most convenient. Beg the Favour of your Ladyship and your young Kinswomen to accept of a Treat, and a Fiddle; you Make some little difficulty at first, but upon earnest Persuasion comply, and use your Interest to make the Young Ladies do so too: Your Company will secure their Reputations, and their Company take off from you all Suspicion.

La. Cock. The Natural Inclination they have to be Jigging will make them very ready to comply: But What Advantage can this be to our Happiness, dear Sir?

Court. Why, first, Madam, if the young Ladies, or Mistress *Gazet* have any doubts upon their surprizing Together, our joining Company will clear 'em all; and We shall have some Satisfaction in being an Afternoon Together, though we enjoy not that full Freedom we Passionately desire.

La. Cock. Very good, Sir.

Court. But then lastly, Madam, we gain an Opportunity to contrive another Appointment to-morrow Which may restore us unto all those Joys we have been So unfortunately disappointed of to-day.

La. Cock. This is a very prevailing Argument indeed. But since Sir *Oliver* believes I have conceiv'd so deep a Sorrow, 'tis fit we shou'd keep this from his Knowledge.

Court. Are the young Ladies secret?

La. Cock. They have the good Principles not to betray Themselves, I assure you.

Court. Then 'tis but going to a House that is not Haunted by the Company, and we are secure; and now I think on't, the *Bear* in *Drury-Lane* is the fittest Place For our Purpose.

La. Cock. I know your Honour, dear Sir, and submit To your Discretion.— Have you gratify'd your Fancied Cousins? [*To them Ariana, Gatty, and Gazet, from the Stage.*]

Aria. We are ready to wait upon you, Madam.

Gat. I never saw Colours better mingled.

Gaz. How lively they set off one another, and how They add to the Complexion!

She wou'd if She cou'd. 121

La. Cock. Mr. *Courtal*, your most humble Servant.

Court. Pray, Madam, let me have the Honour to wait on you and these young Ladies, 'till I see you in your coach.

La. Cock. Your Friendship to Sir *Oliver* wou'd engage you in an unnecessary Trouble.

Aria. Let not an idle Ceremony take you from your serious Bus'ness, good Sir.

Gaz. I shou'd rather have expected to have seen you, walking in *Westminster Hall*, watching to make a catch at Tennis, or waiting to Dine with a Parliament man, than to meet you in such an idle Place as the change is.

Court. Methinks, Ladies, you are well acquainted with me upon the first Visit.

Aria. We received your Character before, you know, in the Mulberry-Garden upon Oath.

Court. Aside. 'Sdeath, what shall I do? Now out comes my Roguery.

Gaz. Yet I am apt to believe, Sister, that was some malicious Fellow that wilfully perjur'd himself, on purpose to make us have an ill Opinion of this worthy Gentleman.

Court. Some rash Man would be apt enough to enquire him out, and cut his Throat, Ladies, but I heartily forgive him whosoever he was; for on my Conscience was not so much out of Malice to me, as out of Love to you he did it.

Gaz. He might imagine Mr. *Courtal* was his Rival.

Court. Very likely, Mistress *Gazes*.

La. Cock. Whosoever he was, he was an unworthy fellow, I warrant him; Mr. *Courtal* is known to be a person of Worth and Honour.

Aria. We took him for an idle Fellow, Madam, and gave but very little Credit to what he said.

Court. 'Twas very obliging, Lady, to believe nothing to the Disadvantage of a Stranger.—What a couple of young Devils are these?

La. Cock. Since you are willing to give your self this trouble,

Court,

Court. I ought to do my Duty, Madam.

[Excuse all but Ariana and Gai]

Aria. How he blush'd, and hung down his Head!

Gai. A little more had put him as much out of Countenance, as a Country-Clown is when he ventures To complement his Attorney's Daughter. *[They fall]*

SCENE II. Sir Oliver's Dining-Room

Enter Sir Joslin and Servant severally.

Sir Jos. How now old Boy! where's my Brother Cockwood to Day?

Serv. He desires to be in private, Sir.

Sir Jos. Why? what's the matter, Man?

Serv. This is a Day of Humiliation, Sir, with him, For last Night's Transgression.

Sir Jos. I have Business of Consequence to impart to Him, and must and will speak with him—— So, ho! Brother Cockwood?

Sir Oliv. without. Who's that, my Brother Jolley?

Sir Jos. The same, the same, come away, Boy.

Sir Oliv. without. For some secret Reasons I desire to Be in private, Brother.

Sir Jos. I have such a Design on Foot as would drive Diogenes out of his Tub to follow it; therefore I say, Come away, come away.

Sir Oliver entering in a Night-Gown and Slippers.

Sir Oliv. There is such a strange Temptation in thy Voice, never stir.

Sir Jos. What, in thy Gown and Slippers yet! Why, Brother, I have bespoke Dinner, and engag'd Master Rake-hell, the little smart Gentleman I have often Promis'd thee to make thee acquainted withal, to bring A whole Bevy of Damfels in Sky, and Pink, and Flame-colour'd Taffeta's. Come, come, dress thee quickly There's to be Madam Rampant, a Girl that shines, and Will drink at such a Rate, she's a Mistress for Alexander Were he alive again.

Sir Oliv. How unluckily this falls out! Thomas, What Cloaths have I to put on?

Serv.

Serv. None but your Penitential Suit, Sir, all the rest
re secur'd.

Sir Oliv. Oh unspeakable Misfortune! that I shou'd
be in Disgrace with my Lady now!

Sir Jos. Come, come, never talk of Cloaths. put on
any thing, thou hast a Person and a Mien will bear it
out bravely.

Sir Oliv. Nay, I know my Behaviour will show I am
Gentlemen; but yet the Ladies will look scurvily upon
me, Brother,

Sir Jos. That's a Jest i'faith! He that has *Terra firma*
the Country, may appear in any thing before 'em.

For he that wou'd have a Wench kind.

Ne'er smugs up himself like a Nimmy;

But plainly tells her his Mind,

And tickles her first with a Guinea.

My Boy.——

Sir Oliv. I vow thou hast such a bewitching way with
her!

Sir Jos. How lovely will the Ladies look when they
have a Beer-Glass in their Hands!

Sir Oliv. I vow I have a huge Mind to venture; but if
this shou'd come to my Lady's Knowledge.

Sir Jos. I have bespoke Dinner at the Bear, the
best Place in Town: There will be no Spies to betray
me, if Thomas be but secret, I dare warrant thee,
other Cockwood.

Sir Oliv. I have always found Thomas very faithful; but
with 'tis too unkind, considering how tenderly my Lady
loves me.

Sir Jos. Fie, fie, a Man, and kept so much under
correction by a Busk and a Fan!

Sir Oliv. Nay, I am in my Nature as Valiant as any
Man, when once I set out; but i'faith I cannot but think
how my dear Lady will be concern'd when she comes
home and misses me.

Sir Jos. A Pox upon these Qualms.

Sir Oliv. Well, thou hast seduc'd me; but I shall
look so untowardly.

Sir

Sir Jof. Again art thou at it? In, in, and make all Haste that may be, *Rake hell* and the Ladies will be There before us else.

Sir Oliv. Well, thou art an errant Devil—— hey—— For the Ladies, Brother *Folley*.

Sir Jof. Hey for the Ladies, Brother *Cockwood*.

[*Exit singing——For he that wou'd,*

SCENE III. The Bear.

[*Without.*] Ho *Francis*, *Humphrey*, show a Room the

Enter Courtal, *Freeman*, *Lady Cockwood*, *Ariana*, *and Sentry*.

Court. Pray, *Madam*, be not so full of Apprehension. There is no fear that this shou'd come to *Sir Oliver's* Knowledge.

La. Cock. I were ruin'd if it shou'd, *Sir*! Dear, how Tremble! I never was in one of these Houses before.

Sent. This is a Bait for the young Ladies to swallow. She has been in most of the Eating-Houses about Town. To my Knowledge. [A]

Court. Oh *Francis*!

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Your Worship's welcome, *Sir*; but I must Desire you to walk into the next Room, for this is Bespoke.

La. Cock. *Mr. Courtal*, did not you say this Place Private?

Court. I warrant you, *Madam*. What Company Dines here, *Francis*?

Wait. A couple of Country Knights, *Sir Jossin Jolly*. And *Sir Oliver Cockwood*, very honest Gentlemen.

La. Cock. Combination to undo me!

Court. Peace, *Madam*, or you'll betray your self to *Waiter*.

La. Cock. I am distracted! *Sentry*, did not I Command Thee to secure all *Sir Oliver's* Cloaths, and leave nothing For him to put on, but his Penitential Suit, that I might Be sure he could not stir abroad to-day?

She wou'd if She cou'd. 125

Ant. I obey'd you in every thing, Madam; but I have
told you this Sir *Foslin* is a wicked Seducer.

Maria. If my Uncle sees us, Sister, what will he think
of us?

Ant. We come but to wait upon her Ladyship.

Maria. You need not fear, you Chickens are secure
under the Wings of that old Hen.

Court. Is there to be no Body, *Francis*, but Sir *Oliver*
Sir *Foslin*?

Maria. Faith, Sir, I was enjoin'd Secrecy; but you have
absolute Power over me: Coming lately out of the
country, where there is but little Variety, they have a
sign to solace themselves with a fresh Girl or two, as
understand the Business.

[Exit Waiter.]

Ant. Cock. Oh Sentry! Sir *Oliver* disloyal! My
fortunes come too thick upon me.

Court. *Aside.* Now is she afraid of being disappointed
in all Hands.

Ant. Cock. I know not what to do, Mr. *Courtial* I
could not be surpriz'd here my self, and yet I would
prevent Sir *Oliver* from prosecuting his wicked and
suspicious Intentions.

Maria. Now shall we have admirable Sport, what with
Fear and Jealousy.

Ant. I lay my Life she routs the Wenches.

Enter Waiter.

Maria. I must needs desire you to step into the next
room; Sir *Foslin* and Sir *Oliver* are below already.

Ant. Cock. I have not Power to move a Foot.

Maria. We will consider what is to be done within,
Madam.

Court. Pray, Madam, come; I have a Design in my
mind which shall secure you, surprize Sir *Oliver*, and free
you from all your Fears.

Ant. Cock. It cannot be, Sir.

Court. Never fear it. *Francis*, you may own
Freeman and I are in the House, if they ask for us;
not a Word of these Ladies, as you tender the
sounding of your Ears.

[Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter Sir Joslin, Sir Oliver, and Waiter.

Sir Jos. Come, Brother *Cockwood*, pr'ythee be brisk.

Sir Oliv. I shall disgrace my self for ever, Brother.

Sir Jos. Pox upon Care, never droop like a Cock in Moulting-time; thou art Spark enough in all Conscience.

Sir Oliv. But my Heart begins to fail me when I Think of my Lady.

Sir Jos. What, more Qualms yet?

Sir Oliv. Well, I will be Courageous: But it is not Necessary these Strangers should know this is my Penitential Suit, Brother.

Sir Jos. They shall not, they shall not. Hark you Old Boy, is the Meat provided? Is the Wine and Ice Come? And are the Melodious Rascals at Hand I spoke For?

Wait. Every thing will be in readiness, Sir.

Sir Jos. If Master *Rake-hell*, with a Coach full or two Of Vizard-Masks and Silk Petticoats, call at the Door, Usher 'em up to the Place of Execution.

Wait. You shall be obey'd, Sir.

[Exit Waiter]

Enter Rake-hell.

Sir Jos. Ho, here's my little *Rake-hell* come! Brother *Cockwood*, let me commend this ingenious Gentleman to Your Acquaintance; he is a Knight of the Industry. Many admirable Qualities, I assure you.

Sir Oliv. I am very glad, Sir, of this Opportunity to know you.

Rake. I am happy, Sir, if you esteem me your Servant. Hark you, *Sir Joslin*, is this *Sir Oliver Cockwood*, in Earnest?

Sir Jos. In very good Earnest, I assure you; he is a Little fantastical now and then, and dresses himself up in an old Fashion: but that's all one among Friends, my Little *Rake-hell*.

Sir Oliv. Where are the Damsels you talk'd of, Brother *Jolley*? I hope Master *Rake-hell* has not forgot 'em.

Rake. They are arming for the Rencounter.

Sir Jos. What, tricking and trimming?

Rake. Even so, and will be here immediately.

Sir Oliv. They need not make themselves so full of
aptation; my Brother *Folley* and I can be wicked
enough without it.

Sir Jos. The Truth is, my little *Rake-hell*, we are
mighty Men at Arms, and thou shalt see us charge
on to the Terror of the Ladies.

Lake. Methinks that Dress, *Sir Oliver*, is a little too
familiar for a Man of your Capacity.

Sir Oliv. I have an odd Humour, *Sir*, now and then;
I have wherewithal at Home to be as spruce as any

Lake. Your Perriwig is too scandalous, *Sir Oliver*,
your Black Cap and Border is never wore but by a
Cook or a Waiter.

Sir Jos. Pr'ythee, my little *Rake-hell*, do not put my
other *Cockwood* out of Conceit with himself; methinks
your Calot is a pretty Ornament, and makes a Man look
both Polite and Politick.

Lake. I will allow you, 'tis a grave Wear, and fit for
Men of Bus'ness, that are every Moment bending of their
Knees, and scratching of their Heads, every Project
would claw out another Perriwig; but a Lover had
better appear before his Mistress with a bald Pate; 'twill
make the Ladies apprehend a Savor, stop their Noses,
and avoid you: 'Slife, Love in a Cap is more ridiculous
than Love in a Tub, or Love in a Pipkin.

Sir Oliv. I must confess your whole Head is now in
fashion; but there was a time when your Calot was
as so despicable.

Lake. Here's a Perruque, *Sir*.

Sir Oliv. A very good one.

Lake. A very good one! 'tis the best in *England*.

Now, *Sir Joslin*, take him in your Hand, and draw a
comb through him, there's not such another Friz in
the *rope*.

Sir Jos. 'Tis a very fine one indeed.

Lake. Pray, *Sir Oliver*, do me the Favour to grace it
on your Head a little.

Sir Oliv. To oblige you, *Sir*.

Lake. You never wore any thing became you half so
well in all your Life before.

Sir

Sir Jos. Why, you never saw him in your Life Before.

Rake. That's all one, Sir, I know 'tis impossible. He's A Beaver, *Sir Oliver*, feel him; for Fineness, Subtlety And for Fashion, the Court of *France* never saw a better. I have bred him but a Fortnight, and have him at Command already. Clap him on boldly, never Hat but The Fore-cock and the Hind-cock at one motion so Naturally.

Sir Oliv. I think you have a Mind to make a Spirit of Me before I see the Ladies.

Rake. Now you have the Mein of a true Cavalier, And with one Look may make a Lady kind, and a Hector humble: And since I nam'd a Hector, here's a Sword, Sir: Sa, fa, fa, try him, *Sir Joslin*, put him Cut through the Staple, run him through the Door, Him to the Hilts, if he breaks, you shall have liberty to Break my Pate, and pay me never a Groat of the tear.

Sir Jos. 'Tis a very pretty Weapon indeed, Sir.

Rake. The Hilt is true French wrought, and done by The best Workman in *France*. This Sword, and this Castor, with an Embroider'd Button and Loop, which I have to vary him upon Occasion, were sent me from *France* for a Token by my elder Brother, that went With a handsome Equipage, to take the Pleasure of a Campaign.

Sir Oliv. Have you a Mind to sell these things, Sir?

Rake. That is below a Gentleman; yet if a Person of Honour, or a particular Friend, such as I esteem you *Sir Oliver*, take at any time a fancy to a Band, a Cap, A Velvet Coat, a Vest, a Ring, a Flajolet, or any other Little Toy I have about me, I am Good-natur'd, and May be easily perswaded to play the Fool upon good Terms.

Enter Freeman.

Sir Jos. Worthy Master *Freeman*!

Sir Oliv. Honest *Frank*, how cam'st thou to find me Out, Man?

Free. By meer chance, Sir; *Ned Courtal* is without Writing a Letter, and I came in to know whether you Had any particular Engagements, Gentlemen.

She wou'd if She cou'd. 129

Oliv. We resolv'd to be in private; but you are without Exception.

ee. Methinks you intended to be in private indeed;

liver. 'Sdeath, what Disguise have you got on?

You grown Grave since last Night, and come to

incognito?

Oliv. Hark you in your Ear, *Frank*, this is my of Humiliation, which I always put on the next after I have transgressed, the better to make my Reconciliation with my incens'd Lady. ———

ee. Ha, ha, ha, ———

ake. Master *Freeman*, your most humble Servant, Sir.

ee. Oh my little Dapper Officer! are you here?

Fos. Ha, Master *Freeman*, we have bespoke all the Entertainment that a merry Wag can wish for,

Meat, good Wine, and a wholesome Wench or

for the Digestion; we shall have *Madam Rampant*,

Glory of the Town, the brightest she that shines,

if my little *Rake-hell* is not a Man of his Word, Sir.

ake. I warrant you she comes, Sir *Foslin*.

Sir Foslin sings.

AND if she comes, she shall not scape,

If Twenty Pounds will win her

Her very Eye commits a Rape,

'Tis such a tempting Sinner.

Enter Courtal.

Court. Well said, Sir *Foslin*, I see you hold up still,

beate not an Ace of your good Humour.

Fos. Noble Master *Courtal*!

Court. Bless me, Sir *Olivier*, what are you going to

a Droll? How the People wou'd throng about you,

you were but mounted on a few Deal-boards in

my Garden now!

Oliv. Hark you, *Ned*, this is the Badge of my

's Indignation for my last Night's Offence; do not

put it over a poor sober Man in Affliction.

Court. Come, come, send home for your Cloaths; I

you are to have Ladies, and you are not to learn

At

At these Years, how absolutely necessary a rich Vest
A Perruque are to a Man that aims at their Favours.

Sir Oliv. A Pox on't, *Ned*, my Lady's gone abroad
A damn'd jealous melancholy Humour, and has committ
Her Woman to secure 'em.

Court. Under Lock and Key?

Sir Oliv. Ay, ay, Man, 'tis usual in these Cases, o
Of pure Love in hopes to reclaim me, and to keep m
From doing my self an Injury by drinking two Days
Together.

Court. What a loving Lady 'tis!

Sir Oliv. There are Sots that would think themse
Happy in such a Lady, *Ned*; but to a true bred
Gentleman all lawful Solace is Abomination.

Rake. Mr. *Courtal*, your most humble Servant, Sir

Court. Oh! my little Knight of the Industry, I am
Glad to see you in such good Company.

Free. *Courtal*, hark you, are the Masking-habits wh
You sent to borrow at the Play-house come yet?

Court. Yes, and the Ladies are almost dress'd: The
Design will add much to our Mirth, and give us the
Benefit of their Meat, Wine, and Musick for our
Entertainment.

Free. 'Twas luckily thought of.

Sir Oliv. Hark, the Musick comes. [Musick]

Sir Jos. Hey! Boys—let 'em enter, let 'em enter.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. An't please your Worships, there is a Mask o
Ladies without, that desire to have freedom to come
In and Dance.

Sir Jos. Hey Boys——

Sir Oliv. Did you bid 'em come in Masquerade,
Mr. *Rake-hell*?

Rake. No; but *Rampant* is a mad Wench, she was
Half a Dozen times a mumming in private Company
Last *Shrove-tide*, and I lay my Life she has put 'em al
Upon this Frolick.

Court. They are mettled Girls, I warrant them,
Sir Joslin, let 'em be what they will,

Sir Jos. Let 'em enter, let 'em enter, ha Boys.——

She wou'd if She cou'd.

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*Musick, and the Ladies in an Antick, and then they
ke out; my Lady Cockwood, Sir Oliver; the young
adies, Courtal and Freeman; and Sentry, Sir Jollin;
and dance a set Dance.*

*Oliv. Oh my little Rogue! have I got thee? How
ll turn, and wind, and fegue thy Body!*

*Fof. Mettle on all sides, Mettle on all sides, i'faith;
swimmingly wou'd this pretty little ambling Filly
y a Man of my Body!*

S I N G S.

*S*HE's so bonny and brisk,
How she'd curvet and frisk,
a Man were once mounted upon her!
Let me have but a Leap,
Where 'tis wholesome and cheap,
and a Fig for your Person of Honour.

Oliv. 'Tis true, little Foflin, i'faith.

Court. They have warm'd us, Sir Oliver.

*Oliv. Now am I as Rampant as a Lion, Ned, and
d love as vigorously as a Sea-man that is newly landed
an East-India Voyage.*

*Court. Take my Advice, Sir Oliver, do not in your
deprive your self of your only hope of an
ommodation with your Lady.*

*Oliv. I had rather have a perpetual Civil War,
purchase Peace at such a dishonourable Rate. A poor
er, after he has been three Days persecuted at a
ntry Wedding, takes more Delight in scraping upon
old squeeking Fiddle, than I do in fumbling on that
nestick Instrument of mine.*

Court. Be not so bitter, Sir Oliver, on your own Dear

*Oliv. I was married to her when I was young,
with a Design to be baulk'd, as they tye Whelps
the Bell-weather; where I have been so butted, 'twere
ugh to fright me, were I not pure Mettle, from ever
ning at Sheep again.*

Court. That's no sure Rule, *Sir Oliver*; for a Wife Dish, of which if a Man once surfeit, he shall have a Better Stomach to all others ever after.

Sir Oliv. What a Shape is here, *Ned*! so exact and Tempting, 'twou'd perswade a Man to be an implicite Sinner, and take her Face upon Credit.

Sir Jos. Come, Brother *Cockwood*, let us get 'em Lay aside these Masking Fopperies, and then we'll fege In earnest: Give us a Bottle, Waiter.

Free. Not before Dinner, good *Sir Joslin*.—

Sir Oliv. Lady, though I have out of Drollery put My self into this contemptible Dress at present, I am Gentleman, and a Man of Courage, as you shall find Anon by my brisk Behaviour.

Rake. *Sir Joslin*! *Sir Oliver*! These are none of our Ladies, they are just come to the Door in a Coach. Have sent for me down to wait upon 'em up to you.

Sir Jos. Hey——Boys, more Game, more Game. Fetch 'em up, fetch 'em up.

Sir Oliv. Why, what a Day of Sport will here be, *Ned*? [Exit *Rake*]

Sir Jos. They shall all have fair Play, Boys.

Sir Oliv. And we will match our selves, and make Prize on't, *Ned Courtal* and I, against *Frank Freeman*. And you Brother *Folley*, and *Rake-hell* shall be Judge. For Gloves and Silk-Stockings, to be bestow'd as the Conqueror shall fancy.

Sir Jos. Agreed, agreed, agreed.

Court. and *Free.* A match, a match.

Sir Oliv. Hey——Boys!

[*Lady Cockwood counter/eits*]

Sent. pulling off her Mask. O Heav'ns! my dear Lady! Help, help!

Sir Oliv. What's here? *Sentry* and my Lady! 'Sdeath! What a Condition am I in now, Brother *Folley*?

You have brought me into this Premunire: For Heaven's Sake run down quickly, and send the Rogue and Whore Away. Help, help! Oh help! Dear Madam, sweet Lady! [Ex. *Sir Joslin*, *Sir Oliver* kneels down by]

Sent. Oh she's gone, she's gone!

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Free. Give her more Air.

Court. Fetch a Glas of cold Water, *Freeman.*

Sir Oliv. Dear Madam, speak, sweet Madam speak.

Sent. Out upon thee for a vile Hypocrite! thou art the wicked Author of all this; who but such a Reprobate, such an obdurate Sinner as thou art, could go about to abuse so sweet a Lady?

Sir Oliv. Dear *Sentry*, do not stab me with thy words, but stab me with thy Bodkin rather, that I may here die a Sacrifice at her Feet, for all my disloyal Actions.

Sent. No, live, live to be a Reproach and Shame to all rebellious Husbands; ah, that she had but my Heart!

That thou hast bewitch'd her affections; thou shou'dst then early smart for this abominable Treason.

Gat. So, now she begins to come to her self.

Aria. Set her more upright, and bend her a little forward.

La. Cock. Unfortunate Woman! let me go, why do you hold me? Wou'd I had a Dagger at my Heart, to dash it for loving that ungrateful Man.

Sir Oliv. Dear Madam, were I but worthy of your Love and Belief.

La. Cock. Peace, peace, perfidious Man, I am too honest and foolish——Were I every Day at the Plays, the Park, and Mulberry-Garden, with a kind Look secretly to indulge the unlawful Passion of some young Gentleman; or did I associate my self with the Gaming House, and were every Afternoon at my Lady *Brief's*, or my Lady *Meapwel's* at *Umbre* and *Quibas*, pretending good Luck to borrow Money of a Friend, and then pretending good Luck to excuse the Plenty to a Husband, whose suspicious Demeanour had deserv'd this; but I who, of a scrupulous Tendernefs to my Honour, and to comply with thy base Jealousie, have deny'd my self those blameless Recreations, which a Virtuous Lady might enjoy, to be thus inhumanly revild in my own Opinion, and thus unreasonably robb'd and abus'd in thine

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Court. Sure she will take up anon, or crack her *M*
Or else the Devil's in't.

La. Cock. Do not stay and torment me with thy
Sight; go, graceless Wretch, follow thy treacherous
Resolutions, do, and waste that poor Stock of *Com*
Which I shou'd have at home, upon those your raven
Cormorants below: I feel my Passion begin to swell ag

[She has a little Fit ag

Court. Now will she get an absolute Dominion o
Him, and all this will be my Plague in the end.

Sir Oliv. running up and down. *Ned Courtal*, *Fre*
Freeman, Cousin *Ariana*, and dear Cousin *Gatty*, for
Heav'n's sake join all, and moderate her Passion—
Ah Sentry! forbear thy unjust Reproaches, take Pity
Thy Master! thou hast a great Influence over her, and
I have always been mindful of thy Favours.

Sent. You do not deserve the least Compassion, no
Wou'd I speak a good Word for you, but that I know
All this, 'twill be acceptable to my poor Lady. Dear
Madam, do but look up a little, *Sir Oliver* lyes at your
Feet an humble Penitent.

Aria. How bitterly he weeps! how sadly he sighs!

Gat. I dare say he counterfeited his Sin, and is now
In his Repentance.

Court. Compose your self a little, pray Madam, and
This was meer Rallery, a way of Talk, which *Sir Oliv*
Being well bred, has learned among the Gay People
The Town.

Free. If you did but know, Madam, what an odd
Thing it is to be thought to love a Wife in good
Company, you wou'd easily forgive him.

La. Cock. No, no, 'twas the mild Correction which
Gave him for his insolent Behaviour last Night, that
Encourag'd him again thus to insult over my Affection.

Court. Come, come, *Sir Oliver*, out with your
Bosom-secret, and clear all things to your Lady; is it
Not as we have said?

Sir Oliv. Or may I never have the Happiness to be
In her good Grace again; and as for the Harlots, dear
Madam, here is *Ned Courtal*, and *Frank Freeman*, the

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often seen me in Company of the wicked; let 'em
k, if they ever knew me tempted to a disloyal
on in their Lives.

Court. On my Conscience, Madam, I may more
y swear, that Sir *Oliver* has been constant to your
ship, than that a Girl of Twelve Years old has her
enhead this warm and ripening Age.

Enter Sir Joslin.

Oliv. Here's my Brother *Folley* too can witness
Loyalty of my Heart, and that I did not intend
Treasonable Practice against your Ladyship in the

Fof. Unless seguing 'em with a Beer-Glass, be
ded in the Statute. Come, Master *Courtial*, to
ie my Lady, and put her in a little good Humour,
us sing the Catch I taught you yesterday, that was
e by a Country Vicar on my Brother *Cockwood*
me.

They sing.

LOVE and Wenching are Toys,
Fit to please Beardless Boys,
Th' are Sports we hate worse than a Leaguer;
When we Visit a Miss,
We still brag how we Kifs,
But 'tis with a Bottle we fegue her.

Fof. Come, come, Madam, let all things be forgot;
er is ready, the Cloth is laid in the next Room,
is in and be merry; there was no harm meant as I
true little *Foslin*.

Cock. Sir *Oliver* knows I can't be angry with him,
gh he plays the naughty Man thus: But why, my
wou'd y' expose your self in this ridiculous Habit,
e Censure of both our Honours?

Oliv. Indeed I was to blame to be over-persuaded;
nded dutifully to retire into the Pantry, and there
y to divert my self at Back-Gammon with the

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Sir *Jos.* Faith, I must ev'n own, the Fault was mine
I intic'd him hither, Lady.

Sir *Oliv.* How the Devil, *Ned*, came they to find
Out here?

Court. No Blood-hound draws so sure as a jealous
Woman.

Sir *Oliv.* I am afraid *Thomas* has been unfaithful:
Pr'ythee, *Ned*, speak to my Lady, that there may be
Perfect Understanding between us, and that *Sentry* may
Be sent home for my Cloaths, that I may no longer wear
The Marks of her Displeasure.

Court. Let me alone, Sir *Oliver*.

[*He goes to my Lady Cock*

How do you find your self, Madam, after this violent
Passion?

La. Cock. This has been a lucky Adventure, Mr. *Court*.
Now am I absolute Mistress of my own Conduct for
Time.

Court. Then shall I be a happy Man, Madam: I know
This wou'd be the Consequence of all, and yet could I
I forbear the Project.

Sir *Oliv.* How didst thou shuffle away *Rake-bell* and
The Ladies, Brother?

[*To Sir*

Sir *Jos.* I have appointed 'em to meet us at six a
Clock at the *New Spring-Garden*.

Sir *Oliv.* Then will we yet, in spite of the Stars
That have cross'd us, be in Conjunction with Madam
Rampant, Brother.

Court. Come, Gentlemen, Dinner is on the Table.

Sir *Jos.* Ha! *Slic-Girl* and *Mad-cap*, I'll enter
You, i'faith; since you have found the way, to the
I'll fegue you.

S I N G S.

*When we visit a Miss,
We still brag how we Kifs;
But 'tis with a Bottle we fegue her.*

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Dining-Room.*

Enter Lady Cockwood.

Cock. **A** Lady cannot be too jealous of her Servant's Love, this faithless and inconstant Age; amorous Carriage to that prating Girl to-day, though he pretends it was to blind Sir *Oliver*, I fear prove a certain sign of his revolted Heart; the Tris I have counterfeited in these Girls Names will avail; if he accept of that Appointment, and refuses me, I need not any longer doubt.

Enter Sentry.

Sentry, have the Letters and Message been deliver'd, as I expected?

Sentry. Punctually, Madam; I knew they were to be read at the latter end of a Play, I sent a Porter first with a Letter to Mr. *Courtal*, who was at the King's-house, I sent for him out by the Door-keeper, and deliver'd it in his own Hands.

L. Cock. Did you keep on your Vizard, that the new might not know how to describe you?

Sentry. I did, Madam.

L. Cock. And how did he receive it?

Sentry. Like a Traitor to all Goodness, with all the signs of Joy imaginable.

L. Cock. Be not angry, *Sentry*, 'tis as my Heart wou'd it: What did you do with the Letter to *Freeman*? For I thought fit to deceive 'em both, to make my Policy less suspicious to *Courtal*.

Sentry. The Porter found him at the Duke's House, Madam, and deliver'd it with like Care.

L. Cock. Very well.

Sentry. After the Letters were deliver'd, Madam, I sent my self to the Play-house, and sent in for *Courtal*, who came out to me immediately; I told Him

Him your Ladyship presented your humble Service to Him, and that Sir *Oliver* was going into the City with Sir *Foslin*, to visit his Brother *Cockwood*, and that it Wou'd add much more to your Ladyship's Happiness, If he wou'd be pleas'd to meet you in *Grays-Inn Walk*. This lovely Evening.

La. Cock. And how did he entertain the Motion?

Sent. Bless me! I tremble still to think upon it! I Cou'd not have imagin'd he had been so wicked; he Counterfeited the greatest Passion, rail'd at his Fate, And swore a thousand horrid Oaths, that since he came Into the Play-house, he had notice of a Business that Concern'd both his Honour and Fortune; and that he Was an undone Man, if he did not go about it presently. He Pray'd me to desire your Ladyship to excuse him this Evening, and that to-morrow he wou'd be wholly at Your Devotion.

La. Cock. Ha, ha, ha! he little thinks how much He has oblig'd me.

Sent. I had much ado to forbear upbraiding him with His Ingratitude to your Ladyship.

La. Cock. Poor *Sentry*! be not concern'd for me, I Conquer'd my Affection, and thou shalt find it is not Jealousie has been my Counsellor in this. Go, let thy Hoods and Masks be ready, that I may surprize thee. And make the best Advantage of this lucky Opportunity.

Sent. I obey you, Madam.

[Exit *Sentry*]

La. Cock. How am I fill'd with Indignation? To see My Person and my Passion both despis'd, and what More, so much precious Time fool'd away in fruitless Expectation: I wou'd poison my Face, so I might Reveng'd on this ungrateful Villain.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. My Dearest!

La. Cock. My dearest Dear! pry'thee do not go into the City to-night.

Sir Oliv. My Brother *Folley* is gone before, and I Am to call him at Counsellor *Trot*'s Chamber in the Temple.

La. Cock. Well, if you did but know the Fear I have

on me, when you are absent, you would not seek occasions to be from me thus.

Sir Oliv. Let me comfort thee with a Kiss; what wou'dst thou be afraid of?

La. Cock. I cannot but believe that every Woman that sees thee must be in love with thee as I am: Do not blame my Jealousie.

Sir Oliv. I protest I wou'd refuse a Countess rather than abuse thee, poor Heart.

La. Cock. And then you are so desperate upon the least occasion, I shou'd have acquainted you else with something that concerns your Honour.

Sir Oliv. My Honour! you ought in Duty to do it.

La. Cock. Nay, I knew how passionate you wou'd be presently; therefore you shall never know it.

Sir Oliv. Do not leave me in doubt, I shall suspect every one I look upon; I will kill a Common Council-man or two before I come back, if you do not tell me.

La. Cock. Dear, how I tremble! Will you promise you will not Quarrel then? If you tender my Life and Happiness, I am sure you will not.

Sir Oliv. I will bear any thing rather than be an enemy to thy Quiet, my Dear.

La. Cock. I cou'd wish Mr. Courtal a Man of better principles, because I know you love him, my Dear,

Sir Oliv. Why, what has he done?

La. Cock. I always treated him with great Respects, out of my regard to your Friendship; but he, like an impudent Man as he is, to Day misconstruing my civility, in most unseemly Language, made a foul attempt upon my Honour.

Sir Oliv. Death, and Hell, and Furies, I will have my rap, and long Sword!

La. Cock. Oh, I shall faint! Did not you promise me you wou'd not be so rash?

Sir Oliv. Well, I will not kill him, for fear of offending thee, my Dear.

La. Cock. You may decline your Friendship, and by your Coldness give him no Encouragement to visit our family.

Sir Oliv. I think thy Advice the best for this once Indeed; for it is not fit to publish such a Bus'ness: But if Shou'd be ever tempting or attempting, let me know it Pr'ythee my Dear.

La. Cock. If you moderate your self according to my Directions now, I shall never conceal any thing from You, that may increase your just Opinion of my Conjugal Fidelity.

Sir Oliv. Was ever Man bless'd with such a Virtuous Lady! — Yet cannot I forbear going a [Aside] Ranging again. Now must I to the *Spring-Garden* to Meet my Brother *Jolley*, and Madam *Rampant*.

La. Cock. Pr'ythee, be so good to think how melanchol I spend my time here; for I have Joy in no Company But thine, and let that bring thee home a little sooner.

Sir Oliv. Thou hast been so kind in this Discovery, That I am loth to leave thee.

La. Cock. I wish you had not been engag'd so far.

Sir Oliv. Ay, that's it: Farewel, my virtuous Dear. [Exit *Sir Oliv.*]

La. Cock. Farewel, my dearest Dear. I know he has Not Courage enough to question *Courtal*; but this will Make him hate him, encrease his Confidence of me, Justifie my Banishing that false Fellow our House; it is Not fit a Man that has abus'd my Love, shou'd come Hither and pry into my Actions; besides, this will Make his Access more difficult to that wanton Baggard.

Enter Ariana and Gatty with their Hoods and Masks. Whither are you going, Cousins?

Gat. To take the Air upon the Water, Madam.

Aria. And for Variety, to walk a Turn or two in The new *Spring-Garden*.

La. Cock. I heard you were gone abroad with Mr. *Courtal*, and Mr. *Freeman*.

Gat. For Heav'n's sake why shou'd your Ladyship have Such an ill Opinion of us?

La. Cock. The Truth is, before I saw you, I believ'd It meerly the Vanity of that prating Man; Mr. *Courtal* Told Mistress *Gazet* this Morning, that you were so Well acquainted already, that you wou'd meet him

And Mr. *Freeman* any where, and that you had promis'd 'em to receive and make Appointment by Letters.

Gat. Oh impudent Man!

Aria. Now you see the Consequence, Sister, of our Rambling; they have rais'd this false Story from our innocent fooling with 'em in the *Mulberry-Garden* last Night.

Gat. I cou'd almost forswear ever speaking to a Man again.

La. Cock. Was Mr. *Courtal* in the *Mulberry Garden* last Night?

Aria. Yes, Madam.

La. Cock. And did he speak to you?

Gat. There pass'd a little harmless Raillery betwixt us; you amaze me, Madam.

Aria. I cou'd not imagine any Man cou'd be thus worthy.

La. Cock. He has quite lost my good Opinion too: Duty to Sir *Oliver*, I have hitherto show'd him some maintenance; but I shall hate him hereafter for your eyes. But I detain you from your Recreations, Cousins.

Gat. We are very much oblig'd to your Ladyship for this Timely Notice.

Aria. and *Gat.* Your Servant, Madam.

[*Ex. Ariana and Gatty.*]

La. Cock. Your Servant, Cousins.——In the *Mulberry Garden* last Night! when I sat languishing, and vainly expecting him at home: This has incens'd me so, that I could kill him. I am glad these Girls are gone to the *Spring Garden*, it helps my Design; the Letters I have counterfeited, have appointed *Courtal* and *Freeman* to meet them there, they will produce 'em, and confirm all I have said: I will daily poison these Girls with such Lies as shall make their Quarrel to *Courtal* irreconcilable, and render *Freeman* only suspected; for I wou'd not have him thought equally guilty: He secretly began to make an Address to me at the *Bear*, and this Trach shall give him an Opportunity to pursue it.

*Enter Sentry.**Sent.* Here are your things, Madam.

La. Cock. That's well: Oh *Sentry*! I shall once more Be happy; for now Mr. *Courtal* has given me an Occasion That I may without Ingratitude check his unlawful Passion, and free my self from the trouble of an Intrigue That gives me every Day such fearful Apprehensions of My Honour.

[Ex. Lady Cockwood and Sentry]

S C E N E II. New Spring-Garden.

Enter Sir Joslin, Rake-kell, and Waiter.

Wait. Will you be pleased to walk into an Arbour, Gentlemen.

Sir Jos. By and by, good Sir.

Rake. I wonder Sir *Oliver* is not come yet.

Sir Jos. Nay, he will not fail I warrant thee, Boy; But what's the matter with thy Nose, my little *Rake-kell*?

Rake. A foolish Accident; jesting at the *Fleece* this Afternoon, I mistook my Man a little; a dull Rogue That could not understand Raillery, made a sudden Repartee with a Quart-pot, Sir *Joslin*.

Sir Jos. Why didst not thou stick him to the Wall, Little *Rake-kell*?

Rake. The Truth is, Sir *Joslin*, he deserv'd it; but Look you, in Case of a doubtful Wound, I am unwilling To give my Friends too often the Trouble to Bail me; And if it shou'd be Mortal, you know a younger Brother Has not wherewithal to rebate the Edge of a Witness, And mollifie the Hearts of a Jury.

Sir Jos. This is very prudently consider'd indeed.

Rake. 'Tis time to be wise, Sir; my Courage has Almost run me out of a considerable Annuity. When I Liv'd first about this Town, I agreed with a Surgeon Twenty Pounds a Quarter to cure me of all the Knock Bruises, and Green Wounds I shou'd receive, and in a Half Year the poor Fellow begg'd me to be releas'd of my Bargain, and swore I wou'd undo him else in Lint and Balsom.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir *Jos.* Ho! Here's my Brother *Cockwood* come.——

Sir *Oliv.* I, Brother *Folley*, I have kept my Word,
You see; but 'tis a barbarous thing to abuse my Lady,
I have had such a Proof of her Virtue, I will tell thee
all anon. But where's Madam *Rampant*, and the rest of
the Ladies, Mr. *Rake-hell*.

Rake. Faith, Sir, being disappointed at Noon, they
were unwilling any more to set a certainty at hazard:
'Tis Term-time, and they have severally betook
themselves, some to their Chamber-practice, and others
to the Places of publick Pleading.

Sir *Oliv.* Faith, Brother *Folley*, let us ev'n go into an
arbour, and then segue Mr. *Rake-hell*.

Sir *Jos.* With all my Heart, wou'd we had Madam
Rampant.

S I N G S.

SHE's as frolick and free
As her Lovers dare be,
Never aw'd by a foolish Punctilio;
She'll not start from her place,
Though thou nam'st a black Ace,
And will drink a Beer-Glass to Spudillio.

Hey, Boys! Come, come, come! let's in, and delay
Our Sport no longer.

[*Exit singing, She'll not start from her, &c.*]

Enter Courtal and Freeman severally.

Court. Freeman!

Free. Courtal, What the Devil's the matter with thee?
I have observ'd thee prying up and down the Walks like
a Citizen's Wife that has drop'd her Holiday
Pocket-Handkerchief.

Court. What unlucky Devil has brought thee hither?

Free. I believe a better-natur'd Devil than yours,
Courtal, if a Leveret be better Meat than an old Puss,
that has been cours'd by most of the young Fellows of
her Country: I am not working my Brain for a
Counter-plot, a Disappointment is not my Business.

Court.

Court You are mistaken, *Freeman*: Pr'ythee be gone, And leave me the Garden to my self, or I shall grow as Testy as an old Fowler that is put by his shoot, after he Has crept half a Mile upon his Belly.

Free. Pr'ythee be thou gone, or I shall take it as Unkindly as a Chymist wou'd, if thou should'st kick down His Limbeck in the very Minute that he look'd for Projection.

Court. Come, come, you must yield, *Freeman*, your Bus'ness cannot be of such Consequence as mine.

Free. If ever thou hadst a Bus'ness of such Consequence in thy Life as mine is, I will condescend to Be made incapable of Affairs presently.

Court. Why, I have an Appointment made me, Man, Without my seeking, by a Woman for whom I wou'd Have mortgag'd my whole Estate to have had her abroad But to break a Cheese-cake.

Free. And I have an Appointment made me without My seeking too, by such a she, that I will break the Whole Ten Commandments, rather than disappoint her Of her breaking one.

Court. Come, you do but jest, *Freeman*; a forsaken Mistress cou'd not be more malicious than thou art: Pr'ythee be gone.

Free. Pr'ythee do thou be gone.

Court. 'Sdeath! the sight of thee will scare my Woman For ever.

Free. 'Sdeath! the sight of thee will make my Woman Believe me the falsest Villain breathing.

Court. We shall stand fooling, 'till we are both undone, And I know not how to help it.

Free. Let us proceed honestly like Friends, discover The Truth of things to one another, and if we cannot Reconcile our Bus'ness, we will draw Cuts, and part Fairly.

Court. I do not like that way; for Talk is only Allowable at the latter end of an Intrigue, and shou'd Never be us'd at the beginning of an Amour, for fear of Frighting a young Lady from her good Intentions— Yet I care not, though I read the Letter, but I will Conceal the Name.

Freeman

She wou'd if She cou'd. 145

Free. I have a Letter too, and am content to do the same.

Court. reads. Sir, in sending you this Letter, I proceed against the Modesty of our Sex.——

Free. 'Sdeath, this begins just like my Letter.

Court. Do you read on then.——

Free. reads. But let not the good Opinion I have conceiv'd of you, make you too severe in your censuring of me.——

Court. Word for Word.

Free. Now do you read again.

Court. reads. If you give your self the Trouble to be talking in the *New Spring-Garden* this Evening, I will meet you there, and tell you a Secret, which I have reason to fear, because it comes to your Knowledge by my means, will make you hate your humble servant.

Free. *Verbatim* my Letter. Hey-day!

Court. Pr'ythee let's compare the Hands.

[*They compare 'em.*]

Free. 'Sdeath, the Hand's the same.

Court. I hope the Name is not the same too——

Free. If it be, we are finely jilted, Faith.

Court. I long to be undeceiv'd; pr'ythee do thou show'st, *Freeman.*

Free. No——but both together, if you will

Court. Agreed.

Free. *Ariana.*

Court. Gatty——Ha, ha, ha.

Free. The little Rogues are masculine in their proceedings, and have made one another Confidants in their Love.

Court. But I do not like this altogether so well, think; I wish they had appointed us several Places: though 'tis evident they have trusted one another with the Bargain, no Woman ever Seals before Witness.

Free. Pr'ythee how didst thou escape the Snares of the Devil this Afternoon?

Court. With much ado: *Sentry* had set me; if her *dyship* had got me into her Clutches, there had been
No

No getting off without a Rescue, or paying down the Money; for she always Arrests upon Execution.

Free. You made a handsome Lie to her Woman.

Court. For all this, I know she's angry; for she thinks Nothing a just Excuse in these Cases, though it were to Save the Forfeit of a Man's Estate, or relieve the Life Of her own natural Brother.

Free. Faith, thou hast not done altogether like a Gentleman with her, thou shou'dst fast thy self up to a Stomach now and then, to oblige her; if there were Nothing in it, but the hearty Welcome, methinks 'twere Enough to make thee bear sometimes with the Homeliness Of the Fare.

Court. I know not what I might do in a Camp, where There was no other Woman; but I shall hardly in this Town, where there is such Plenty, forbear good Meat, To get my self an Appetite to Horse-flesh.

Free. This is rather an Aversion in thee, than any Real Fault in the Woman; if this lucky Business Had not fallen out, I intended with your good Leave to have outbid you for her Ladyship's Favour.

Court. I should never have consented to that, *Free.* Though I am a little resty at present, I am not such a Jade, but I shou'd strain if another rid against me; I Have ere now lik'd nothing in a Woman that I have Lov'd at last in spite only, because another had a Mind To her.

Free. Yonder are a couple of Vizards tripping towards Us.

Court. 'Tis they i'faith.

Free. We need not divide, since they come together.

Court. I was a little afraid when we compar'd Letters. They had put a Trick upon us; but now am I confirm'd. They are mighty honest.

Enter Ariana and Gatty.

Aria. We cannot avoid 'em.

Gat. Let us dissemble our Knowledge of their Business. A little, and then take 'em down in the height of their Assurance.

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Court. and *Free.* Your Servant, Ladies.

Aria. I perceive it is as impossible, Gentlemen, to Walk without you, as without our Shadows; never were Poor Women so haunted by the Ghosts of their self-murder'd Lovers.

Gat. If it shou'd be our good Fortunes to have you in Love with us, we will take Care you shall not grow Desperate, and leave the World in an ill Humour.

Aria. If you shou'd, certainly your Ghosts wou'd be very malicious.

Court. 'Twere pity you shou'd have your Curtains Drawn in the dead of the Night, and your pleasing Lumbers interrupted by any thing but Flesh and Blood, Ladies.

Free. Shall we walk a Turn?

Aria. By your selves, if you please.

Gat. Our Company may put a Constraint upon you; for I find you daily hover about these Gardens, as a Kite does about a Backside, watching an opportunity to catch up the Poultry.

Aria. Woe be to the Daughter or Wife of some Merchant-Taylor, or poor Felt-maker now; for you seldom Row to *Fox-hall* without some such Plot against the City.

Free. You wrong us, Ladies; our Bus'ness has happily succeeded, since we have the Honour to wait upon you.

Gat. You could not expect to see us here.

Court. Your True Lover, Madam, when he misses his Mistress, is as restless as a Spaniel that has lost his master; he ranges up and down the Plays, the Park, and all the Gardens, and never stays long, but where he has the happiness to see her.

Gat. I suppose your Mistress, Mr. *Courtal*, is always the last Woman you are acquainted with.

Court. Do not think, Madam, I have that false measure of my Acquaintance, which Poets have of their verses, always to think the last best, though I esteem you so, in Justice to your Merit.

Gat. Or if you do not love her best, you always love to talk of her most; as a barren Coxcomb that wants
Discourse

Discourse, is ever entertaining Company out of the last Book He read in.

Court. Now you accuse me most unjustly, Madam: Who the Devil, that has common Sense, will go a Birding with a Clack in his Cap?

Aria. Nay, we do not blame you, Gentlemen; every One in their way; a Huntsman talks of his Dogs, a Falconer of his Hawks, a Jockey of his Horse, and a Gallant of his Mistress.

Gat. Without the Allowance of this Vanity, an Amour Would soon grow as dull as Matrimony.

Court. Whatsoever you say, Ladies, I cannot believe You think us Men of such abominable Principles.

Free. For my part, I have ever held it as ingrateful to Boast of the Favours of a Mistress, as to deny the Courtesies of a Friend.

Court. A Friend that bravely ventures his Life in the Field to serve me, deserves but equally with a Mistress That kindly exposes her Honour to oblige me, especially When she does it as generously too, and with as little Ceremony.

Free. And I wou'd no more betray the Honour of Such a Woman, than I wou'd the Life of a Man that should Rob on purpose to supply me.

Gat. We believe you Men of Honour, and know it Below you to talk of any Woman that deserves it.

Aria. You are so generous you seldom insult after a Victory.

Gat. And so vain, that you always triumph before it.

Court. 'Sdeath! what's the meaning of all this?

Gat. Though you find us so kind, Mr. *Courtial*, pray Do not tell Mistress *Gazel* to Morrow, that we came Hither on purpose this Evening to meet you.

Court. I wou'd as soon Print it, and Fee a Fellow to Post it up with the Play-bills.

Gat. You have repos'd a great deal of Confidence in Her, for all you pretend this ill Opinion of her Secrecy now.

Court. I never trusted her with the Name of a Mistress That I shou'd be jealous of, if I saw her receive Fruit, And go out of the Play-house with a Stranger.

Lat. For ought as I see, we are infinitely oblig'd to
you, Sir.

Court. 'Tis impossible to be insensible of so much
goodness, Madam.

Lat. What Goodness, pray Sir?

Court. Come, come, give over this Raillery.

Lat. You are so ridiculously unworthy, that 'twere a
pity to reprove you with a serious Look.

Court. On my Conscience, your Heart begins to fail
now we are coming to the point, as a young
man's that was never in the Field before.

Lat. You begin to amaze me.

Court. Since you your self sent the Challenge, you
must not in Honour flie off now.

Lat. Challenge! O Heav'ns! this confirms all:
were I a Man, I wou'd kill thee for the Injuries thou
hast already done me.

Free. to Aria. Let not your Suspicion of my Unkindness
make you thus scrupulous: was ever City ill treated,
that surrendred without Assault or Summons?

Aria. Dear Sister, what ill Spirit brought us hither?
I never met with so much Impudence in my Life.

Court. Aside. Hey Jilts! they are as good at it already,
the old one, i'faith.

Free. Come, Ladies, you have exercis'd your Wit
enough; you wou'd not venture Letters of such
sequence for a Jest only.

Lat. Letters! Bless me, what will this come to?

Court. To that none of us shall have cause to repent,
I hope, Madam.

Aria. Let us flie 'em, Sister, they are Devils, and not
we, they could never be so malicious else.

Enter Lady Cockwood and Sentry.

La. Cock. Your Servant, Cousins.

Court. starting. Ho my Lady Cockwood! My Ears are
grown an Inch already.

Aria. My Lady! She'll think this an Appointment,

Free. This is Madam *Matchivill*, I suspect, *Courtal.*

Court. Nay, 'tis her Plot doubtless: Now am I as

Much

Much out of Countenance, as I shou'd be if Sir Oliver Shou'd take me making bold with her Ladyship.

La. Cock. Do not let me discompose you, I can walk Alone, Cousins.

Gat. Are you so uncharitable, Madam, to think we Have any Business with 'em?

Aria. It has been our ill Fortune to meet 'em here, and Nothing cou'd be so lucky as your coming, Madam, to Free us from 'em.

Gat. They have abus'd us in the grossest manner.

Aria. Counterfeited Letters under our Hands.

La. Cock. Never trouble your selves, Cousins, I have Heard this is a common Practice with such unworthy Men: Did they not threaten to divulge them, and Defame you to the World?

Gat. We cannot believe they intend any thing less, Madam.

La. Cock. Doubtless, they had such a mean Opinion of Your Wit and Honour, that they thought to fright you To a base Compliance with their wicked Purposes.

Aria. I hate the very sight of 'em.

Gat. I cou'd almost wish my self a Disease to breed Infection upon 'em.

Court. Very pretty! We have carried on our Design Very luckily against these young Ladies.

Free. We have lost their good Opinion for ever.

La. Cock. I know not whether their Folly or their Impudence be greater, they are not worth your Anger: They are only fit to be laugh'd at, and despis'd.

Court. A very fine old Devil this!

La. Cock. Mr. Freeman, this is not like a Gentleman, Affront a couple of young Ladies thus; but I cannot Blame you so much, you are in a manner a Stranger to Our Family: But I wonder how that base Man can look Me in the Face, considering how civilly he has been Treated at our House.

Court. The Truth is, Madam, I am a Rascal; but I Fear you have contributed to the making me so: Be not As unmerciful as the Devil is to a poor Sinner.

Sent. Did you ever see the like? Never trust me; if

She wou'd if She cou'd. 151

Has not the Confidence to make my Virtuous Lady
necessary to his Wickedness.

La. Cock. Ay *Sentry*! 'tis a miracle, if my Honour
escapes, considering the Access which his Greatness
With *Sir Oliver* has giv'n him daily to me.

Free. Faith, Ladies, we did not Counterfeit these
letters, we are abus'd as well as you.

Court. I receiv'd mine from a Porter at the King's
Play-house, and I will show it you, that you may see
if you know the Hand.

La. Cock. *Sentry*, are you sure they never saw any of
your Writing?

Court. 'Sdeath! I am so discompos'd, I know not
Where I have put it.

Sent. Oh Madam! now I remember my self, Mistress
Satty help'd me once to Indite a Letter to my
sweet-heart.

La. Cock. Forgetful Wench! then I am undone.

Court. Oh here it is——Hey, who's here?

*As he has the Letter in his Hand, enter Sir Joslin,
Sir Oliver, and Rake-hell, all Drunk, with
Musick.*

They Sing.

SHE's no Mistress of mine.

That drinks not her Wine,

Or frowns at my Friend's drinking Motions;

If my Heart thou wou'dst gain,

Drink thy Bottle of Champaign.

Twill serve thee for Paint and Love-potions.

Sir Oliv. Who's here? *Courtal* in my Lady's
Company! I'll dispatch him presently; help me, Brother
Jolley. [*He draws.*]

La. Cock. For Heav'ns sake, *Sir Oliver*!

Court. drawing. What do you mean, *Sir*?

Sir Oliv. I'll teach you more Manners, than to make
your Attempts on my Lady, *Sir.*

La. Cock. and *Sent.* Oh! Murder, Murder!

[*They shriek.*]

La. Cock.

La. Cock. Save my dear Sir Oliver, Oh my dear Sir Oliver.

[The young Ladies shriek and run out, they all dance to part 'em, they fight off the Stage, she shrinks and runs out.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE Sir Oliver's Dining-Room.

Enter Lady Cockwood. Table and Carpet.

La. Cock. **I** Did not think he had been so desperate in His drink; if they had kill'd one another, I had then been reveng'd, and freed from all my Fears — *Sentry, your Carelessness* *[Enter Sentry]*
And Forgetfulness some time or other will undo me; Had not Sir Oliver, and Sir Joslin, came so luckily into The Garden, the Letters had been discover'd, and my Honour left to the Mercy of a False Man, and two young Fleering Girls: Did you speak to Mr. Freeman unperceived In the hurry?

Sent. I did, Madam, and he promis'd me to disengage Himself as soon as possibly he could, and wait upon your Ladyship with all Secrecy.

La. Cock. I have some reason to believe him a Man Of Honour.

Sent. Methinks indeed his very Look, Madam, speaks Him to be much more a Gentleman than Mr. Courtal. But I was unwilling before now to let your Ladyship Know my Opinion, for fear of offending your Inclination.

La. Cock. I hope by his means to get these Letters Into my own Hands, and so prevent the Inconvenience They may bring upon my Honour.

Sent. I wonder, Madam, what shou'd be Sir Oliver's Quarrel to Mr. Courtal.

La. Cock. You know how apt he is to be suspicious His Drink; 'tis very likely he thought Mr. Courtal Betray'd him at the Bear to-day.

She wou'd if She cou'd. 153

Sent. Pray Heav'n he be not jealous of your Ladyship, finding you abroad so unexpectedly; if he be, we shall have a sad Hand of him when he comes home, Madam.

La. Cock. I should have apprehended it much my self, Sentry, if his Drunkenness had not unadvisedly engag'd him in his Quarrel; as soon as he grows a little sober, I am sure his Fear will bring him home, and make him apply himself to me with all Humility and Kindness; for he is ever under-hand fain to use my Interest and Discretion to make Friends to Compound these Businessses, or to get an Order for the securing his Person and his Honour.

Sent. I believe verily Mr. Courtal wou'd have been so bold to have kill'd him, if Mr. Freeman and the rest had not civilly interpos'd their Weapons.

La. Cock. Heav'n's forbid! though he be a wicked Man, I am oblig'd in Duty to love him; Whither did my Cousins go after they came home, Sentry?

Sent. They are at the next Door, Madam, laughing and playing at Lantreleou, with my old Lady Love-youth and her Daughters.

La. Cock. I hope they will not come home then to interrupt my Affairs with Mr. Freeman. [Knocking without. Mark! some Body knocks, it may be him, run down quickly.

Sent. I flee, Madam.

[Exit Sentry.

La. Cock. Now if he has a real Inclination for my Person, give him a handsome Opportunity to reveal it.

Enter Sentry and Freeman.

Free. Your Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. Oh Mr. Freeman! This unlucky Accident has robb'd me of all my Quiet; I am almost distracted with thinking of the Danger Sir Oliver's dear Life is in.

Free. You need not fear, Madam, all things will be reconcil'd again to-morrow.

Sent. You wou'd not blame my Lady's Apprehensions, had you but know the Tenderness of her Affections.

La. Cock. Mr. Courtal is a false and merciless Man.

Free. He has always own'd a great Respect for your Ladyship, and I never heard him mention you with the least Dishonour.

La.

La. Cock. He cannot without injuring the Truth, Heav'n knows my Innocence: I hope you did not let Him know, Sir, of your coming hither.

Free. I shou'd never merit the Happiness to wait Upon you again, had I so abus'd this extraordinary Favour, Madam.

La. Cock. If I have done any think unbeseeming my Honour, I hope you will be just, Sir, and impute it to My Fear; I know no Man so proper to compose this Unfortunate Difference as your self; and if a Lady's Tears and Prayers have Power to move you to Compassion, I know you will employ your utmost Endeavour to preserve me my dear Sir *Oliver*.

Free. Do not, Madam, afflict your self so much; I Dare engage my Life, his Life and Honour shall be Both secure.

La. Cock. You are truly noble, Sir; I was so distracted With my Fears, that I cannot well remember how we Parted at the *Spring-Garden*.

Free. We all divided, Madam; after your Ladyship And the young Ladies were gone together, Sir *Oliver*, Sir *Joslin*, and the Company with them, took one *Be* And Mr. *Courtal* and I another.

La. Cock. Then I need not apprehend their meeting Again to-night.

Free. You need not, Madam; I left Mr. *Courtal* in His Chamber, wond'ring what shou'd make Sir *Oliver* Draw upon him, and fretting and fuming about the Thing That was put upon us with the Letters to-day.

La. Cock. Oh! I had almost forgot my self; I assure You, Sir, those Letters were sent by one that has no Inclination to be any Enemy of yours. [*Knocking below* Some Body knocks.

[*Exit Sentry*]
If it be Sir *Oliver*, I am undone, he will hate me Mortally, if he does but suspect I use any secret means To hinder him from justifying his Reputation honourable To the World.

Enter Sentry.

Sentry. Oh Madam! Here is Mr. *Courtal* below in the Entry, discharging a Coach-man; I told him your

Lady

Myship was busie, but he wou'd not hear me, and I
d, do what I can, he will come up.

La. Cock. I wou'd not willingly suspect you, Sir.

Free. I have deceiv'd him, Madam, in my coming
ther, and am as unwilling he shou'd find me here, as you
n be.

La. Cock. He will not believe my innocent Business
th you, but will raise a new Scandal on my Honour,
d publish it to the whole Town.

Sent. Let him step into the Closet, Madam.

La. Cock. Quick, Sir, quick; I beseech you; I will
d him away again immediately.

Enter Courtal.

La. Cock. Mr. Courtal! Have you no Sense of Honour
or Modesty left? After so many Injuries, to come into
r House, and without my Approbation rudely press
on my Retirement thus?

Court. Pray, Madam, hear my Business.

La. Cock. Thy Business is maliciously to pursue my
in; thou com'st with a base Design to have Sir Oliver
ch thee here, and destroy the only Happiness I have.

Court. I come, Madam, to beg your Pardon for the
ult I did unwillingly commit, and to know of you the
ason of Sir Oliver's Quarrel to me.

La. Cock. Thy guilty Conscience is able to tell thee
at, vain and ungrateful Man!

Court. I am innocent, Madam, of all Things that may
end him; and I am sure, if you wou'd but hear me,
you'd remove the Justice of your Quarrel too.

La. Cock. You are mistaken, Sir, if you think I am
ncern'd for your going to the *Spring-Garden* this
ening; my Quarrel is the same with Sir Oliver, and
so just, that thou deserv'st to be poison'd for what
ou hast done.

Court. Pray, Madam, let me know my Fault.

La. Cock. I blush to think upon't: Sir Oliver, since
e came from the *Bear*, has heard something thou hast
d concerning me; but what it is, I cou'd not get him
discover: He told me 'twas enough for me to know
was satisfy'd of my Innocence.

Court

Court. This is meer Passion, Madam.

La. Cock. This is the usual Revenge of such base Men. As thou art, when they cannot compass their Ends, with Their venomous Tongues to blast the Honour of a Lady.

Court. This is a sudden Alteration, Madam; within These few Hours you had a kinder Opinion of me.

La. Cock. 'Tis no wonder you brag of Favours bestowed on My Back, that have the Impudence to upbraid me with Kindness to my Face: Dost thou think I cou'd ever be A good Thought of thee, whom I have always found Treacherous in thy Friendship to Sir Oliver?

[*Knock at the Door*]

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh Madam! here is Sir Oliver come home.

La. Cock. O Heav'ns! I shall be believ'd guilty now. And he will kill us both. [He Draws]

Court. I warrant you Madam, I'll defend your Life.

La. Cock. Oh! there will be Murder, Murder; for Heav'ns sake, Sir, hide your self in some Corner or other.

Court. I'll step into that Closet, Madam.

Sent. Hold, hold, Sir, by no means; his Pipes and Tobacco-box lye there, and he always goes in to fetch 'em.

La. Cock. Your Malice will soon be at an end: He knows what will be the fatal Consequence of your being Found here.

Sent. Madam, let him creep under the Table, the Carpet is long enough to hide him.

La. Cock. Have you good Nature enough to save the Life and Reputation of a Lady?

Court. Any thing to oblige you, Madam.

[*He goes under the Table*]

La. Cock. running to the Closet. Be sure you do not let Sir, whatsoever happens.

Court. Not unless he pulls me out by the Ears.

Sent. Good! he thinks my Lady speaks to him.

Enter Sir Oliver.

La. Cock. My dear Sir Oliver.——

Sir Oliv. I am unworthy of this Kindness, Madam.

La. Cock. Nay, I intend to chide you for your Naughtiness anon; but I cannot chuse but hug thee, now.

She wou'd if She cou'd. 157

kiss thee a little first; I was afraid I shou'd never have had thee alive within these Arms again.

Sir Oliv. Your Goodness does so increase my Shame, I know not what to say, Madam.

La. Cock. Well I am glad I have thee safe at home, I will lock thee up above in my Chamber, and will not so much as trust thee down Stairs, 'till there be an end of this Quarrel.

Sir Oliv. I was so little my self, I knew not what I did, else I had not expos'd my Person to so much danger before thy Face.

Sent. 'Twas cruelly done, Sir, knowing the killing concerns my Lady has for you.

La. Cock. If Mr. Courtal had kill'd thee, I was resolv'd not to survive thee; but before I had dy'd, I wou'd have dearly reveng'd thy Murder.

Sir Oliv. As soon as I had recollected my self a little, I wou'd not rest 'till I came home to give thee this satisfaction, that I will do nothing without thy Advice and Approbation, my Dear: I know thy Love makes my Life depend upon mine, and it is unreasonable I shou'd upon my own rash Head hazard that; though it be for the Justification of thy Honour. Uds me, I have a fall a China-Orange that was recommended to me as one of the best that came over this Year: 'Slife Light the Candle, Sentry, 'tis run under the Table. [Knock.

La. Cock. Oh, I am not well!

[Sentry takes up the Candle, there is a great knocking at the Door, she runs away with the Candle.

Sent. Oh Heav'n! who's that that knocks so hastily?

Sir Oliv. Why, Sentry! bring back the Candle; are you mad to leave us in the Dark, and your Lady not well? How is it, my Dear?

La. Cock. For Heav'n's sake run after her, Sir Oliver, catch the Candle out of her Hand, and teach her more manners.

Sir Oliv. I will, my Dear.

[Exit.

La. Cock. What shall I do? was ever Woman so unfortunate in the Management of Affairs!

Court. What will become of me now?

La. Cock. It must be so, I had better trust my Honour

H

To

158 *She wou'd if She cou'd.*

To the Mercy of them two, than be betray'd to my Husband: Mr. *Courtal*, give me your Hand quickly, I Beseech you.

Court. Here, here, Madam, what's to be done now?

La. Cock. I will put you into the Closet, Sir.

Court. He'll be coming in for his Tobacco-Box and Pipes.

La. Cock. Never fear that, Sir.

Free. out of the Closet-door. Now shall I be discover'd Pox on your Honourable Intrigue, wou'd I were *Gifford's*.

La. Cock. Here, here, Sir, this is the Door; what's the matter? You feel, be not frighted; for shou'd you make the least Disturbance, you will destroy the Life, and what is more The Honour of an unfortunate Lady.

Court. So, so, if you have Occasion to remove again, Make no Ceremony, Madam.

Enter Sir Oliver, Sentry, Ariana, Gatty.

Sir Oliv. Here is the Candle; how dost thou, my Dear?

La. Cock. I cou'd not imagine, *Sentry*, you had been So ill bred, to run away, and leave your Master and me In the Dark.

Sent. I thought there had been another Candle upon The Table, Madam.

La. Cock. Good! you thought! you are always Excusing of your Carelessness; such another Misdemeanor——

Sir Oliv. Pr'ythee, my Dear, forgive her.

La. Cock. The Truth is, I ought not to be very angry With her at present, 'tis a good-natur'd Creature: She Was so frighted, for fear of thy being mischief'd in the Spring-Garden, that I verily believe she scarce knows what She does yet.

Sir Oliv. Light the Candle, *Sentry*, that I may look For my Orange.

La. Cock. You have been at my Lady Love-youths, Cousins, I hear.

Aria. We have, Madam.

Gat. She charg'd us to remember her Service to you.

Sir Oliv. So, here it is, my Dear, I brought it home On Purpose for thee.

She wou'd if She cou'd. 159

La. Cock. 'Tis a lovely Orange indeed! Thank you, my dear; I am so discompos'd with the Fright I have had, that I wou'd fain be at rest.

Sir Oliv. Get a Candle, *Sentry*: Will you go to Bed, my Dear?

La. Cock. With all my Heart, *Sir Oliver*: 'Tis late, Cousins, you had best retire to your Chamber too.

Gat. We shall not stay long here, Madam.

Sir Oliv. Come, my Dear.

La. Cock. Good Night, Cousins.

Gat. and Aria. Your Servant, Madam.

[*Exeunt Sir Oliver, Lady Cockwood, and Sentry.*]

Aria. I cannot but think of those Letters, Sister.

Gat. That is, you cannot but think of Mr. *Freeman*, dear; I perceive he runs in thy Head as much as a new-worn uses to do in the Country, the Night before 'tis expected from *London*.

Aria. You need not talk, for I am sure the Losses of an unlucky Gamester are not more his Meditation, than *Courtal* is yours.

Gat. He has made some slight Impression on my Memory, confess; but I hope a Night will wear him out again, it does the noise of a Fiddle after Dancing.

Aria. Love, like some Stains, will wear out of it self, now, but not in such a little time as you talk of, Sister.

Gat. It cannot last longer than the Stain of a Mulberry most; the next Season out that goes, and my Heart cannot be long unfruitful, sure.

Aria. Well, I cannot believe they forg'd these Letters; what shou'd be their End?

Gat. That you may easily guess at; but methinks they took a very improper way to compass it.

Aria. It looks more like the Malice or Jealousie of a woman, than the Design of two witty Men.

Gat. If this shou'd prove a fetch of her Ladyship's wit, that is a playing the loving Hypocrite above with dear *Sir Oliver*.

Aria. How unluckily we were interrupted, when they were going to show us the Hand!

Gat. That might have discover'd all: I have a small Suspicion

Suspicion, that there has been a little Familiarity between Her Ladyship and Mr. Courtal.

Aria. Our finding 'em together in the *Exchange*, and Several Passages I observ'd at the *Bear*, have almost made Me of the same Opinion.

Gat. Yet I wou'd fain believe, the Continuance of it More her Desire, than his Inclination: That which makes Me mistrust him most, is her knowing we made 'em an Appointment.

Aria. If she were jealous of Mr. Courtal, she wou'd Not be jealous of Mr. Freeman too; they both pretend To have receiv'd Letters.

Gat. There is something in it more than we are able To imagine; time will make it out, I hope, to the Advantage of the Gentlemen.

Aria. I wou'd gladly have it so; for I believe, should They give us a just Cause, we shou'd find it a hard Task to hate them.

Gat. How I love the Song I learn't t'other Day, that I saw them in the *Mulberry Garden*!

She Sings.

TO little or no purpose I spent many Days,
In ranging the Park, th' *Exchange*, and the Play;
For ne'er in my Rambles, 'till now, did I prove
So lucky to meet with the Man I cou'd love.
Oh! how am I pleas'd, when I think on this Man,
That I find I must love, let me do what I can!

II.

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a Fever, when I shou'd be well.
My Passion shall kill me before I will show it,
And yet I wou'd give all the World he did know it:
But oh how I sigh, when I think shou'd be Woe me,
I cannot deny what I know wou'd undo me!

Aria. Fie, Sister, thou art so wanton.

Gat. I hate to dissemble when I need not; 'twou'd Look as affected in us to be reserv'd now w'are alone For a Player to maintain the Character she acts in the Tying-room.

Aria. Pr'ythee sing a good Song.

Gat. Now art thou for a melancholy Madrigal, compos'd by some amorous Coxcomb, who swears in all Companies he loves his Mistress so well, that he wou'd not do her the Injury, were she willing to grant him the Favour, and it may be is Sot enough to believe he wou'd oblige her in keeping his Oath too.

Aria. Well, I will reach thee thy Guitar out of the Closet, to take thee off of this Subject.

Gat. I'd rather be a Nun, than a Lover at thy rate; Devotion is not able to make me half so serious as Love has made thee already.

[*Ariana opens the Closet, Courtal and Freeman come out.*

Court. Ha, *Freeman*! is this your Business with a Lawyer? Here's a new Discovery, i'faith!

[*They shriek and run out.*

Free. Peace, Man, I will satisfy your Jealousie hereafter; since we have made this lucky Discovery, let us mind the present Businesses.

[*Courtal and Freeman catch the Ladies, and bring them back.*

Court. Nay, Ladies, now we have caught you, there is no escaping 'till w're come to a right Understanding.

Enter Lady Cockwood, and Sir Oliver, and Sentry.

Free. Come, never blush, we are as loving as you can be for your Hearts, I assure you.

Court. Had it not been our good Fortunes to have been conceal'd here, you wou'd have had ill Nature enough to assemble with us at least a Fortnight longer.

La. Cock. What's the matter with you here? Are you mad, Cousins? Bless me! Mr. *Courtal* and Mr. *Freeman* in our House at these unseasonable Hours!

Sir Oliv. Fetch me down my long Sword, *Sentry*, I lay my Life *Courtal* has tempting the Honour of the young Ladies.

La. Cock. Oh my Dear!

[*She holds him.*

Gat. We are almost scared out of our Wits, my Sister went to reach my Guitar out of the Closet and found us both shut up there.

La. Cock. Come, come, this will not serve your turn; I am afraid you had a Design secretly to convey 'em

Into your Chamber: Well, I will have no more of these Doings in my Family, my Dear; Sir *Joslin* shall remove These Girls to-morrow.

Free. You injure the young Ladies, Madam, their Surprize shews their Innocence.

Court. If any Body be to blame, it is Mistress *Sentry*.

Sent. What mean you, Sir? Heaven knows I know More of their being here——

Court. Nay, nay, Mistress *Sentry*, you need not be Asham'd to own the doing of a couple of young Gentlemen such a good Office.

Sent. Do not think to put your Tricks upon me, Sir.

Court. Understanding by Mistress *Sentry*, Madam, that These young Ladies wou'd very likely sit and talk in the Dining-room an Hour before they went to Bed, of the Accidents of the Day, and being impatient to know Whether that unlucky Bus'ness which happen'd in the Spring-Garden, about the Letters, had quite destroy'd our Hopes of gaining their Esteem; for a small sum of Money Mr. *Freeman* and I obtain'd the Favour of her to shut us Up where we might over-hear 'em.

La. Cock. Is this the Truth, *Sentry*?

Sent. I humbly beg your Pardon, Madam.

La. Cock. A Lady's Honour is not safe that keeps a Servant so subject to Corruption; I will turn her out of My Service for this.

Sir Oliv. Good! I was suspicious their Businesses had Been with my Lady at first.

La. Cock. Now will I be in Charity with him again For putting this off so handsomely. [Aside]

Sir Oliv. Hark you, my Dear, shall I forbid Mr. *Court* My House?

La. Cock. Oh! by no means, my Dear; I had forgot To tell thee, since I acquainted thee with that Bus'ness, I have been discoursing with my Lady *Love-youth*, and She blam'd me infinitely for letting thee know it, and Laugh'd exceedingly at me, believing Mr. *Court* intend'd Thee no Injury, and told me 'twas only a harmless Gallantry, which his *French* Breeding has us'd him to.

Sir Oliv. Faith, I am apt enough to believe it; for on My Conscience, he is a very honest Fellow. *Ned Court*

How

She wou'd if She cou'd. 163

How the Devil came it about that thee and I fell to Sa, fa,
in the Spring-Garden?

Court. You are best able to resolve your self that,

Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. Well, the Devil take me, if I had the least
Unkindness for thee. — Pr'ythee let us embrace and kiss,
and be as good Friends as ever we were, dear Rogue.

Court. I am so reasonable, *Sir Oliver*, that I will ask
No other Satisfaction for the Injury you have done me,

Free. Here's the Letter, Madam.

Aria. Sister, look here, do you know this Hand?

Gat. 'Tis *Sentry's*.

La. Cock. Oh Heav'ns! I shall be ruin'd yet.

Gat. She has been the Contriver of all this Mischief.

Court. Nay, now you lay too much to her Charge in
this; she was but my Lady's Secretary, I assure you,
she has discover'd the whole Plot to us.

Sent. What does he mean?

La. Cock. Will he betray me at last?

Court. My Lady being in her Nature severely virtuous;
it seems, offended at the innocent Freedom you take
rambling up and down by your selves; which made
her, out of her tenderness to your Reputations, counterfeit
these Letters, in hopes to fright you to that Reservedness
which she approves of.

La. Cock. This has almost redeem'd my Opinion of
his Honour.

[*Aside.*

Cousins, the little regard you had to the good Counsel I
give you, puts me upon this Business.

Gat. Pray, Madam, what was it *Mistress Garet* told
you concerning us?

La. Cock. Nothing, nothing, Cousins: what I told
you of Mr. *Courtal* was meer Invention, the better to
carry on my Design for your good.

Court. *Freeman*! Pray what brought you hither?

Free. A kind Summons from her Ladyship.

Court. Why did you conceal it from me?

Free. I was afraid thy peevish Jealousie might have
stroy'd the Design I had of getting an Opportunity
to clear our selves to the young Ladies.

Court.

Court. Fortune has been our Friend in that beyond Expectation.

To the Ladies.] I hope, Ladies, you are satisfy'd of our Innocence now.

Gat. Well, had you been found guilty of the Letters, We were resolv'd to have counterfeited two Contracts Under your Hands, and have suborn'd Witnesses to Swear 'em.

Aria. That had been a full Revenge; for I know You wou'd think it as great a Scandal to be thought to Have an Inclination for Marriage, as we shou'd to be Believ'd willing to take our Freedom without it.

Court. The more probable thing, Ladies, had been Only to pretend a Promise; we have now and then Courage enough to venture so far for a valuable Consideration.

Gat. The Truth is, such experienc'd Gentlemen as You are, seldom Mortgage your Persons without it be Redeem your Estates.

Court. 'Tis a Mercy we have 'scap'd the Mischief So long, and are like to do Penance only for our own Sins; most Families are a Wedding behind-hand in the World, which makes so many young Men fool'd into Wives, to pay their Father's Debts: All the Happiness A Gentleman can desire, is to live at liberty, 'till he be Forc'd that way to pay his own.

Free. Ladies, you know we are not ignorant of the Intentions you have towards us; pray let us treat a little.

Gat. I hope you are not in so desperate a Condition As to have a good Opinion of Marriage, are you?

Aria. 'Tis to as little purpose to Treat with us of any Thing under that, as it is for those kind Ladies, that Have oblig'd you with a valuable Consideration, to Challenge the Performance of your Promise.

Sir Oliv. Well, and how, and how, my dear Ned, Goes the Business between you and these Ladies? Are You like to drive a Bargain?

Court. Faith, Sir Oliver, we are about it.

Sir Oliv. And cannot agree, I warrant you; they are For having you take a Lease for Life, and you are for Being Tenants at Will, Ned, is it not so?

Gai. These Gentlemen have found it so convenient
living in Lodgings, they'll hardly venture on the trouble
of taking a House of their own.

Court. A pretty Country-Seat, Madam, with a
handsome parcel of Land, and other Necessaries belonging
to't, may tempt us; but for a Town-Tenement that
is but one poor Conveniency, we are resolv'd we'll
never deal.

[*A noise of Musick without.*]

Sir Oliv. Hark! my Brother *Folley's* come home.

Aria. Now, Gentlemen, you had best look to your
lives, and come to an Agreement with us quickly; for
I lay my life, my Uncle has brought home a couple
of fresh Chapmen, that will out-bid you.

Enter Sir Joslin with Musick.

Sir Jos. Hey Boys!

[*Dance.*]

S I N G S.

A Catch and a Glass,

A Fiddle and a Lafs,

What more wou'd an honest Man have?

Hang your temperate Sot,

Who wou'd seem what he's not;

'Tis I am wise, he's but grave.

Sir Jos. What's here? Mr. *Courtal* and Mr. *Freeman!*

Sir Oliv. Oh Man! here has been the prettiest, the
chiefest Discovery on all sides! We are all good Friends.

Sir Jos. Hark you, Brother *Cockwood*, I have got
Ham Rampant; *Rake-hell* and she are without.

Sir Oliv. Oh Heav'ns! Dear Brother *Folley*, send her
away immediately; my Lady has such an Aversion to a
naughty Woman, that she will swoon if she does but
hear her.

Sir Jos. 'Faith, I was hard put to't, I wanted a Lover;
rather than I wou'd break my old Wont, I dress'd
Rampant in a Suit I bought of *Rake-hell*; but since
the good Company's here,

[*Enter Rake-hell.*]

Send her away. My little *Rake-hell*, come hither; you
here are two powerful Rivals; therefore for fear of
losing, or a worse Disaster, take *Rampant* with you,
and be going quickly.

Rake.

Rake. Your humble Servant, Sir.

[Exit Rake-hel

Court. You may hereafter spare your self this labour, Sir *Joslin*; Mr. *Freeman* and I have vow'd our selves Humble Servants to these Ladies.

Free. I hope we shall have your Approbation, Sir.

Sir *Jos.* Nay, if you have a mind to commit Matrimony I'll send for a Canonical Sir, shall dispatch you presently.

Free. You cannot do better.

Court. What think you of taking us in the Humour? Consideration may be your Foe, Ladies.

Aria. Come, Gentlemen, I'll make you a fair Proposition Since you have made a Discovery of our Inclinations, my Sister and I will be content to admit you in the quality of Servants.

Gas. And if after a Month's Experience of your good Behaviour, upon serious Thoughts, you have Courage Enough to engage further, we will accept of the Challenge And believe you Men of Honour.

Sir *Jos.* Well spoke i' faith, Girls; and is it a match, Boys?

Court. If the Heart of Man be not very deceitful, 'tis Very likely it may be so.

Free. A Month is a tedious time, and will be a dangerous Tryal of our Resolutions; but I hope we shall not repent Before Marriage, whate'er we do after.

Sir *Jos.* How stand matters between you and your Lady, Brother *Cockwood*? is there Peace on all sides?

Sir *Oliv.* Perfect Concord, Man: I will tell thee That has happen'd since I parted from thee, when we were Alone, 'twill make thee laugh heartily. Never Man was So happy in a virtuous and a loving Lady!

Sir *Jos.* Though I have led Sir *Oliver* astray this Day and Two, I hope you will not exclude me the Act of Oblivion, Madam.

La. Cock. The nigh Relation I have to you, and the Respect I know Sir *Oliver* has for you, makes me forgive All that has pass'd, Sir; but pray be not the occasion of Any new Transgressions.

Sent. I hope, Mr. *Courtal*, since my Endeavours to Serve you, have ruin'd me in the Opinion of my Lady You will intercede for a Reconciliation.

Court. Most willingly, Mrs. *Sentry*——'Faith, Madam, since things have fallen out so luckily, you must needs receive your Woman into Favour again.

La. Cock. Her Crime is unpardonable, Sir.

Sent. Upon some solemn Protestations, Madam, that the Gentlemens Intentions were honourable; and having reason to believe the young Ladies had no Aversion to their Inclinations, I was of Opinion I shou'd have been ill natur'd, if I had not assisted 'em in the removing those Difficulties that delay'd their Happiness.

Sir Oliv. Come, come, Girl, confess how many Guineas prevail'd upon your easie Nature.

Sent. Ten, an't please you, Sir.

Sir Oliv. 'Slife, a Sum able to corrupt an honest Man Office! Faith you must forgive her, my Dear.

La. Cock. If it be your Pleasure, Sir *Oliver*, I cannot be obedient.

Sent. If Sir *Oliver*, Madam, shou'd ask me to see this Child, all may be discover'd yet.

La. Cock. If he does, I will give thee ten Guineas out of my Cabinet.

Sent. I shall take care to put him upon't; 'tis fit, that I should have bore all the Blame, shou'd have some reasonable Reward for't.

Court. I hope, Madam, you will not envy me the Happiness I am to enjoy with your fair Relation?

La. Cock. Your Ingenuity and Goodness, Sir, have made perfect Attonement for you.

Court. Pray, Madam, what was your Business with the Freeman?

La. Cock. Only to oblige him to endeavour a Conciliation between you and Sir *Oliver*; for though I was resolv'd never to see your Face again, it was Death to me to think your life was in danger.

Sent. What a miraculous Come-off is this, Madam!

La. Cock. It has made me so truly sensible of thoseangers to which an aspiring Lady must daily expose her Honour, that I am resolv'd to give over the great Business of this Town, and hereafter modestly confine my self to the humble Affairs of my own Family.

Court. 'Tis a very pious Resolution, Madam, and the better to confirm you in it, pray entertain an able Chaplain.

La.

La. Cock. Certainly Fortune was never before so unkind
To the Ambition of a Lady.

Sir Jos. Come, Boys, 'Faith, we will have a Dance before
We go to Bed——Sly Girl and Mad-cap, give me your
Hands, that I may give 'em to these Gentlemen, a Partner
Shall join you e'er long, and then you will have Authority
To Dance to some purpose: Brother *Cockwood*, take out
Your Lady, I am for Mistress Sentry.

*We'll foot it, and side it, my pretty little Miss,
And when we are weary, we'll lye down and kiss.*

Play away, Boys.

[*They Dance*]

Court. to *Gat.* Now shall I sleep as little without you
I shou'd do with you: Madam, Expectation makes me
Almost as restless as Jealousie.

Free. 'Faith, let us dispatch this Bus'ness: Yet I never
Cou'd find the Pleasure of waiting for a Dish of Meat
When a Man was heartily hungry.

Gat. Marrying in this Heat wou'd look as ill as fighting
In your Drink.

Aria. And be no more a proof of Love, than t'other
Of Valour.

Sir Jos. Never trouble your Heads further; since I
Perceive you are all agreed on the matter, let me alone
Hasten the Ceremony: Come, Gentlemen, lead 'em
To their Chambers; Brother *Cockwood*, do you shew the
Way with your Lady.

Ha Mistress Sentry!

S I N G S.

I Gave my Love a Green Gown
I th' merry Month of May,
And down she fell as wantonly,
As a Tumbler does at Play.

Hey Boys, lead away Boys.

Sir Oliv. Give me thy Hand, my Virtuous, my Dear
Henceforwards may our mutual Loves increase,
And when we are a-bed we'll sign the Peace.

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

F I N I S.







Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sc.

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aga

THE
MAN of MODE;
OR,
Sir Fopling Flutter.

A
COMEDY.

Acted at the DUKE's Theatre



L O N D O N :

Printed for Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's Head over-
against Catherine-street in the Strand.

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To Her Royal Highness the
DUTCHESS.

MADAM,



POETS, however they may be modest otherwise, have always too good an Opinion of what they Write. The World, when it sees this Play Dedicated to *Your Royal Highness*, will conclude, I have more than my share of that Vanity. But I hope the Honour I have of belonging to you, will excuse my Presumption. 'Tis the first thing I have produc'd in Your Service, and my Duty Obliges me to what my Choice durst not else have aspir'd.

I am very sensible, *Madam*, how much it is beholden to Your Indulgence, for the success it had in the Acting, and Your Protection will be no less fortunate to it in the printing; for all are so ambitious of ma-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

king their Court to You, that none can be
severe to what You are pleas'd to favour.

This Universal Submission and Respect is
due to the Greatness of Your Rank and Birth;
but You have other Illustrious Qualities,
which are much more engaging. Those
wou'd but dazzle, did not these really charm
the Eyes and Understandings of all who have
the Happiness to approach You.

Authors, on these Occasions, are never
wanting to publish a Particular of their Pa-
tron's Virtues and Perfections; but *Your Royal*
Highness's are so eminently known, that
did I follow their Examples, I shou'd but
Paint those Wonders here, of which every
one already has an Idea in his Mind. Be-
sides, I do not think it proper to aim at this
in Prose, which is so glorious a Subject for
Verse; in which hereafter if I show more
Zeal than Skill, it will not grieve me much
since I less passionately desire to be esteem'd
a Poet, than to be thought,

Madam,

Your Royal Highness's

Most humble, most obedient,

and most faithful Servant,

George Etherege



PROLOGUE,

By Sir Car Scroope, Baronet.

LIKE Dancers on the Ropes poor Poets fare,
Most perish young, the rest in Danger are ;
This (one wou'd think) shou'd make our Authors wary,
But, Gamester like, the Giddy Fools miscarry.
A lucky Hand or two so tempts 'em on,
They cannot leave off Play 'till they're undone.
With modest Fears a Muse does first begin,
Like a young Wench newly entic'd to Sin :
But tickl'd once with Praise, by her good Will,
The wanton Fool wou'd never more lye still.
Tis an old Mistress you'll meet here to Night,
Whose Charms you once have look'd on with Delight ;
But now of late such dirty Drabs have known ye,
A Muse o'th' better sort's asham'd to own you.
Nature well drawn, and Wit, must now give place
To gawdy Nonsense, and to dull Grimace :
Nor is it strange that you shou'd like so much
That kind of Wit, for most of yours is such.
But I'm afraid, that while to France we go,
To bring you home Fine Dressses, Dance, and Show ;
The Stage, like you, will but more Foppish grow.
Of Foreign Wares why shou'd we fetch the Scum,
When we can be so richly serv'd at home ?
For Heav'n be thank'd 'tis not so wise an Age,
But your own Follies may supply the Stage.
Too often plow'd, there's no great fear the Soil
Shou'd barren grow by the too frequent Toil ;
While at your Doors are to be daily found
Such Loads of Dunghil to manure the Ground.
Tis by your Follies that we Players thrive,
As the Physicians by Diseases live.
And as each Year some new Distemper Reigns,
Whose friendly Poison helps t' increase their Gains :

PROLOGUE.

*So among you, there starts up every Day,
Some unheard-of Fool for us to Play.
Then for your own Sakes be not too severe,
Nor what you all Admire at home, Damn here.
Since each is fond of his own ugly Face,
Why, 'hou'd you, when we hold it, break the Glass?*

Dramatis Personæ.

*Mr. Dorimant,
Mr. Medley,
Old Bellair,
Young Bellair,
Sir Fopling Flutter,*

} Gentlemen.

*Lady Townley,
Emillia,
Mrs. Loveit,
Bellinda,
Lady Woodvil, and
Harriet her Daughter,
Pert, and Buzie, Waiting-Women.
A Shoemaker.
An Orange-Woman.
Three Slovenly Bullies.
Two Chairmen.
Mr. Smirk, a Parson.
Handy, a Valet de Chambre.
Pages, Footmen, &c.*

} Gentlemen.

THE

business



THE
MAN of MODE;
OR,
Sir Fopling Flutter.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, A Dressing-Room, a Table covered
with a Toilet, Cloaths laid ready.

*Enter Dorimant in his Gown and Slippers, with a Note in
his Hand made up, repeating Verses.*

DORIMANT.

NOW for some Ages had the Pride of Spain,
Made the Sun shine on half the World in vain.

[Then looking on the Note.

For Mrs. Loveit.

What a dull insipid thing is a Billet-doux
Written in cold Blood, after the Heat of the
Business is over? It is a Tax upon good Nature which I

I 5

Have

178 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Have here been labouring to pay, and have done it, but
With as much Regret, as ever Fanatick pay'd the Royal
Aid, or Church Duties; 'twill have the same Fate, I
Know, that all my Notes to her have had of late, 'twill
Not be thought kind enough. Faith Women are i'the
Right when they jealously examine our Letters, for in
Them we always first discover our Decay of Passion.—
Hey! ——— Who waits! ———

Enter Handy.

Handy. Sir. ———

Dor. Call a Footman.

Handy. None of 'em are come yet.

Dor. Dogs! will they ever lye snoring a-bed 'till
Noon.

Handy. 'Tis all one, Sir: if they're up, you indulge
'Em so, they're ever poaching after Whores all the
Morning.

Dor. Take Notice henceforward who's wanting in his
Duty, the next Clap he gets, he shall rot for an Example.
What Vermin are those Chattering without?

Handy. Foggy Nan the Orange-Woman, and swearing
Tom the Shoe-maker.

Dor. Go; call in that over-grown Jade with the
Flasket of Gutts before her. Fruit is refreshing in a
Morning. [Exit Handy]

It is not that I love you less

Than when before your Feet I lay.

Enter Orange-Woman.

How now Double-Tripe, what News do you bring?

Or. Wom. News! Here's the best Fruit has come to
Town t'year; Gad I was up before Four a-Clock this
Morning, and bought all the Choice i'the Market.

Dor. The nasty Refuse of your Shop.

Or. Wom. You need not make Mouths at it, I assure
You 'tis all cull'd Ware.

Dor. The Citizens buy better on a Holiday in their
Walk to Tottenham.

Or. Wom. Good or bad, 'tis all one, I never knew you
Commend any thing; Lord, wou'd the Ladies had heard
y

You talk
Give me

Dor.

Or. W.

The like

Tell you

Town v

Dor.

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Or. W.

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Sir Fopling Flutter. 179

You talk of 'em as I have done: Here, bid your Man
Give me an Angel. [*Sets down the Fruit.*]

Dor. Give the Bawd her Fruit again.

Or. Wom. Well, on my Conscience, there never was
The like of you. God's my Life, I had almost forgot to
Tell you, there is a young Gentlewoman lately come to
Town with her Mother, that is so taken with you.

Dor. Is she handsome?

Or. Wom. Nay, Gad, there are few finer Women, I tell
You but so, and a hugeous Fortune, they say. Here, eat
This Peach, it comes from the Stone, 'tis better than any
Newington y'have tasted.

Dor. This fine Woman, I'll lay my Life,

[*Taking the Peach.*]

Is some awkward, ill-fashion'd; Country Toad, who not
Having above four dozen of black Hairs on her Head, has
Adorn'd her Baldness with a large white Friz, that she
May look sparkishly in the Fore-front of the King's Box,
At an old Play.

Or. Wom. Gad, you'd change your Note quickly, if
You did but see her.

Dor. How came she to know me?

Or. Wom. She saw you yesterday at the 'Change; she
Told me you came and fool'd with the Woman at the
Next Shop.

Dor. I remember there was a Masque observ'd me indeed.
Fool'd, did she say?

Or. Wom. Ay, I vow, she told me twenty things you
Said too; and acted with her Head and with her Body so
You.——

Enter Medley,

Med. Dorimant, my Life, my Joy, my darling Sin;
How do'st thou?

Or. Wom. Lord, what a filthy Trick these Men have
Got of Kissing one another! [*She spits.*]

Med. Why do you suffer this Cart-load of Scandal to
Come near you, and make your Neighbours think you
So improvident to need a Bawd?

Or. Wom. Good, now we shall have it, you did but
Want him to help you; come, pay me for my Fruit.

Med.

Med. Make us thankful for it, Huswife, Bawds are As much out of Fashion as Gentlemen-Ushers; none But old Formal Ladies use the one, and none but Foppish Old Strangers employ the other; go, you are an Insignificant Brandy Bottle.

Dor. Nay, there you wrong her, three Quarts of Canary is her Business.

Or. Wom. What you please, Gentlemen.

Dor. To him, give him as good as he brings.

Or. Wom. Hang him, there is not such another Heathen In the Town again, except it be the Shoe-maker without.

Med. I shall see you hold up your Hand at the Bar Next Sessions for Murder, Huswife; that Shoe-maker can Take his Oath you are in Fee with the Doctors to sell Green Fruit to the Gentry, that the Crudities may Breed Diseases.

Or. Wom. Pray give me my Money.

Dor. Not a Penny; when you bring the Gentlewoman Hither you spoke of, you shall be paid.

Or. Wom. The Gentlewoman! the Gentlewoman may Be as honest as your Sister, for ought as I know. Pray Pay me, Mr. *Dorimant*, and do not abuse me so; I have An honest Way of living, you know it.

Med. Was there ever such a resty Bawd?

Dor. Some Jade's Tricks she has, but she makes amends When she's in good Humour: Come, tell me the Lady's Name, and *Handy* shall pay you.

Or. Wom. I must not, she forbid me.

Dor. That's a sure Sign she wou'd have you.

Med. Where does she live?

Or. Wom. They lodge at my House.

Med. Nay, then she's in a hopeful Way.

Or. Wom. Good Mr. *Medley*, say your Pleasure of me, But take heed how you affront my House; God's my Life, In a hopeful Way!

Dor. Pr'ythee Peace, what Kind of Woman's the Mother?

Or. Wom. A goodly grave Gentlewoman. Lord how She talks against the wild young Men o'the Town; as For your Part, she thinks you an arrant Devil; shou'd

She

She see you, on my Conscience she wou'd look if you
Had not a Cloven-foot.

Dor. Does she know me?

Or. Wom. Only by Hearsay; a thousand horrid Stories
Have been told her of you, and she believes 'em all.

Med. By the Character, this shou'd be the Famous
Lady Woodvil, and her Daughter Harriet.

Or. Wom. The Devil's in him for guessing, I think.

Dor. Do you know 'em?

Med. Both very well; the Mother's a great Admirer
Of the Forms and Civility of the last Age.

Dor. An antiquated Beauty may be allow'd to be out
Of Humour at the Freedoms of the present. This is
A good Account of the Mother; pray what is the
Daughter?

Med. Why, first she's an Heiress vastly Rich.

Dor. And Handsome?

Med. What Alteration a Twelve-month may have
Bred in her I know not, but a Year ago she was the
Beautifullest Creature I ever saw; a fine, easie, clean
Shape, light-brown Hair in abundance; her Features
Regular, her Complexion clear and lively, large wanton
Eyes; but above all, a Mouth that has made me Kifs it a
Thousand times in Imagination, Teeth white and even,
And pretty pouting Lips, with a little Moisture ever
Hanging on them, that look like the Province Rose fresh
On the Bush, e'er the Morning Sun has quite drawn up
The Dew.

Dor. Rapture, meer Rapture!

Or. Wom. Nay, Gad, he tells you true, she's a Delicate
Creature.

Dor. Has she Wit?

Med. More than is usual in her Sex, and as much
Malice. Then she's as wild as you wou'd wish her, and
Has a Demureness in her Looks that makes it so surprizing.

Dor. Flesh and Blood cannot hear this, and not long
To know her.

Med. I wonder what makes her Mother bring her up
To Town; an old doating Keeper cannot be more jealous
Of his Mistress.

Or. Wom.

182 *The Man of Mode ; or,*

Or. Wom. She made me Laugh yesterday ; there was A Judge came to visit 'em, and the old Man, she told me, Did so stare upon her, and when he saluted her Smack'd So heartily ; who wou'd think it of 'em ?

Med. God-a-mercy, Judge.

Dor. Do 'em right, the Gentlemen of the long Robe Have not been wanting by their good Examples to Countenance the crying Sin o'the Nation.

Med. Come, on with your Trappings, 'tis later than You imagine.

Dor. Call in the Shoe-maker, Handy.

Or. Wom. Good Mr. *Dorimant* pay me ; Gad, I had rather give you my Fruit, than stay to be abus'd by that Foul-mouth'd Rogue ; what you Gentlemen say it matters Not much, but such a dirty Fellow does one more Disgrace.

Dor. Give her ten Shillings, and be sure you tell the Young Gentlewoman I must be acquainted with her.

Or. Wom. Now do you long to be tempting this prett Creature. Well, Heav'ns mend you.

Med. Farewell, Bogg.——[*Ex. Or. Wom. and Hand Dorimant*, when did you see your *Pis aller*, as you call Her, Mrs. *Loveit* ?

Dor. Not these two Days.

Med. And how stand Affairs between you ?

Dor. There has been great patching of late, much ad We make a shift to hang together.

Med. I wonder how her mighty Spirit bears it.

Dor. Ill enough on all Conscience, I never knew so Violent a Creature.

Med. She's the most passionate in her Love, and the Most extravagant in her Jealousie of any Woman I ever Heard of. What Note is that ?

Dor. An Excuse I am going to send her for the Neglect I am guilty of.

Med. Pr'ythee read it.

Dor. No, but if you will take the Pains you may.

Medley Reads.

I never was a Lover of Business, but now I have a just Reason to hate it, since it has kept me these two Days from

being you. I intend to wait upon you in the Afternoon, and in the Pleasure of your Conversation, forget all I have suffer'd during this tedious Absence.

This Business of yours, *Dorimant*, has been with a Vizard at the Play-house, I have had an Eye on you. If some malicious Body shou'd betray you, this kind Note wou'd hardly make your Peace with her.

Dor. I desire no better.

Med. Why, wou'd her Knowledge of it oblige you ?

Dor. Most infinitely ; next to the coming to a good Understanding with a new Mistress, I love a Quarrel with an old one ; but the Devil's in't, there has been such a Calm in my Affairs of late, I have not had the Pleasure Of making a Woman so much as break her Fan, to be Sullen, or forswear her self, these three Days.

Med. A very great Misfortune ; let me see, I love Mischief well enough, to forward this Business my self ; I'll about it presently, and though I know the Truth of what y've done will set her a raving, I'll heighten it a little with Invention, leave her in a Fit o'the Mother, and be here again before y're ready.

Dor. Pray stay, you may spare your self the Labour ; the Business is undertaken already by one who will manage it with as much Address, and I think with a little more Malice than you can,

Med. Who i'the Devil's Name can this be !

Dor. Why the Vizard, that very Vizard you saw me With.

Med. Does she love Mischief so well, as to betray her self to spight another ?

Dor. Not so neither, *Medley*. I will make you Comprehend the Mystery ; this Mask, for a farther Confirmation of what I have been these two days swearing to her, made me yesterday at the Play-house make her a Promise before her Face, utterly to break off With *Loweit* ; and because she tenders my Reputation, and Wou'd not have me do a barbarous thing, has contriv'd a Way to give me a handsom Occasion.

Med. Very good.

Dor.

Dor. She intends, about an Hour before me, this Afternoon to make *Loveis* a Vi't, and (having the Privilege, by reason of a profess'd Friendship between 'em To talk of her Concerns.

Med. Is she a Friend ?

Dor. Oh, an intimate Friend !

Med. Better and better ; pray proceed.

Dor. She means insensibly to insinuate a Discourse of Me, and artificially raise her Jealousie to such a height, That transported with the first Motions of her Passion, She shall flye upon me with all the Fury imaginable, as Soon as ever I enter ; the Quarrel being thus happily Begun, I am to play my Part, confess and justifie all my Roguery, swear her Impertinence and ill Humour make Her intolerable, tax her with the next Fop that comes Into my Head, and in a Huff march away ; slight her, And leave her to be taken by whosoever thinks it worth His Time to lye down before her.

Med. This Vizard is a Spark, and has a Genius that Makes her worthy of your self, *Dorimant*.

Enter Handy, Shoemaker, and Foot-man

Dor. You Rogue there, who sneak like a Dog that has Flung down a Dish, if you do not mend your waiting, Uncase you, and turn you loose to the Wheel of Fortune *Handy*, seal this, and let him run with it presently.

[*Ex. Handy and Foot-man*]

Med. Since y'are resolv'd on a Quarrel, why do you Send her this kind Note ?

Dor. To keep her at home in order to the Business. How now, you drunken Sot ? [To the Shoemaker]

Shoom. 'Zbud, you have no reason to talk, I have not Had a Bottle of Sack of yours in my Belly this Fortnight

Med. The Orange Woman says, your Neighbours Take notice what a Heathen you are, and design to Inform the Bishop, and have you burn'd for an Atheist.

Shoom. Damn her, Dunghil, if her Husband does not Remove her, she stinks so, the Parish intend to Indict Him for a Nufance.

Med. I advise you like a Friend, reform your Life, You have brought the Envy of the World upon you,

Sir Fopling Flutter. 185

By living above your self. Whoring and Swearing are,
Vices too gentle for a Shoomaker.

Shoom. 'Zbud, I think you Men of Quality will grow
As unreasonable as the Women; you wou'd ingross the
Sins o'the Nation; poor Folks can no sooner be wicked,
But they're rail'd at by their Betters.

Dor. Sirrah, I'll have you stand i'the Pillory for this
Libel.

Shoom. Some of you deserve it, I'm sure; there are
So many of 'em, that our Journeymen, now-a-days,
Instead of harmless Ballads, sing nothing but your damn'd
Lampoons.

Dor. Our Lampoons, you Rogue?

Shoom. Nay, good Master, why shou'd not you
Write your own Commentaries, as well as *Cesar*?

Med. The Raskal's read, I perceive.

Shoom. You know the old Proverb, Ale and History.

Dor. Draw on my Shoos, Sirrah.

Shoom. Here's a Shoo!

Dor. Sits with more Wrinkles than there are in an
Avery Bully's Forehead.

Shoom. 'Zbud, as smooth as your Mistress's Skin does
Upon her; so, strike your Foot in home. 'Zbud, if e'er
A Monsieur of 'em all make more fashionable Ware, I'll
Be content to have my Ears whipp'd off with my own
Cutting-Knife.

Med. And serv'd up in a Ragoust, instead of
Boxcombs, to a Company of *French* Shoomakers, for a
Collation.

Shoom. Hold, hold, damn 'em, Caterpillars, let 'em
Feed upon Cabbage; come, Master, your Health this
Morning next my Heart now.

Dor. Go, get you home, and govern your Family
Better; do not let your Wife follow you to the
Le-house, beat your Whore, and lead you home in
Triumph.

Shoom. 'Zbud, there's never a Man i'the Town lives
More like a Gentleman, with his Wife, than I do. I
Never mind her Motions, she never inquires into mine;
We speak to one another civilly, hate one another

Heartily.

186 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Heartily, and because 'tis vulgar to lye and soak together
We have each of us our several Settle-bed.

Dor. Give him half a Crown.

Med. Not without he will promise to be bloody
Drunk.

Shoom. Tope's the Word i'the Eye of the World,
For my Master's Honour, *Robin*.

Dor. Do not Debauch my Servants, Sirrah.

Shoom. I only tip him the Wink ; he knows an
Ale-house from a Hovil. [Exit Shoomaker

Dor. My Cloaths, quickly.

Med. Where shall we Dine to Day ?

Dor. Where you will ; here comes a good third Man

Enter Bellair.

Bell. Your Servant, Gentlemen.

Med. Gentle Sir, how will you answer this Visit to
Your honourable Mistress ? 'Tis not her Interest you
Shou'd keep Company with Men of Sense, who will
Talking Reason.

Bell. I do not fear her Pardon, do you but grant me
Yours, for my Neglect of late.

Med. Though y'ave made us miserable by the want
Your good Company ; to show you I am free from all
Resentment, may the Beautiful Cause of our Misfortune
Give you all the Joys happy Lovers have shar'd ever
Since the World began.

Bell. You wish me in Heav'n, but you believe me on
My Journey to Hell.

Med. You have a good strong Faith, and that may
Contribute much towards your Salvation. I confess I
Am but of an untoward Constitution, apt to have Doubts
And Scruples, and in Love they are no less distracting
Than in Religion ; were I so near Marriage, I shou'd
Cry out by Fits as I ride in my Coach, Cuckold,
Cuckold, with no less Fury than the mad Fanatick do
Glory in *Bethlem*.

Bell. Because Religion makes some run mad, must
Live an Atheist ?

Med. Is it not great Indiscretion for a Man of Credit
Who may have Money enough on his Word, to go and

deal with *Jews*, who for little Sums make Men enter
to Bonds, and give Judgment?

Bell. Preach no more on this Text, I am determin'd,
and there is no hope of my Conversion.

Dor. Leave your unnecessary Fiddling; a Wasp that's
buzzing about a Man's Nose at Dinner, is not more
troublesome than thou art.

[To Handy, who is fiddling about him.]

Handy. You love to have your Cloaths hang just, Sir.

Dor. I love to be well dress'd, Sir; and think it no
scandal to my Understanding.

Handy. Will you use the Essence, or Orange-flower
Water?

Dor. I will smell as I do to Day, no Offence to the
Lady's Noses.

Handy. Your Pleasure, Sir.

Dor. That a Man's Excellency shou'd lye in neatly
tying of a Ribbond, or a Cravat! How careful's Nature
in furnishing the World with necessary Coxcombs?

Bell. That's a mighty pretty Suit of yours, *Dorimant*.

Dor. I am glad't has your Approbation.

Bell. No man in Town has a better Fancy in his
Cloaths than you have.

Dor. You will make me have an Opinion of my Genius.

Med. There is a great Critick, I hear, in these
quarters lately arriv'd piping hot from *Paris*.

Bell. Sir *Fopling Flutter*, you mean.

Med. The same.

Bell. He thinks himself the Pattern of Modern
Gallantry.

Dor. He is indeed the Pattern of Modern Foppery.

Med. He was yesterday at the Play, with a Pair of
Gloves up to his Elbows, and a Perriwig more exactly
curl'd than a Lady's Head newly dress'd for a Ball.

Bell. What a pretty Lisp he has!

Dor. Ho! that he affects in Imitation of the People of
Quality in *France*.

Med. His Head stands for the most part on one side,
and his Looks are more languishing than a Lady's when
She

188 *The Man of Mode ; or,*

She lolls at stretch in her Coach, or leans her Head Carelessly against the side of a Box i' the Play-house.

Dor. He is a Person indeed of great acquir'd Follies.

Med. He is like many others, beholden to his Education for making him so eminent a Coxcomb; and A Fool had been lost to the World, had their indulgent Parents wisely bestow'd neither Learning nor good Breeding on 'em.

Bell. He has been, as the sparkish Word is, brisk up The Ladies already; he was yesterday at my Aunt Townley's, and gave Mrs. Loveit a Catalogue of his good Qualities, under the Character of a Compleat Gentleman Who, according to Sir Fopling, ought to Dress well, Dance well, Fence well, have a Genius for Love-Letters, and an Agreeable Voice for a Chamber, be very Amorous, Something Discreet, but not over Constant.

Med. Pretty Ingredients to make an accomplish'd Person.

Dor. I am glad he pitch'd upon Loveit.

Bell. How so?

Dor. I wanted a Fop to lay to her Charge, and this As pat may be.

Bell. I am confident she loves no Man but you.

Dor. The good Fortune were enough to make me so. But that I am in my Nature modest.

Bell. Hark you, *Dorimant*, with your leave, Mr. Medley 'Tis only a Secret concerning a Fair Lady.

Med. Your good Breeding, Sir, gives you too much Trouble; you might have whisper'd without all this Ceremony.

Bell. How stand your Affairs with *Bellinda* of late?

[To *Dorimant*]

Dor. She's a little Jilting Baggage.

Bell. Nay, I believe her false enough, but she's ne'er The worse for your purpose; she was with you yesterday In a Disguise at the Play.

Dor. There we fell out, and resolv'd never to speak One another more.

Bell. The Occasion?

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Want of Courage to meet me at the Place pointed. These young Women apprehend Loving, as much as the young Men do Fighting at first; but once they'd, like them too, they all turn Bullies straight.

Enter Handy to Bellair.

Handy. Sir, your Man without desires to speak with

all. Gentlemen, I'll return immediately. [*Ex. Bellair.*]

Handy. A very pretty Fellow this.

Handy. He's Handsom, well Bred, and by much the most tolerable of all the young Men that do not abound in the Town.

Handy. Ever well Dress'd, always Complaisant, and very Impertinent; you and he are grown very intimate,

Handy. It is our mutual Interest to be so; it makes the young Men think the better of his Understanding, and judge him favourably of my Reputation; it makes him pass for some for a Man of very good Sense, and me upon for a very civil Person.

Handy. What was that Whisper?

Handy. A thing which he wou'd fain have known, but I do not think it fit to tell him; it might have frightened him from his honourable Intentions of Marrying.

Handy. Emilia, give her her due, has the best Reputation of any young Woman about the Town, who has Beauty enough to provoke Detraction; her Carriage is unaffected, her Discourse modest, not at all Censorious, pretending like the Counterfeits of the Age.

Handy. She's a discreet Maid, and I believe nothing can tempt her but a Husband.

Handy. A Husband?

Handy. Yes, a Husband; I have known many Women find a difficulty of losing a Maiden-head, who have afterwards made none of a Cuckold.

Handy. This prudent Consideration, I am apt to think, has made you confirm poor Bellair in the desperate Situation he has taken.

Handy. Indeed the little hope I found there was of her, and the State she was in, has made him by my Advice

Contribute

190 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Contribute something towards the changing of her Condition.

Enter Bellair.

Dear *Bellair*, by Heav'n's I thought we had lost thee; Men in Love are never to be reckon'd on when we would Form a Company.

Bell. Dorimant, I am undone; my Man has brought The most surprising News i'the World

Dor. Some strange Misfortune is befalln your Love.

Bell. My Father came to Town last Night, and Lodges i'the very House where *Emilia* lyes.

Med. Does he know it is with her you are in Love

Bell. He knows I love, but knows not whom, with Some officious Sot has betray'd me.

Dor. Your Aunt *Townley* is your Confident, and Favours the Business.

Bell. I do not apprehend any ill Office from her; I Have receiv'd a Letter, in which I am commanded by My Father to meet him at my Aunt's this Afternoon; He tells me farther, he has made a Match for me, and Bids me resolve to be obedient to his Will, or expect Be disinherited.

Med. Now's your Time, *Bellair*, never had Lover Such an Opportunity of giving a generous Proof of his Passion.

Bell. As how, I pray?

Med. Why, hang an Estate, marry *Emilia* out of Hand, and provoke your Father to do what he threatens; 'Tis but despising a Coach, humbling your self to a Pair Of Goloshoes, being out of Countenance when you Meet your Friends, pointed at and pitied where-ever Go by all the Amorous Fops that know you, and your Fame will be Immortal.

Bell. I cou'd find in my Heart to resolve not to marry At all.

Dor. Fie, fie, that would spoil a good Jest, and Disappoint the well-natur'd Town of an occasion of Laughing at you.

Bell. The Storm I have so long expected hangs o'er My Head, and begins to pour down upon me; I am

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the Rack, and can have no Rest 'till I'm satisfied in
what I fear; where do you Dine?

Dor. At Long's, or Locker's.

Med. At Long's let it be.

Bell. I'll run and see Emilia, and inform my self how
matters stand; if my Misfortunes are not so great as to
make me unfit for Company, I'll be with you. [Ex. Bellair.

Enter a Footman with a Letter.

Footm. Here's a Letter, Sir. [To Dorimant.

Dor. The Superscription's right: For Mr. Dorimant.

Med. Let's see, the very Scrawl and Spelling of a
bred Whore.

Dor. I know the Hand; the Stile is admirable, I assure

Med. Pr'ythee read it.

Dorimant Reads.

*Did a you you dud not love me, if you dud you wou'd have
seen me again e'er now; I have no Mony. and am very
Mallicolly; pray send me a Guynie to see the Operies.*

Your Servant to Command,

Molly.

Med. Pray let the Whore have a favourable Answer,
that she may Spark it in a Box, and do Honour to her
profession.

Dor. She shall, and perk up i'the Face of Quality.
the Coach at Door?

Handy. You did not bid me send for it.

Dor. Eternal Blockhead! [Handy offers to go out.

Sot.——

Handy. Did you call me, Sir?

Dor. I hope you have no just Exception to the Name,

Handy. I have Sense, Sir.

Dor. Not so much as a Flie in Winter——How did
you come, Medley?

Med. In a Chair.

Footm. You may have a Hackney-Coach, if you
wish, Sir.

Dor.

192 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Dor. I may ride the Elephant, if I please, Sir; call Another Chair, and let my Coach follow to Long's.

Be calm, ye great Parents, &c.

[*Ex. singing*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lady Townley and Emilia.

Town. I Was afraid, *Emilia*, all had been discover'd.

Emil. I tremble with the Apprehension still.

Town. That my Brother shou'd take Lodgings i'the Very House where you lye!

Emil. 'Twas lucky, we had timely notice to warn People to be secret. He seems to be a mighty good Humour'd old Man.

Town. He ever had a notable smerking way with him.

Emil. He calls me Rogue, tells me he can't abide me And does so be-pat me.

Town. On my Word you are much in his Favour then.

Emil. He has been very inquisitive, I am told, about My Family, my Reputation, and my Fortune.

Town. I am confident he does not i'the least suspect You are the Woman his Son's in Love with.

Emil. What shou'd make him then inform himself Particularly of me?

Town. He was always of a very loving Temper himself. It may be he has a doating Fit upon him, who knows.

Emil. It cannot be.

Enter young Bellair.

Town. Here comes my Nephew. Where did you Leave your Father?

Y. Bell. Writing a Note within. *Emilia*, this early Visit looks as if some kind Jealousie wou'd not let you Rest at home.

Emil. The Knowledge I have of my Rival, gives A little Cause to fear your Constancy.

Y. Bell. My Constancy! I vow——

Sir Fopling Flutter. 193

Emil. Do not vow——Our Love is frail as is our Life, and full as little in our Power; and are you sure You shall out-live this Day?

Y. Bell. I am not: but when we are in perfect Health, 'twere an idle thing to fright our selves with the Thoughts Of sudden Death.

Town. Pray what has pass'd between you and your Father i'the Garden.

Y. Bell. He's firm in his Resolution, tells me I must marry Mrs. *Harriet*, or swears he'll marry himself, and disinherit me; when I saw I cou'd not prevail with him to be more indulgent, I dissembled an Obedience to his Will, which has compos'd his Passion, and will give us Time, and I hope Opportunity to deceive him.

Enter Old Bellair, with a Note in his Hand.

Town. Peace, here he comes.

O. Bell. *Harry*, take this, and let your Man carry it to me to Mr. *Fourbes's* Chamber, my Lawyer, i'the Temple. Neighbour, a-dod I am glad to see thee here;

[*To Emilia.*

How much of her, Sister, she's one of the best of your acquaintance; I like her Countenance and her Behaviour well, she has a Modesty that is not common i'this Age, a-dod, she has.

Town. I know her Value, Brother, and esteem her accordingly.

O. Bell. Advise her to wear a little more Mirth in her face, a-dod she's too serious.

Town. The Fault is very excusable in a young Woman.

O. Bell. Nay, a-dod, I like her ne'er the worse, a melancholly Beauty has her Charms; I love a pretty Sweets in a Face which varies now and then, like changeable Colours, into a Smile.

Town. Methinks you speak very feelingly, Brother.

O. Bell. I am but Five and Fifty, Sister, you know, Age not altogether unsensible! Cheer up Sweet

[*To Emilia.*

Give a Secret to tell thee may chance to make thee merry; we three will make Collation together anon, i'the time mum, I can't abide you; go, I can't abide

K

You,——

194 *The Man of Mode; or,*

You.—*Harry*, come, you [Enter young Bella]
Must along with me to my Lady *Woodvill's*. I am going
To slip the Boy at a Mistress.

Y. Bell. At a Wife, Sir, you wou'd say.

O. Bell. You need not look so grum, Sir, a Wife is
Curse when she brings the Blessing of a good Estate w
Her; but an idle Town Flurt, with a painted Face, a
Rotten Reputation, and a crasie Fortune, a-dod, is the
Devil and all; and such a one I hear you are in League
With.

Y. Bell. I cannot help Detraction, Sir.

O. Bell. Out, a pife o' their Breeches, there are keep
Fools enough for such flaunting Baggages, and they are
E'en too good for 'em. Remember Night. [To Emil]
Go, y'are a Rogue, y'are a Rogue; fare you well, fare
You well; come, come, come along, Sir.

[Ex. Old and Young Bell]

Town. On my Word the Old Man comes on apace;
I'll lay my Life he's smitten,

Emil. This is nothing but the Pleasantness of his Humour.

Town. I know him better than you, let it work, it
May prove lucky.

Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, Mr. *Medley* has sent to know whether
A Visit will not be troublesome this Afternoon?

Town. Send him Word his Visits never are so. [Ex. Page]

Emil. He's a very pleasant Man.

Town. He's a very necessary Man amongst us Women
He's not scandalous i'the least, perpetually contriving to
Bring good Company together, and always ready to fill
Up a Gap at *Ombre*; then he knows all the little
News o'the Town.

Emil. I love to hear him talk o'the Intrigues; let 'em
Be never so dull in themselves, he'll make 'em pleasant in
Relation.

Town. But he improves things so much one can take
Measure of the Truth from him. Mr. *Dorimant* swears
A Flea or a Maggot is not made more monstrous by
Magnifying Glass, than a Story is by his telling it.

Emil. Hold, here he comes.

Enter Medley.

Town. Mr. Medley.

Med. Your Servant, Madam.

Town. You have made your self a Stranger of late.

Emil. I believe you took a Surfeit of *Ombre* last time you were here.

Med. Indeed I had my Belly full of that *Termagant* Lady Dealer; there never was so unsatiable a Carder, an old Gleeker never lov'd to sit to't like her; I have play'd with her now at least a Dozen times, 'till she's worn out all her fine Complexion, and her Tour wou'd keep a Curl no longer.

Town. Blame her not, poor Woman, she loves nothing so well as a black Ace.

Med. The Pleasure I have seen her in, when she has had scope in drawing for a *Matadore*.

Emil. 'Tis as pretty Sport to her, as persuading Masks. 'Tis to you to make Discoveries.

Town. Pray, where's your Friend, Mr. *Dorimant*?

Med. Solliciting his Affairs; he's a Man of great employment, has more Mistresses now depending, than the most Eminent Lawyer in *England* has Causes.

Emil. Here has been Mrs. *Loveit*, so uneasy and out of Humour these two Days.

Town. How strangely Love and Jealousie rage in that poor Woman!

Med. She cou'd not have pick'd out a Devil upon earth so proper to torment her, he has made her break a dozen or two of Fans already, tear half a Score Points in faces, and destroy Hoods and Knots without number.

Town. We heard of a pleasant Serenade he gave her the other Night.

Med. A *Danish* Serenade, with Kettle-Drums and Trumpets.

Emil. Oh barbarous!

Med. What, you are of the number of the Ladies, whose Ears are grown so delicate since our Opera's, you can be charm'd with nothing but Flute Doux, and such Hautboys.

196 *The Man of Mode ; or,*

Emil. Leave your Raillery, and tell us, is there any New Wit come forth, Songs or Novels?

Med. A very pretty Piece of Gallantry, by an Eminence Author, call'd, *The Diversions of Bruxells*, very necessary To be read by all old Ladies, who are desirous to Improve themselves at Questions and Commands, Blindman's Buff, and the like fashionable Recreations.

Emil. Oh ridiculous!

Med. Then there is the Art of Affectation, written By a late Beauty of Quality, teaching you how to draw Up your Breasts, stretch up your Neck, to thrust out Your Breech, to play with your Head, to toss up your Nose, to bite your Lips, to turn up your Eyes, to speak In a silly soft Tone of a Voice, and use all the foolish *French* Words that will infallibly make your Person and Conversation charming, with a short Apology at the Latter End, in the Behalf of young Ladies who notorious Wash and Paint, though they have naturally good Complexions.

Emil. What a deal of Stuff you tell us?

Med. Such as the Town affords, Madam. The *Russians* hearing the great Respect we have for Foreign Dancing, have lately sent over some of their best Ballad Who are now practising a famous Ballad, which will be Suddenly danc'd at the *Bear-Garden*.

Town. Pray forbear your idle Stories, and give us an Account of the State of Love, as it now stands.

Med. Truly there has been some Revolutions in those Affairs, great chopping and changing among the old, Some new Lovers, whom Malice, Indiscretion and Misfortune, have luckily brought into play.

Town. What think you of walking into the next Room, and sitting down before you engage in this Business?

Med. I'll wait upon you, and I hope (though Women Are commonly unreasonable) by the plenty of Scandal I shall discover, to give you very good Content, Ladies

[Exit

S C E

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. Loveit and Pert.

[*Mrs. Loveit putting up a Letter, then pulling out her Pocket-Glass, and looking in it.*

Lov. Pert.

Pert. Madam.

Lov. I hate my self, I look so ill to-day.

Pert. Hate the wicked Cause on't, that base Man, Dorimant, who makes you torment and vex your self continually.

Lov. He is to blame, indeed.

Pert. To blame! to be two Days without sending, writing, or coming near you, contrary to his Oath and Covenant! 'twas to much purpose to make him swear; I lay my Life there's not an Article but he has broken, I'd to the Vizards i'the Pit, waited upon the Ladies in the Boxes to their Coaches; gone behind the scenes, and fawn'd upon those little insignificant Creatures, the Players; 'tis impossible for a Man of his inconstant temper to forbear, I'm sure.

Lov. I know he is a Devil, but he has something of an Angel yet undefac'd in him; which makes him so charming and agreeable, that I must love him be he ever so wicked.

Pert. I little thought, Madam, to see your Spirit seduced to this degree, who banish'd poor Mr. Lackwit for taking up another Lady's Fan in your Presence.

Lov. My knowing of such odious Fools, contributes to the making of me love Dorimant the better.

Pert. Your knowing of Mr. Dorimant, in my Mind, would rather make you hate all Mankind.

Lov. So it does, besides himself.

Pert. Pray, what Excuse does he make in his Letter?

Lov. He has had Business.

Pert. Business in general Terms would not have been a warrant Excuse for another; a modish Man is always busy when he is in Pursuit of a new Mistress.

198 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Lov. Some Fop has brib'd you to rail at him; he had Business, I will believe it, and will forgive him.

Pert. You may forgive him any thing, but I shall Never forgive him his turning me into Ridicule, as I hear He does.

Lov. I perceive you are of the number of those Fools His Wit has made his Enemies.

Pert. I am of the number of those he's pleas'd to rally Madam; and if we may believe Mr. *Wagfan* and Mr. *Caperwell*, he sometimes makes merry with your self Too, among his laughing Companions.

Lov. Blockheads are as malicious to witty Men, as Ugly Women are to the handsome; 'tis their Interest, and They make it their Business to defame 'em.

Pert. I wish Mr. *Dorimant* wou'd not make it his Business to defame you.

Lov. Should he, I had rather be made infamous by Him, than owe my Reputation to the dull Discretion of Those Fops you talk of. *Bellinda!* [Running to her]

Enter Bellinda.

Bell. My Dear!

Lov. You have been unkind of late.

Bell. Do not say unkind, say unhappy.

Lov. I could chide you, where have you been these Two Days?

Bell. Pity me rather, my Dear, where I have been Tir'd with two or three Country Gentlewomen, whose Conversation has been more unsufferable than a Country Fiddle.

Lov. Are they Relations?

Bell. No, *Welch* Acquaintance I made when I was Last Year at *St. Winefred's*, they have ask'd me a thousand Questions of the Modes and Intrigues of the Town, and I have told 'em almost as many things for News, that Hardly were so when their Gowns were in Fashion.

Lov. Provoking Creatures, how cou'd you endure 'em?

Bell. Now to carry on my Plot; nothing but Love Could make me capable of so much Falshood. [4th

'Tis time to begin, lest *Dorimant* should come before his Jealousie has hung her. [Laughs, and then speaks

Sir Fopling Flutter. 199

I was yesterday at a Play with 'em, where I was fain to
Shew 'em the living, as the Man at *Westminster* does the
Dead; that is Mrs. such a one admired for her Beauty;
This is Mr. such a one cry'd up for a Wit; that is sparkish
Mr. such a one, who keeps Reverend Mrs such a one; and
There sits fine Mrs. such a one, who was lately cast off by
My Lord such a one.

Lov. Did you see *Dorimant* there?

Bell. I did, and imagine you were there with him,
and have no mind to own it.

Lov. What should make you think so?

Bell. A Lady mask'd in a pretty *Dishabillié*, whom
Dorimant entertained with more Respect, than the
Gallants do a common Vizard.

Lov. *Dorimant* at the Play entertaining a Mask,
Oh Heav'ns!

Bell. Good!

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*

Lov. Did he stay all the while?

Bell. 'Till the Play was done, and then led her out,
which confirms me it was you!

Lov. Traitor!

Per. Now you may believe he had Business, and you
may forgive him too.

Lov. Ingrateful perjur'd Man!

Bell. You seem so much concern'd, my Dear, I fear
have told you unawares what I had better have conceal'd
of your Quier.

Lov. What manner of Shape had she?

Bell. Tall and slender, her Motions very gentle;
certainly she must be some Person of Condition.

Lov. Shame and Confusion be ever in her Face when
she shows it.

Bell. I should blame your Discretion for loving that
wild Man, my Dear; but they say he has a way so
witching, that few can defend their Hearts who know
him.

Lov. I will tear him from mine, or die i'the Attempt.

Bell. Be more moderate.

Lov. Wou'd I had Daggers, Darts, or poison'd Arrows
in my Brest, so I cou'd but remove the Thoughts of him
from thence.

200 *The Man of Mode ; or,*

Bell. Fie, fie, your Transports are too violent, my Dear. This may be but an Accidental Gallantry, and 'tis likely Ended at her Coach.

Pert. Shou'd it proceed farther, let your Comfort be, The Conduct Mr. *Dorimant* affects, will quickly make You know your Rival, ten to one let you see her ruin'd, Her Reputation expos'd to the Town, a Happiness none Will envy her, but your self, Madam.

Lov. Who e'er she be, all the Harm I wish her, is, May she love him as well as I do, and may he give her As much Cause to hate him.

Pert. Never doubt the latter end of your Curse, Madam!

Lov. May all the Passions that are rais'd by neglected Love, Jealousie, Indignation, Spite, and Thirst of Revenge, eternally rage in her Soul, as they do now in Mine.

[Walks up and down with a distracted Air]

Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, Mr. *Dorimant*.——

Lov. I will not see him.

Page. I told him you were within, Madam.

Lov. Say you ly'd, say I'm busie, shut the Door ; Say any thing.

Page. He's here, Madam.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. They taste of Death who do at Heav'n arrive,
But we this Paradise approach alive.

What, dancing the Galloping Nag without a Fiddle?

[To Lovelace]

[Offers to catch her by the Hand, she flings away and walks on.]

I fear this Restlessness of the Body, Madam, *[pursuing her]* Proceeds from an Unquietness of the-Mind. What Unlucky Accident puts you out of Humour; a Point Ill wash'd, Knots spoil'd i'the making up, Hair shaded awry Or some other little Mistake in setting you in Order?

Pert. A Trifle in my Opinion, Sir, more inconsiderable Than any you mention.

Dor. Oh Mrs. *Pert*, I never knew you fullen enough To be silent; come, let me know the Business.

Pert.

Sir Fopling Flutter.

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Pert. The Business. Sir, is the Business that has taken You up these two Days ; how have I seen you Laugh at Men of Business, and now to become a Man of Business Your self !

Dor. We are not Masters of our own Affections, our Inclinations daily alter ; now we love Pleasure, and anon We shall doat on Business ; Human Frailty will have it so, And who can help it.

Lov. Faithless, Inhuman, Barbarous Man. ———

Dor. Good, now the Alarm strikes. ———

Lov. Without Sense of Love, of Honour or of Gratitude, tell me, for I will know, what Devil Mask'd She was you were with at the Play yesterday ?

Dor. Faith I resolv'd as much as you, but the Devil Was obstinate, and wou'd not tell me.

Lov. False in this as in your Vows to me ! you do Know.

Dor. The Truth is, I did all I cou'd to know.

Lov. And dare you own it to my Face ? Hell anduries !

[Tears her Fan in pieces.

Dor. Spare your Fan, Madam, you are growing hot, and will want it to cool you.

Lov. Horror and Distraction seize you, Sorrow and remorse gnaw your Soul, and punish all your Perjuries to me. ———

[Weeps.

Dor. So Thunder breaks the Cloud in Twain,

and makes a Passage for the Rain. [Turning to Bellinda.

Bellinda, you are the Devil that have rais'd this Storm ;

you were at the Play yesterday, [To Bellinda.

and have been making Discoveries to your Dear.

Bell. Y'are the most mistaken Man i'the World.

Dor. It must be so, and here I vow Revenge ; resolve to pursue and persecute you more impertinently than

ever any loving Fop did his Mistress, Hunt you i'the

ark, Trace you i'the Mall, Dog you in every Visit

you make, Haunt you at the Plays, and i'the

Lawing-Room, hang my Nose in your Neck, and talk

you whether you will or no, and ever look upon you

with such dying Eyes, 'till your Friends grow jealous of

send you out of Town, and make the World suspect

K 5

Your

202 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Your Reputation. At my Lady *[In a lower Voice.]*
Townley's when we go from hence.

[He looks kindly on Bellinda.]

Bell. I'll meet you there.

Dor. Enough.

Lov. Stand off, you sha'not stare upon her so.

[Pushing Dorimant away.]

Dor. Good! There's one made Jealous already.

Lov. Is this the Constancy you vow'd?

Dor. Constancy at my Years! 'tis not a Virtue in Season, you might as well expect the Fruit the Autumn Ripens i'the Spring.

Lov. Monstrous Principle!

Dor. Youth has a long Journey to go, Madam; should I have set up my Rest at the first Inn I lodg'd at, I Shou'd never have arriv'd at the Happiness I now enjoy.

Lov. Dissembler, damn'd Dissembler!

Dor. I am so, I confess; good Nature and good Manners corrupt me. I am honest in my Inclinations, And would not, wou't not to avoid Offence, make a Lady a little in Years believe I think her young, willfully Mistake Art for Nature, and seem as fond of a thing I am Weary of, as when I doated on't in earnest.

Lov. False Man.

Dor. True Woman.

Lov. Now you begin to show your self!

Dor. Love Gilds us over, and makes us show fine Things to one another for a time, but soon the Gold Wears off, and then again the Native Brass appears.

Lov. Think on your Oaths, your Vows and Protestations, perjur'd Man.

Dor. I made 'em when I was in Love.

Lov. And therefore ought they not to bind? Oh Impious!

Dor. What we swear at such a time may be a certain Proof of a present Passion; but to say Truth, in Love There is no Security to be given for the future.

Lov. Horrid and ingrateful, be gone, and never see me More.

Dor.

Dor. I am not one of those troublesome Coxcombs, Who because they were once well receiv'd, take the Privilege to plague a Woman with their Love ever after; I shall obey you, Madam, though I do my self some Violence. [*He offers to go, and Loveit pulls him back.*]

Love. Come back, you sha' not go. Cou'd you have The ill Nature to offer it?

Dor. When Love grows diseas'd, the best thing we Can do is to put it to a violent Death; I cannot endure The Torture of a lingring and Consumptive Passion.

Love. Can you think mine sickly?

Dor. Oh, 'tis desperately Ill! What worse Symptoms Are there than your being always uneasie when I Visit You, your picking Quarrels with me on slight Occasions, and in my Absence kindly list'ning to the Impertinences of every fashionable Fool that talks to you?

Love. What fashionable Fool can you lay to my Charge?

Dor. Why, the very Cock-foot of all those Fools, Sir Fopling Flutter.

Love. I never saw him in my Life but once.

Dor. The worse Woman you, at first sight to put on All your Charms, to entertain him with that Softness in Your Voice, and all that wanton Kindness in your Eyes, You so notoriously affect when you design a Conquest.

Love. So damn'd a Lie did never Malice yet invent; Who told you this?

Dor. No matter; that ever I should love a Woman That can doat on a Senseless Caper, a Tawdry French Riband, and a Formal Cravat!

Love. You make me Mad.

Dor. A guilty Conscience may do much; go on, be The Game-Mistress o'the Town, and enter all our young Fops, as fast as they come from Travel.

Love. Base and Scurrilous!

Dor. A fine mortifying Reputation 'twill be for a Woman of your Pride, Wit and Quality!

Love. This Jealousie's a meer Pretence, a cursed Trick Of your own devising; I know you.

Dor,

204 *The Man of Mode ; or,*

Dor. Believe it, and all the Ill of me you can. I Would not have a Woman have the least good Thought Of me, that can think well of *Fopling* ; farewell ; fall to, And much good may do you with your Coxcomb.

Lov. Stay, oh stay, and I will tell you all.

Dor. I have been told too much already. [*Ex. Dorimant.*]

Lov. Call him again.

Pert. E'en let him go, a fair riddance.

Lov. Run I say, call him again, I will have him call'd.

Pert. The Devil shou'd carry him away first, were it My Concern. [*Ex. Pert.*]

Bell. H'as frighted me from the very Thoughts of Loving Men ; for Heav'n's sake, my Dear, do not Discover what I told you ; I dread his Tongue as much As you ought to have done his Friendship.

Enter Pert.

Pert. He's gone, Madam.

Lov. Lightning blast him.

Pert. When I told him you desired him to come back, He smil'd, made a Mouth at me, flung into his Coach, And said —

Lov. What did he say ?

Pert. Drive away ; and then repeated Verses.

Lov. Wou'd I had made a Contract to be a Witch, When first I entertain'd this great Devil, Monster, Barbarian. I could tear my self in pieces. Revenge, Nothing but Revenge can ease me : Plague, War, Famine, Fire, all that can bring Universal Ruin and Misery on Mankind ; with Joy I'd perish to have you in my Power But this Moment. [*Ex. Lovett.*]

Pert. Follow, Madam, leave her not in this outrageous Passion. [*Pert gathers up the things.*]

Bell. H'as given me the Proof which I desir'd of his Love, But 'tis a Proof of his ill Nature too ; I wish I had not seen him use her so. I sigh to think that *Dorimant* may be One Day as faithless and unkind to me. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T

A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, Lady *Woodvill's* Lodgings.

Enter Harriet and Busy her Woman.

Busf. D E A R Madam ! Let me set that Curl in Order.

Har. Let me alone, I will shake 'em all out of Order.

Busf. Will you never leave this Wildness ?

Har. Torment me not.

Busf. Look ! there's a Knot falling off.

Har. Let it drop.

Busf. But one Pin, dear Madam.

Har. How do I daily suffer under thy Official Fingers ?

Busf. Ah, the difference that is between you and my Lady *Dapper* ! How uneasy she is if the least thing be amiss about her ?

Har. She is indeed most exact ! nothing is ever wanting to make her Ugliness remarkable !

Busf. Jeering People say so.

Har. Her Powdering, Painting, and her Patching Never fail in Publick to draw the Tongues and Eyes of All the Men upon her.

Busf. She is indeed a little too pretending.

Har. That Women should set up for Beauty as much in spite of Nature, as some Men have done for Wit.

Busf. I hope, without Offence, one may endeavour to make ones self agreeable.

Har. Not when 'tis impossible. Women then ought to be no more fond of dressing than Fools should be of Talking : Hoods and Modesty, Masks and Silence, things That shadow and conceal ; they should think of nothing else.

Busf. Jesu ! Madam, what will your Mother think is become of you ? For Heav'n's sake go in again.

Har. I won't.

Busf.

206 *The Man of Mode ; or,*

Busy. This is the extravagant'st thing that ever you Did in your Life, to leave her and a Gentleman who is To be your Husband.

Har. My Husband ! Haft thou so little Wit to think I Spoke what I meant, when I over-joy'd her in the Country, with a low Curtsie, and *what you please*, Madam, *I shall ever be obedient ?*

Busy. Nay, I know not, you have so many Fetches.

Har. And this was one, to get her up to London ; Nothing else, I assure thee.

Busy. Well, the Man, in my Mind, is a fine Man !

Har. The Man indeed wears his Cloaths fashionably, And has a pretty negligent way with him, very Courty, And much affected ; he bows, and talks, and smiles so Agreeably, as he thinks.

Busy. I never saw any thing so gentle !

Har. Varnish'd over with good Breeding, many a Blockhead makes a tolerable show.

Busy. I wonder you do not like him.

Har. I think I might be brought to endure him, and That is all a reasonable Woman should expect in a Husband ; but there is Duty i'the Case — and like the Haughty *Merab*,

*I find much Aversion in my stubborn Mind,
Which is bred by being promis'd and design'd.*

Busy. I wish you do not design your own Ruin ! I Partly guess your Inclinations, Madam, — that

Mr. Dorimant —

Har. Leave your prating, and sing some foolish Song Or other.

Busy. I will, the Song you love so well ever since you Saw *Mr. Dorimant*.

S O N G.

WHEN first *Amintas* charm'd my Heart,
My heedless Sheep began to stray ;
The Wolves soon stole the greatest part,
And all will now be made a Prey.

Oh, let not Love your Thoughts possess,
 'Tis fatal to a Shepherdess;
 The dang'rous Passion you must shun,
 Or else, like me, be quite undone.

Har. Shall I be paid down by a covetous Parent for a
 Purchase? I need no Land; no, I'll lay my self out all in
 Love. It is decreed——

Enter Young Bellair.

Y. Bell. What generous Resolution are you making,
 Madam?

Har. Only to be disobedient, Sir.

Y. Bell. Let me join Hands with you in that.——

Har. With all my Heart. I never thought I should have
 Given you mine so willingly. Here I Harriet——

Y. Bell. And I Harry——

Har. Do solemnly protest——

Y. Bell. And vow——

Har. That I with you——

Y. Bell. And I with you——

Both. Will never marry.——

Har. A Match!

Y. Bell. And no Match! How do you like this
 difference now?

Har. You expect I should take it ill, I see!

Y. Bell. 'Tis not unnatural for you Women to be a
 little angry, you miss a Conquest, though you would
 fight the poor Man were he in your Power.

Har. There are some, it may be, have an Eye like
 Ari'lanaw, big enough for the whole Fair, but I am not
 Of the number, and you may keep your Ginger-bread.
 'Twill be more acceptable to the Lady, whose dear
 Image it wears, Sir.

Y. Bell. I must confess, Madam, you came a Day
 After the Fair.

Har. You own then you are in Love.——

Y. Bell. I do.

Har. The Confidence is generous, and in return I
 Could almost find in my Heart to let you know my
 Inclinations.

Y. Bell.

208 *The Man of Mode ; or,*

Y. Bell. Are you in Love ?

Har. Yes, with this dear Town, to that degree, I Can scarce indure the Country in Landskips and in Hangings.

Y. Bell. What a dreadful thing 'twou'd be to be Hurry'd back to *Hampshire* ?

Har. Ah—— name it not !

Y. Bell. As for us, I find we shall agree well enough ! Wou'd we could do something to deceive the Grave People !

Har. Could we delay their Proceeding, 'twere well : A Reprieve is a good Step towards the getting of a Pardon.

Y. Bell. If we give over the Game we are undone ; What think you of playing it on Booty ?

Har. What do you mean ?

Y. Bell. Pretend to be in Love with one another ; 'twill Make some dilatory Excuses we may feign pass the better.

Har. Let us do't, if it be but for the dear Pleasure Of dissembling.

Y. Bell. Can you play your part ?

Har. I know not what 'tis to love, but I have made Pretty Remarks by being now and then where Lovers Meet. Where did you leave their Gravities ?

Y. Bell. I'th' next Room ; your Mother was censuring Our Modern Gallants.

Enter Old Bellair, and Lady Woodvil.

Har. Peace ! Here they come. I will lean against this Wall, and look bashfully down upon my Fan, while you, Like an amorous Spark, modishly entertain me.

Wood. Never go about to excuse 'em ; come, come, It was not so when I was a young Woman.

O. Bell. A-dod, they're something disrespectful. —

Wood. Quality was then consider'd, and not rally'd By every fleering Fellow.

O. Bell. Youth will have its Jest, a-dod it will.

Wood. 'Tis good Breeding now to be civil to one but Players and Exchange Women, they are treated by 'em As much above their Condition, as others are below theirs.

O. Bell. Out a pife on 'em, talk no more, the Rogues Ha' got an ill Habit of preferring Beauty, no matter Where they find it.

Wood.

Sir Fopling Flutter. 209

Wood. See your Son and my Daughter, they have improved their Acquaintance since they were within.

O. Bell. A-dod methinks they have! let's keep back and observe.

Y. Bell. Now for a Look and Gestures that may persuade 'em I am saying all the passionate things imaginable.——

Har. Your Head a little more on one side, ease your self on your left Leg, and play with your right Hand.

Y. Bell. Thus, is it not?

Har. Now set your right Leg firm on the Ground, adjust your Belt, then look about you.

Y. Bell. A little Exercising will make me perfect.

Har. Smile, and turn to me again very sparkish!

Y. Bell. Will you take your Turn, and be instructed?

Har. With all my Heart.

Y. Bell. At one Motion play your Fan, roll your Eyes, and then settle a kind Look upon me.

Har. So.

Y. Bell. Now spread your Fan, look down upon it, and tell the Sticks with a Finger.

Har. Very Modish.

Y. Bell. Clap your Hand up to your Bosom, hold down your Gown. Shrug a little, draw up your Breasts, and let 'em fall again gently, with a Sigh or two, &c.

Har. By the good Instructions you give, I suspect you for one of those malicious Observers who watch people's Eyes, and from innocent Looks make scandalous conclusions.

Y. Bell. I know some, indeed, who out of meer Love, to Mischief are as vigilant as Jealousie it self, and will give you an Account of every Glance that passes at a Play, and i'th' Circle.

Har. 'Twill not be amiss now to seem a little pleasant.

Y. Bell. Clap your Fan then in both your Hands, snatch it to your Mouth; Smile, and with a lively Motion fling your Body a little forwards. So——now spread it; fall back on the sudden, cover your Face with it, and break out into a loud Laughter——take up! look Grave, and fall a Fanning of your self——admirably well acted.

Har.

210 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Har. I think I am pretty apt at these Matters!

O. Bell. A-dod, I like this well.

Wood. This Promises something.

O. Bell. Come! there is Love ith' Case, a-dod there Is, or will be; what say you, young Lady?

Har. All in good time, Sir: you expect we should Fall to, and Love as Game Cocks Fight, as soon as we are Set together, a-dod y^e are unreasonable!

O. Bell. A-dod, Sir, I like thy Wit well.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Coach is at the Door, Madam.

O. Bell. Go, get you and take the Air together.

Wood. Will not you go with us?

O. Bell. Out a pize: A-dod I ha' Business and cannot. We shall meet at my Sister *Townley's*.

Y. Bell. He's going to *Emilia*:

I overheard him talk of a Collation.

[*Aside*
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Enter Lady Townley, Emilia, and Mr. Medley.

Town. I pity the young Lovers we last talk'd of; Though, to say Truth, their Conduct has been so Indiscreet, they deserve to be unfortunate.

Med. Y^e have had an exact Account, from the great Lady ith Box down to the little Orange Wench.

Emil. Y^e are a living Libel, a breathing Lampoon; I wonder you are not torn in Pieces.

Med. What think you of setting up an Office of Intelligence for these Matters? The Project may get Mony.

Town. You would have great Dealings with Country Ladies.

Med. More than *Muddiman* has with their Husbands.

Enter Bellinda.

Town. *Bellinda*, what has been become of you! we Have not seen you here of late with your Friend Mrs. *Lovett*.

Bell. Dear Creature, I left but now so sadly afflicted.

Town. With her old Distemper, Jealousie!

Med. *Dorimant* has plaid her some new Prank.

Bell.

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Bell. Well, that *Dorimant* is certainly the worst Man breathing.

Emil. I once thought so.

Bell. And do you not think so still?

Emil. No indeed!

Bell. O Jesu!

Emil. The Town does him a great deal of Injury, and will never believe what it says of a Man I do not know again, for his sake.

Bell. You make me wonder!

Town. He's a very well-Bred Man.

Bell. But strangely ill-natur'd.

Emil. Then he's a very witty Man.

Bell. But a Man of no Principles.

Med. Your Man of Principles is a very fine thing indeed!

Bell. To be preferr'd to Men of Parts by Women who have regard to their Reputation and Quiet. Well, were I minded to play the Fool, he should be the last Man I'd think of.

Med. He has been the First in many Ladies Favours, though you are so severe, Madam.

Town. What he may be for a Lover I know not, but he's a very pleasant Acquaintance I am sure.

Bell. Had you seen him use Mrs. Loveis as I have done, you would never endure him more.

Emil. What, he has quarrell'd with her again?

Bell. Upon the slightest Occasion, he's jealous of Sir Fopling.

Town. She never saw him in her Life but yesterday, and that was here.

Emil. On my Conscience, he's the only Man in Town that's her Aversion; how horribly out of Humour she was all the while he talk'd to her!

Bell. And some Body has wickedly told him——

Emil. Here he comes.

[Enter *Dorimant*.]

Med. *Dorimant*! you are luckily come to justify your self——here's a Lady——

Bell. Has a Word or two to say to you from a Disconsolate a Person.

Dor,

212 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Dor. You tender your Reputation too much I know, Madam, to whisper with me before this good Company.

Bell. To serve Mrs. Loveit, I'll make a bold Venture.

Dor. Here's Medley, the very Spirit of Scandal.

Bell. No Matter!

Emil. 'Tis something you are unwilling to hear, Mr. Dorimant.

Town. Tell him, *Bellinda*, whether he will or no.

Bell. Mrs. Loveit.

[*Aloud.*

Dor. Softly, these are Laughers, you do not know 'em.

Bell. In a Word, y'ave made me hate you, [To *Dor.* apart. Which I thought you never could have done.

Dor. In obeying your Commands?

Bell. 'Twas a cruel part you play'd! how could you Act it?

Dor. Nothing is cruel to a Man who could kill himself To please you; remember Five a Clock to-morrow Morning.

Bell. I tremble when you name it.

Dor. Be sure you come.

Bell. I sha' not.

Dor. Swear you will.

Bell. I dare not.

Dor. Swear, I say.

Bell. By my Life! by all the Happiness I hope for—

Dor. You will.

Bell. I will.

Dor. Kind.

Bell. I am glad I've sworn, I vow I think I should Ha' fail'd you else!

Dor. Suprisingly kind! In what Temper did you Leave Loveit?

Bell. Her raving was prettily over, and she began to Be in a brave way of defying you, and all your Works. Where have you been since you went from thence?

Dor. I look'd in at the Play.

Bell. I have promis'd, and must return to her again.

Dor. Persuade her to walk in the Mall this Evening.

Bell. She hates the Place, and will not come.

Dor. Do all you can to prevail with her.

Bell. For what purpose?

Dor.

Sir Fopling Flutter. 213

Dor. Sir *Fopling* will be here anon, I'll prepare him to set upon her there before me.

Bell. You persecute her too much, but I'll do all you'll Ha' me.

Dor. Tell her plainly, 'tis grown so dull a [Aloud.] Business I can drudge on no longer,

Emil. There are Afflictions in Love, Mr. *Dorimant*.

Dor. You Women make 'em, who are commonly as Unreasonable in that as you are at Play; without the Advantage be on your side, a Man can never quietly give Over when he's weary.

Med. If you would play without being obliged to Complaisance, *Dorimant*, you should play in publick Places.

Dor. Ordinaries were a very good thing for that, but Gentlemen do not of late frequent 'em; the deep Play is Now in private Houses. [Bellinda offering to steal away.]

Town. *Bellinda*, are you leaving us so soon?

Bell. I am to go to the Park with Mrs. *Loveit*, Madam.——

Exit Bellinda.

Town. This Confidence will go nigh to spoil this young Creature.

Med. 'Twill do her good, Madam. Young Men who are brought up under practising Lawyers prove theabler Council when they come to be call'd to the Bar Themselves.——

Dor. The Town has been very favourable to you this Afternoon, my Lady *Townley*; you used to have an Embarrass of Chairs and Coaches at your Door, an Uproar of Footmen in your Hall, and a Noise of Fools above here.

Town. Indeed my House is the general Rendezvous, and, next to the Play-house, is the common Refuge of all the Young idle People.

Emil. Company is a very good thing, Madam, but I Wonder you do not love it a little more chosen.

Town. 'Tis good to have an universal Taste, we should love Wit, but for Variety be able to divert our selves With the Extravagancies of those who want it.

Med. Fools will make you Laugh.

Emil.

214 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Emil. For once or twice; but the Repetition of their Folly, after a Visit or two, grows tedious and unsufferable.
Town. You are a little too delicate, *Emilia*.

Enter a Page.

Page. Sir *Fopling Flutter*, Madam, desires to know if You are to be seen.

Town. Here's the freshest Fool in Town, and one who Has not cloy'd you yet. *Page!*

Page. Madam!

Town. Desire him to walk up.

Dor. Do not you fall on him, *Modly*, and snub him. Sooth him up in his Extravagance! he will shew the Better.

Med. You know I have a natural Indulgence for Fools And need not this Caution, Sir!

Enter Sir Fopling Flutter, with his Page after him.

Sir Fop. Page, wait without. Madam, [To *Ld. Town*] I kiss your Hands, I see yesterday was nothing of Chance, the Belles Assemblées form themselves here every Day. Lady, your Servant; [To *Emil*]

Dorimant, let me embrace thee; without lying, I have Not met with any of my Acquaintance, who retain so Much of *Paris* as thou dost, the very Air thou hadst When the Marquis mistook thee i'th' *Tuileries*, and Cry'd, Hey Chevalier, and then begg'd thy Pardon.

Dor. I would fain wear in Fashion as long as I can. 'Tis a thing to be valu'd in Men as well as Bawbles.

Sir Fop. Thou art a Man of Wit, and understand'st the Town; pr'ythee let thee and I be intimate, there is no Living without making some good Man the Confident Of our Pleasures.

Dor. 'Tis true! but there is no Man so improper for Such a Business as I am.

Sir Fop. Pr'ythee! why hast thou so modest an Opinion Of thy self?

Dor. Why first, I could never keep a Secret in my Life; and then there is no Charm so infallibly makes me Fall in Love with a Woman, as my knowing a Friend Loves her. I deal honestly with you.

Sir Fopling Flutter. 215

Sir Fop. Thy Humour's very gallant, or let me perish,
knew a *French Count* so like thee.—

Town. Wit I perceive has more Power over you
than Beauty, Sir *Fopling*, else you would not have
let this Lady stand so long neglected.

Sir Fop. A thousand Pardons, Madam, [To Emilia.
some Civilities due of Course upon the meeting a long
absent Friend. The Eclat of so much Beauty, I
confess, ought to have charm'd me sooner.

Emil. The Brillian of so much good Language, Sir,
has much more power than the little Beauty I can boast.

Sir Fop. I never saw any thing prettier than this high
Work on your Point *D'espaigne*.—

Emil. 'Tis not so rich as Point *de Venice*—

Sir Fop. Not altogether, but looks cooler, and is more
proper for the Season. *Dorimant*, is not that *Medley*?

Dor. The same, Sir.

Sir Fop. Forgive me, Sir, in this Embarrass of Civilities,
could not come to have you in my Arms sooner. You
understand an Equipage the best of any Man in Town,
near.

Med. By my own you would not guess it.

Sir Fop. There are Criticks who do not Write, Sir.

Med. Our peevish Poets will scarce allow it.

Sir Fop. Damn'em, they'll allow no Man Wit, who
does not play the Fool like themselves, and show it!
Have you taken notice of the Galleesh I brought over?

Med. O yes! it has quite another Air than th' *English*
makes.

Sir Fop. 'Tis as easily known from an *English* Tumbrel,
as an Inns of Court Man is from one of us.

Dor. Truly there is a Bell-air in Galleeshes, as well
as Men.

Med. But there are few so delicate to observe it.

Sir Fop. The World is generally very grossier here
indeed.

Town. He's very Fine.

Emil. Extream Proper.

Sir Fop. A slight Suit I made to appear in at my first
Arrival, not worthy your Consideration, Ladies.

Dor

216 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Dor. The Pantaloon is very well mounted.

Sir Fop. The Tassels are new and pretty.

Med. I never saw a Coat better cut.

Sir Fop. It makes me show long-waisted, and I think
Slender.

Dor. That's the Shape our Ladies doat on.

Med. Your Breech though is a handful too high in
Eye, *Sir Fopling*.

Sir Fop. Peace, *Medley*, I have wish'd it lower a
Thousand times, but a Pox on't 'twill not be.

Town. His Gloves are well Fring'd, large and graceful.

Sir Fop. I was always Eminent for being bien ganté.

Emil. He wears nothing but what are Originals of
Most Famous Hands in *Paris*.

Sir Fop. You are in the right, Madam.

Town. The Suit?

Sir Fop. *Barroy*.

Emil. The Garniture?

Sir Fop. *Le Gras*.

Med. The Shoos?

Sir Fop. *Piccar*.

Dor. The Perriwig?

Sir Fop. *Chedreux*.

Town. and *Emil.* The Gloves?

Sir Fop. *Orangerii*: You know the smell, Ladies.

Dorimant, I could find in my Heart for an Amusement
To have a Gallantry with some of our *English* Ladies.

Dor. 'Tis a thing no less necessary to confirm the
Reputation of your Wit, than a Duel will be to satisfy
The Town of your Courage.

Sir Fop. Here was a Woman yesterday ———

Dor. Mistress Loveit.

Sir Fop. You have nam'd her.

Dor. You cannot pitch on a better for your purpose.

Sir Fop. Pr'ythee! what is she?

Dor. A Person of Quality, and one who has a Rest of
Reputation enough to make the Conquest considerable;
Besides I hear she likes you too!

Sir Fop. Methoughts she seem'd though very reserv'd
And uneasy, all the time I entertain'd her.

Dor.

Her i'th

Sir Fop.

Dor.

Sir Fop.

Which y

Sir Fop.

Ladies,

Doors, a

Adorn it

See that

Med.

Dor.

Med.

Emil.

Life

Dor.

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Medley,

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Med.

Dor.

Town.

Emil.

Town.

Emil.

Enter

Har. C

Y. Bell

Sir Fopling Flutter.

217

Dor. Grimace and Affectation : You will see
Her i'th' Mall to-night.

Sir Fop. Pr'ythee, let thee and I take the Air together.

Dor. I am engaged to Medley, but I'll meet you at
St. James's, and give you some Information, upon the
Which you may regulate your Proceedings.

Sir Fop. All the World will be in the Park to-night:
Ladies, 'twere Pity to keep so much Beauty longer within
Doors, and rob the Ring of all those Charms that should
Adorn it.—Hey Page! [Enter Page, and goes out again.
See that all my People be ready. Dorimant, a Revoir.

Med. A fine mettld Coxcomb. [Ex. Sir Fop.

Dor. Brisk and insipid.—

Med. Pert and dull.

Emil. However you despise him, Gentlemen, I'll lay
My Life he passes for a Wit with many.

Dor. That may very well be, Nature has her Cheats,
Gives a Brain, and puts Sophisticate Dulness often on
The tasteless Multitude for true Wit and good Humour.
Medley, come.

Med. I must go a little way, I will meet you i'the
Mall.

Dor. I'll walk through the Garden thither; we shall
Meet anon and bow. [To the Women.

Town. Not to-night; we are engaged about a Business,
The Knowledge of which may make you laugh hereafter.

Med. Your Servant, Ladies.

Dor. A Revoir, as Sir Fopling says.—

[Exeunt Medley and Dorimant.

Town. The old Man will be here immediately.

Emil. Let's expect him i'th' Garden.—

Town. Go, you are a Rogue.

Emil. I can't abide you. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Mall.

Enter Harriet and Young Bellair, she pulling him.

Har. Come along.

Y. Bell. And leave your Mother?

L

Har.

218 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Har. *Busy* will be sent with a Hue and Cry after us; But that's no matter.

Y. Bell. 'Twill look strangely in me.

Har. She'll believe it a Freak of mine, and never Blame your Manners.

Y. Bell. What Reverend Acquaintance is that she has met

Har. A Fellow-beauty of the last King's time, though By the Ruins you would hardly guess it. *[Exeunt]*

[Enter Dorimant, and crosses the Stage]

Enter Young Bellair and Harriet.

Y. Bell. By this time your Mother is in a fine Taking

Har. If your Friend, Mr. *Dorimant*, were but herenow That she might find me talking with him.

Y. Bell. She does not know him, but dreads him, I Hear, of all Mankind.

Har. She concludes, if he does but speak to a Woman She's undone, is on her Knees every Day to pray Heaven Defend me from him.

Y. Bell. You do not apprehend him so much as she Does.

Har. I never saw any thing in him that was frightful

Y. Bell. On the contrary, have you not observed Something extream delightful in his Wit and Person?

Har. He's agreeable and pleasant I must own, but he Does so much affect being so, he displeases me.

Y. Bell. Lord, Madam, all he does and says is so easy And so natural.

Har. Some Mens Verses seem so to the unskilful, but Labour i'the one, and Affectation in the other, to the Judicious plainly appear.

Y. Bell. I never heard him accus'd of Affectation before

Enter Dorimant, and stares upon her.

Har. It passes on the easie Town, who are favourably Pleas'd in him to call it Humour.

[Exeunt Young Bellair and Harriet]

Dor. 'Tis she! it must be she! that lovely Hair, that Easie Shape, those wanton Eyes, and all those melting Charms about her Mouth, which *Medley* spoke of; I'll Follow the Lottery, and put in for a Prize with my Friend *Bellair*.

[Exit Dor. repeating]

*In Love the victors from the vanquish'd fly;
They fly that Wound, and they pursue that Die.*

*Enter Young Bellair and Harriet, and after them Dorimant
standing at a Distance.*

Y. Bell. Most People prefer *Hide-Park* to this Place.

Har. It has the better Reputation I confess; but I
abominate the dull Diversions there, the formal Bows,
the affected Smiles, the silly By-words, and Amorous
sneers in passing; here one meets with a little
Conversation now and then.

Y. Bell. These Conversations have been fatal to some
of your Sex, Madam.

Har. It may be so; because some who want Temper
have been undone by Gaming, must others who have it
wholly deny themselves the Pleasure of Play?

Dor. Trust me, it were unreasonable, Madam.

[Coming up gently, and bowing to her.

Har. Lord! who's this? *[She starts and looks grave.*

Y. Bell. *Dorimant!*

Dor. Is this the Woman your Father would have
you marry?

Y. Bell. It is.

Dor. Her Name?

Y. Bell. *Harriet.*

Dor. I am not mistaken, she's handsome.

Y. Bell. Talk to her, her Wit is better than her Face;
we were wishing for you but now.

Dor. Overcast with Seriousness so the sudden! *[To Harriet.*
Thousand Smiles were shining in that Face but now;
never saw so quick a Change of Weather.

Har. I feel as great a Change within.

[Aside.

He shall never know it.

Dor. You were talking of Play, Madam, pray what
may be your Stint?

Har. A little harmless Discourse in publick Walks, or
almost an Appointment in a Box bare-fac'd at the
House; you are for Masques and private Meetings,
where Women engage for all they are worth, I hear.

Dor. I have been us'd to deep Play, but I can make
at small Game, when I like my Gamester well.

220 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Har. And be so unconcern'd you'll ha' no Pleasure in it.

Dor. Where there is a considerable Sum to be won, the Hope of drawing People in, makes every Trifle considerable.

Har. The Sordidness of Men's Natures, I know, make 'Em willing to flatter and comply with the Rich, though They are sure never to be the better for 'em.

Dor. 'Tis in their Power to do us good, and we despair Not but at some time or other they may be willing.

Har. To Men who have far'd on this Town, like you, 'Twould be a great Mortification to live on Hope; could You keep a *Lent* for a Mistress?

Dor. In Expectation of a happy *Easter*; and though Time be very precious, think forty Days well lost, to Gain your Favour.

Har. Mr. *Bellair*! let us walk, 'tis time to leave him, Men grow dull when they begin to be particular.

Dor. Y'are mistaken, Flattery will not ensue, though Know y'are greedy of the Praises of the whole *Mall*.

Har. You do me wrong.

Dor. I do not; as I follow'd you, I observ'd how you Were pleas'd when the *Fops* cry'd She's handsome, very Handsome, by God she is, and whisper'd aloud your Name, the thousand several Forms you put your Face Into; then, to make your self more agreeable, how Wantonly you play'd with your Head, flung back your Locks, and look'd smilingly over your Shoulder at 'em.

Har. I do not go begging the Men's, as you do the Ladies good Liking, with a sly Softness in your Looks, And a gentle Slowness in your Bows as you pass by 'em. As thus, Sir; ——— [*Acts him*

Is not this like you!

Enter Lady Woodvil and Busy.

Y. Bell. Your Mother, Madam.

[*Pulls Harriet. She composes her self.*

Wood. Ah my dear Child *Harriet*!

Busy. Now is she so pleas'd with finding her again she Cannot chide her.

Wood. Come away!

Dor. 'Tis now but high *Mall*, Madam, the most Entertaining Time of all the Evening.

Har.

Cry out

Wood.

Should o

Y. Bell.

Wood.

The Prin

Nothing

Dor.

Wood.

The Ang

Enter

Sir Fop

La Tour,

Wood.

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Dor.

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Sir Fop

Dor.

A

Med. D

Dor.

Med. H

Dor.

You did in

Med. W

Dor.

Of me, I

Med. D

Dor.

Here was a

Sir Fopling,

And nam'd

Med. L

Alight at S

Har.

Sir Fopling Flutter. 221

Har. I would fain see that *Dorimant*, Mother, you so
Cry out of for a Monster, he's in the *Mall* I hear.

Wood. Come away then! the Plague is here, and you
Should dread the Infection.

Y. Bell. You may be misinform'd of the Gentleman.

Wood. Oh no! I hope you do not know him? He is
The Prince of all the Devils in the Town, delights in
Nothing but in Rapes and Riots.

Dor. If you did but hear him speak, Madam!

Wood. Oh! he has a Tongue, they say, would tempt
The Angels to a second Fall.

*Enter Sir Fopling with his Equipage, for Footmen and
a Page.*

Sir Fop. Hey, *Champaine*, *Norman*, *La Rose*, *La Fleur*,
La Tour, *La Verdue*. *Dorimant!* —

Wood. Here, here he is among this Rout, he names
him; come away, *Harriet*, come away.

[*Ex. Lady Woodvil, Harriet, Busy and young Bellair.*

Dor. This Fool's coming has spoil'd all: she's gone,
but she has left a pleasing Image of her self behind, that
wanders in my Soul — It must not settle there.

Sir Fop. What *Resverie* is this! speak Man.

Dor. Snatch'd from my self how far behind

Already I behold the Shore!

Enter Medley.

Med. *Dorimant*, a Discovery! I met with *Bellair*.

Dor. You can tell me no News, Sir, I know all.

Med. How do you like the Daughter?

Dor. You never came so near Truth in your Life, as
You did in her Description.

Med. What think you of the Mother?

Dor. Whatever I think of her, she thinks very well
Of me, I find.

Med. Did she know you?

Dor. She did not, whether she does now or no I know not.
Here was a pleasant Scene towards, when in came
Sir Fopling, mustering up his Equipage, and at the latter
End nam'd me, and frighted her away.

Med. *Loveit* and *Bellinda* are not far off, I saw 'em
Alight at *St. James's*.

222 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Dor. Sir *Fopling*, hark you, a Word or two, [*Whispers*]
Look you do not want Assurance.

Sir Fop. I never do on these Occasions,

Dor. Walk on, we must not be seen together, make
Your Advantage of what I have told you, the next
Turn you will meet the Lady.

Sir Fop. Hey——Follow me all.

[*Exeunt Sir Fopling and his Equipage*]

Dor. Medley. you shall see good Sport anon between
Loveit and this *Fopling*.

Med. I thought there was something toward by that
Whisper.

Dor. You know a worthy Principle of hers?

Med. Not to be so much as Civil to a Man, who
Speaks to her in the Presence of him she professes to
Love.

Dor. I have encourag'd *Fopling* to talk to her to-night.

Med. Now you are here she will go nigh to beat him.

Dor. In the Humour she's in, her Love will make her
Do some very extravagant thing doubtless.

Med. What was *Bellinda's* Business with you at my
Lady *Townley's*?

Dor. To get me to meet *Loveit* here in Order to an
Ecclaircissement; I made some Difficulty of it, and have
Prepar'd this Rencounter to make good my Jealousie.

Med. Here they come.

[*Enter Loveit, Bellinda and Pert.*]

Dor. I'll meet her, and provoke her with a deal of
Dumb Civility in passing by, then turn short and be
Behind her, when Sir *Fopling* sets upon her——

See how unregarded now

That Piece of Beauty passes—— [*Exeunt Dor. and Med.*]

Bell. How wonderful respectfully he bow'd!

Pert. He's always over-mannerly when he has done a
Mischief.

Bell. Methoughts indeed at the same time he had a
Strange despising Countenance.

Pert. The unlucky Look he thinks becomes him.

Bell. I was afraid you would have spoke to him, my
Dear.

Loveit

Lov. I would have dy'd first; he shall no more find
Me the loving Fool he has done.

Bell. You love him still!

Lov. No.

Pert. I wish you did not.

Lov. I do not, and I will have you think so: What
Made you hale me to this odious Place, *Bellinda?*

Bell. I hate to be hutch'd up in a Coach; Walking is
Much better.

Lov. Would we could meet *Sir Fopling* now.

Bell. Lord! would you not avoid him?

Lov. I would make him all the Advances that may be.

Bell. That would confirm *Dorimant's* Suspicion, my
Dear.

Lov. He is not jealous, but I will make him so, and
Be reveng'd a Way he little thinks on.

Bell. *Aside.* If she should make him jealous, that may
Make him fond of her again: I must dissuade her from
it. Lord! my Dear, this will certainly make him hate
You.

Lov. 'Twill make him uneasy, though he does not
Care for me; I know the Effects of Jealousie on Men of
His proud Temper.

Bell. 'Tis a fantastick Remedy, its Operations are
Dangerous and uncertain.

Lov. 'Tis the strongest Cordial we can give to dying
Love, it often brings it back when there's no Sign of Life
Remaining: But I design not so much the reviving his,
As my Revenge.

Enter Sir Fopling and his Equipage.

Sir Fop. Hey! bid the Coachman send home four of
His Horses, and bring the Coach to *Whitehall*. I'll walk
Over the *Park*——Madam, the Honour of kissing your
Fair Hands is a Happiness I miss'd this Afternoon at my
Lady *Townley's*.

Lov. You were very obliging, *Sir Fopling*, the last time
I saw you there.

Sir Fop. The Preference was due to your Wit and
Beauty. Madam, your Servant, there never was so
Sweet an Evening.

224 *The Man of Mode ; or,*

Bell. 'T has drawn all the Rabble of the Town hither.

Sir Fop. 'Tis Pity there's not an Order made, that none But the *Beau Monde* should walk here.

Lov. 'Twould add much to the Beauty of the Place: See what a sort of nasty Fellows are coming.

Enter four ill-fashion'd Fellows singing.

'Tis not for Kisses alone, &c.

Lov. Fo! Their Perriwigs are scented with Tobacco So strong——

Sir Fop. It overcomes our Pulvilio——Methinks I Smell the Coffee-house they came from.

1 *Man.* *Dorimant's* convenient, Madam *Loveis*.

2 *Man.* I like the Oylie——Buttock with her,

3 *Man.* What spruce Prig is that?

1 *Man.* A Caravan, lately come from *Paris*.

2 *Man.* Peace, they smoak.

There's something else to be done, &c.

[All of them Coughing]

[Exeunt Singing]

Enter Dorimant and Medley.

Dor. They're engag'd.——

Med. She entertains him as if she lik'd him.

Dor. Let us go forward——seem earnest in Discourse, And shew our selves. Then you shall see how she'll Use him.

Bell. Yonder's *Dorimant*, my Dear.

Lov. I see him, he comes insulting; but I will Disappoint him in his Expectation.

To Sir Fop. I like this pretty nice Humour of yours, *Sir Fopling*: With what a loathing Eye he look'd upon Those Fellows!

Sir Fop. I sat near one of 'em at a Play to-day, and Was almost poison'd with a Pair of Cordivant Gloves He wears.——

Lov. Oh filthy Cordivant! how I hate the Smell!

[Laughs in a loud affected way]

Sir Fop. Did you observe, Madam, how their Cravats Hung loose an Inch from their Neck, and what a Frightful Air it gave 'em!

Lov.

Sir Fopling Flutter.

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Low. Oh I took particular notice of one that is always Spruc'd up with a deal of dirty Sky-colour'd Ribband.

Bell. That's one of the walking Flajolets who haunt the Mall o' Nights.——

Low. Oh ! I remember him, h'has a hollow Tooth Enough to spoil the sweetness of an Evening.

Sir Fop. I have seen the tallest walk the Streets with a Dainty pair of Boxes, neatly buckl'd on.

Low. And a little Foot-boy at his Heels Pocket high, With a flat Cap——a dirty Face.

Sir Fop. And a snotty Nose——

Low. Oh——odious ! there's many of my own Sex With that *Holborn* Equipage trip to *Gray's Inn-Walks* ; And now and then Travel hither on a *Sunday*.

Med. She takes no notice of you.

Dor. Damn her ! I am jealous of a Counter-plot !

Low. Your Liveries are the finest, *Sir Fopling*.——
Oh that Page ! that Page is the prettily'st dress——
They are all Frenchmen.

Sir Fop. There's one damn'd English Blockhead Among 'em, you may know him by his Mien

Low. Oh ! that's he, that's he ; what do you call him ?

Sir Fop. Hey——I know not what to call him.——

Low. What's your Name ?

Foot-m. *John Trott*, Madam !

Sir Fop. O unsufferable ! *Trott, Trott, Trott* ! there's Nothing so barbarous as the Names of our English Servants. What Countryman are you, Sirrah ?

Foot-m. *Hampshire*, Sir.

Sir Fop. Then *Hampshire* be your Name. Hey *Hampshire* !

Low. O that Sound, that Sound becomes the Mouth of A Man of Quality !

Med. *Dorimant*, you look a little bashful on the matter !

Dor. She dissembles better than I thought she could Have done.

Med. You have tempted her with too luscious a Bait. She bites at the Coxcomb.

Dor. She cannot fall from loving me to that ?

Med. You begin to be jealous in earnest.

Dor. Of one I do not love——

226 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Mad. You did love her.

Dor. The Fit has long been over.

Med. But I have known Men fall into dangerous Relapses when they have found a Woman inclining to Another.

Dor. He guesses the Secret of my Heart! I am concern'd, But dare not show it, lest *Bellinda* should mistrust all I Have done to gain her. [To himself.]

Bell. aside. I have watch'd his Look, and find no Alteration there. Did he love her, some signs of Jealousie Would have appear'd.

Dor. I hope this happy Evening, Madam, has reconcil'd You to the scandalous Mall, we shall have you now Hankering here again.

Lov. Sir *Fopling*, will you walk?

Sir Fop. I am all Obedience, Madam.

Lov. Come along then — and let's agree to be Malicious on all the ill-fashion'd things we meet.

Sir Fop. We'll make a Critick on the whole Mall, Madam.

Lov. Bellinda, you shall engage.

Bell. To the Reserve of our Friends, my Dear.

Lov. No, no Exceptions.

Sir Fop. We'll sacrifice all to our Diversion.

Lov. All — all —

Sir Fop. All.

Bell. All? Then let it be.

[Ex. *Sir Fop. Lov. Bell. and Pert* laughing.]

Med. Wou'd you had brought some more of your Friends, *Dorimant*, to have been Witnesses of *Sir Fopling's* Disgrace and your Triumph.

Dor. 'Twere unreasonable to desire you not to laugh At me: but pray do not expose me to the Town this Day or two.

Med. By that time you hope to have regain'd your Credit.

Dor. I know she hates *Fopling*, and only makes use of Him in hope to work me on again; had it not been for Some powerful Considerations, which will be remov'd to Morrow Morning, I had made her pluck off this Mask, And shew the Passion that lyes panting under.

Enter

Sir Fopling Flutter.

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Enter a Foot-man.

Med. Here comes a Man from *Bellair*, with News of Your last Adventure.

Dor. I am glad he sent him. I long to know the Consequence of our parting.

Foot-m. Sir, my Master desires you to come to my Lady *Townley's* presently, and bring Mr. *Medley* with you. My Lady *Woodvil* and her Daughter are there.

Med. Then all's well, *Dorimant*——

Foot-m. They have sent for the Fiddles, and mean to Dance! He bid me tell you, Sir, the old Lady does not know you, and would have you own your self to be Mr. *Courtage*. They are all prepar'd to receive you by That Name.

Dor. That Foppish Admirer of Quality, who flatters The very Meat at Honourable Tables, and never offers Love to a Woman below a Lady-Grandmother.

Med. You know the Character you are to Act, I see.

Dor. This is *Harriet's* Contrivance——wild, witty, Lovesome, beautiful and young——come along, *Medley*.

Med. This new Woman would well supply the loss of *Loveit*.

Dor. That Business must not end so: before to-morrow Sun is set, I will revenge and clear it.

And you, and Loveit to her Cost, shall find

I fathom all the Depths of Womankind.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Scene opens with the Fiddles playing a Country Dance.

Enter Dorimant, Lady Woodvil, Young Bellair, and Mrs. Harriet, Old Bellair and Emilia, Mr. Medley and Lady Townley; as having just ended the Dance.

O. Bell. SO, so, so, a smart Bout, a very smart Bout, A-dod!

Town. How do you like *Emilia's* Dancing, Brother?

O. Bell.

O. Bell. Not at all, not at all.

Town. You speak not what you think, I am sure.

O. Bell. No matter for that, go bid her Dance no More, it don't become her, it don't become her, tell her I say so : a-dod I love her. [*Aside.*]

Dor. All People mingle now-a-days, Madam,

[*To L. Wood,*

And in publick places Women of Quality have the least Respect show'd 'em.

Wood. I protest you say the Truth, Mr. *Courtage.*

Dor. Forms and Ceremonies, the only things that Uphold Quality and Greatness, are now shamefully laid Aside and neglected.

Wood. Well ! this is not the Womens Age, let 'em Think what they will, Lewdness is the Business now, Love was the Business in my Time.

Dor. The Women indeed are little beholden to the Young Men of this Age, they're generally only dull Admirers of themselves, and make their Court to nothing But their Perriwigs and their Cravats, and would be more Concern'd for the disordering 'em, tho' on a good Occasion, than a young Maid would be for the tumbling Of her Head or Handkerchief.

Wood. I protest you hit 'em.

Dor. They are very assiduous to show themselves at Court well dress'd to the Women of Quality, but their Business is with the stale Mistresses of the Town, who Are prepar'd to receive their lazy Addresses by Industrious old Lovers, who have cast 'em off, and Made 'em easie.

Har. He fits my Mother's Humour so well, a little More, and she'll dance a kissing Dance with him anon.

Med. Dutifully observ'd, Madam.

Dor. They pretend to be great Criticks in Beauty ; By their Talk you would think they lik'd no Face, and Yet can doat on an ill one, if it belong to a Landress or A Taylor's Daughter ; they cry a Woman's past her Prime At Twenty, decay'd at Four and Twenty, old and Unsufferable at Thirty.

Wood,

Sir Fopling Flutter.

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Wood. Unsufferable at Thirty ! That they are in the Wrong, Mr. *Courtage*, at Five and Thirty there are Living Proofs enough to convince 'em.

Dor. Ay, Madam ! there's Mrs. *Setlooks*, Mrs. *Droplip*, And my Lady *Lowd* ; shew me among all our opening Buds, a Face that promises so much Beauty as the Remains Of theirs.

Wood. The deprav'd Appetite of this vicious Age Tastes nothing but green Fruit, and loaths it when 'tis Kindly ripen'd.

Dor. Else so many deserving Women, Madam, would Not be so untimely neglected.

Wood. I protest, Mr. *Courtage*, a Dozen such good Men as you, would be enough to atone for that wicked *Dorimant*, and all the under-Debauchees of the Town. What's the matter there ?

[*Har. Emil. Y. Bell. Med. Lady Town. break out into a Laughter.*]

Med. A pleasant Mistake, Madam, that a Lady has Made, occasions a little Laughter.

O. Bell. Come, come, you keep 'em idle, they are Impatient 'till the Fiddles play again.

Dor. You are not weary, Madam ?

Wood. One Dance more ; I cannot refuse you, Mr. *Courtage*. [They Dance.]

Emil. You are very active, Sir.

[*After the Dance Old Bellair, singing and dancing up to Emilia.*]

O. Bell. A-dod, Sirrah, when I was a young Fellow I Could ha' Caper'd up to my Woman's Gorget.

Dor. You are willing to rest your self, Madam——

Town. We'll walk into my Chamber and sit down.

Med. Leave us Mr. *Courtage*, he's a Dancer, and the Young Ladies are not weary yet.

Wood. We'll send him out again.

Har. If you do not quickly, I know where to send For Mr. *Dorimant*.

Wood. This Girl's Head, Mr. *Courtage*, is ever running On that wild Fellow.

Dor.

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Dor. 'Tis well you have got her a good Husband, Madam, that will settle it.

[*Ex. Lady Townly, Woodvil and Dorimant.*]

O. Bell. to *Emil.* A-dod, Sweet-heart, be advis'd, and Do not throw thy self away on a young idle Fellow.

Emil. I have no such Intention, Sir.

O. Bell. Have a little patience, thou shalt have the Man I spake of. A dod he loves thee, and will make a Good Husband, but no Words,——

Emil. But Sir——

O. Bell. No Answer——out a pize! peace! and Think on't.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Your Company is desired within, Sir.

O. Bell. I go, I go, good Mr. *Courtage*——fare you Well; go, I'll see you no more. [To *Emil.*]

Emil. What have I done, Sir?

O. Bell. You are ugly, you are ugly, is she not, Mr. *Courtage*?

Emil. Better Words, or I sha't abide you.

O. Bell. Out a pize——a-dod, what does she say? Hit Her a pat for me there. [Exit *Old Bellair.*]

Med. You have Charms for the whole Family.

Dor. You'll spoil all with some unseasonable Jest, *Medley.*

Med. You see I confine my Tongue, and am content To be a bare Spectator, much contrary to my Nature.

Emil. Methinks, Mr. *Dorimant*, my Lady *Woodvil* is a Little fond of you.

Dor. Wou'd her Daughter were.

Med. It may be you may find her so, try her, you Have an Opportunity.

Dor. And I will not lose it: *Bellair*, here's a Lady has Something to say to you.

Y. Bell. I wait upon her. Mr. *Medley*, we have both Business with you.

Dor. Get you all together then. [To *Harriet*] That Demure Curt'sy is not amiss in jest, but do not think in Earnest it becomes you.

Har. Affectation is catching I find; from your grave Bow I got it.

Dor.

Dor. Where had you all that Scorn and Coldness in Your Look?

Har. From Nature, Sir, pardon my want of Art; I Have not learnt those Softnesses and Languishings which Now in Faces are so much in Fashion.

Dor. You need 'em not, you have a Sweetness of your Own, if you would but calm your Frowns, and let it settle.

Har. My Eyes are wild and wand'ring like my Passions, And cannot yet be ty'd to Rules of Charming.

Dor. Women indeed have commonly a Method of Managing those Messengers of Love; now they will Look as if they would kill, and anon they will look as if They were dying. They point and rebate their Glances, The better to invite us.

Har. I like this Variety well enough; but hate the set Face that always looks as it would say, *Come love me.* A Woman who at Plays makes the Deux-yeux to a Whole Audience, and at home cannot forbear 'em to her Monkey.

Dor. Put on a gentle Smile, and let me see how well it will become you.

Har. I am sorry my Face does not please you as it is, But I shall not be Complaisant and change it.

Dor. Though you are obstinate, I know 'tis capable of Improvement, and shall do you Justice, Madam, if I Chance to be at Court, when the Criticks of the Circle Pass their Judgment: for thither you must come.

Har. And expect to be taken in pieces, have all my Features examin'd, every Motion censur'd, and on the Whole be condemn'd to be but pretty, or a Beauty of the Lowest rate. What think you?

Dor. The Women, nay the very Lovers who belong To the Drawing-room will maliciously allow you more Than that; they always grant what is apparent, that they May the better be believ'd when they name conceal'd Faults they cannot easily be disprov'd in.

Har. Beauty runs as great a risque expos'd at Court, As Wit does on the Stage, where the ugly and the Foolish all are free to Censure.

Dor.

Dor. aside. I love her, and dare not let her know it ; I Fear sh's an Ascendant o'er me, and may revenge the Wrongs I have done her Sex. Think of making a Party, Madam, Love will engage. [To her.]

Har. You make me start ! I did not think to have Heard of Love from you.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to have a settled Ague Yet, but now and then have had irregular Fits.

Har. Take heed, Sickness after long Health is Commonly more violent and dangerous.

Dor. I have took the Infection from her, and feel the Disease now spreading in me. [Aside.]
Is the Name of Love so frightful, that you dare not Stand it ? [To her.]

Har. 'Twill do little Execution out of your Mouth on Me, I am sure.

Dor. It has been fatal——

Har. To some easie Women, but we are not all Born To one Destiny ; I was inform'd you use to Laugh at Love, and not make it.

Dor. The time has been, but now I must speak——

Har. If it be on that idle Subject, I will put on my Serious Look, turn my Head carelessly from you, drop My Lip, let my Eye-lids fall, and hang half o'er my Eyes——Thus, while you buzz a Speech of an Hour Long in my Ear, and I answer never a Word ; why do You not begin ?

Dor. That the Company may take notice how Passionately I make Advancess of Love, and how Disdainfully you receive 'em.

Har. When your Love's grown strong enough to make You bear being laugh'd at, I'll give you leave to trouble Me with it. 'Till when, pray forbear, Sir.

Enter Sir Fopling, and others, in Masks.

Dor. What's here, Masquerades ?

Har. I thought that Foppery had been left off ; and People might have been in private with a Fiddle.

Dor. 'Tis endeavour'd to be kept on Foot still by some ; Who find themselves the more acceptable the less they Are known.

Y. Bell,

Y. Bell. This must be Sir *Fopling*.

Med. That extraordinary Habit shews it.

Y. Bell. What are the rest?

Med. A Company of French Rascals whom he pick'd Up in *Paris*, and has brought over to be his Dancing Equipage on these Occasions. Make him own himself, A Fool is very troublesome when he presumes he is Incognito.

Sir Fop. Do you know me? [To Harriet]

Har. Ten to one but I guess at you.

Sir Fop. Are you Women as fond of a Vizard as we Men are?

Har. I am very fond of a Vizard that covers a Face I do not like, Sir.

Y. Bell. Here are no Masks you see, Sir, but those Which came with you; this was intended a private Meeting, but because you look like a Gentleman, if you Discover your self, and we know you to be such, you Shall be welcome.

Sir Fop. Dear *Bellair*! [Pulling off his Mask]

Med. Sir *Fopling*! how came you hither?

Sir Fop. Faith I was coming late from *Whitehall*, after The King's Couchée, one of my People told me he had Heard Fiddles at my Lady *Townley's*, and——

Dor. You need not say any more, Sir.

Sir Fop. *Dorimant*, let me Kiss thee.

Dor. Hark you, Sir *Fopling*? [Whispers]

Sir Fop. Enough, enough, *Courage*. A pretty kind of Young Woman that, *Medley*, I observ'd her in the Mall More Eve-like than our English Women commonly are; Pr'ythee what is she?

Med. The most noted Coquette in Town; beware of Her.

Sir Fop. Let her be what she will, I know how to Take my Measures; in *Paris* the Mode is to flatter the Prude, laugh at the Faux-prude, made serious Love to The Demi-prude, and only railly with the Coquette. *Medley* what think you?

Med. That for all this smattering of the Mathematics, You may be out in your Judgment at Tennis,

Sir

Sir Fop. What a Coc à l'ane is this? I talk of Women, and thou answer'st Tennis.

Med. Mistakes will be for want of Apprehension.

Sir Fop. I am very glad of the Acquaintance I have with this Family.

Med. My Lady truly is a good Woman.

Sir Fop. Ah! *Dorimant*, *Courage* I would say, wou'd Thou hadst spent the last Winter in *Paris* with me. When Thou wert there *La Cornells* and *Sallyes* were the only Habitudes we had, a Comedian would have been a *bonne Fortune*. No Stranger ever pass'd his Time so well as I Did some Months before I came over, I was well Receiv'd in a Dozen Families, where all the Women of Qualiry us'd to Visit; I have Intrigues to tell thee, more Pleasant than ever thou read'st in a Novel.

Har. Write 'em, Sir, and oblige us Women; our Language wants such little Stories.

Sir Fop. Writing, Madam, is a Mechanick part of Wit, A Gentleman should never go beyond a Song or a Billet.

Har. *Buffe* was a Gentleman.

Sir Fop. Who, *D'Ambois*?

Med. Was there ever such a brisk Blockhead?

Har. Not *D'Ambois*, Sir, but *Rabutin*. He who writ The Loves of France.

Sir Fop. That may be, Madam: many Gentlemen do Things that are below 'em. Damn your Authors, *Courage*, Women are the prettiest things we can fool Away our Time with.

Har. I hope ye have wearied your self to-night at Court, Sir, and will not think of fooling with any Body here.

Sir Fop. I cannot complain of my Fortune there, Madam — *Dorimant* —

Dor. Again!

Sir Fop. *Courage*, a Pox on't, I have something to tell Thee. When I had made my Court within, I came Out and sung self upon the Mat, under the State I'th' outward Room, i'th' midst of half a Dozen Beauties, Who were withdrawn to jeer among themselves, as they Called it.

Dor.

Dor.
Sir Fop.
Were all
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Sir Fop.
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Sir Fop.
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Sir Fop.
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Sir Fop.
Med.
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Har.
Emil
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Blockh

Dor. Did you know 'em?

Sir Fop. Not one of 'em, by Heav'ns! not I. But they Were all your Friends.

Dor. How are you sure of that?

Sir Fop. Why we laugh'd at all the Town; spar'd no Body but your self, they found me a Man for their Purpose.

Dor. I know you are malicious to your Power.

Sir Fop. And Faith I had Occasion to shew it, for I Never saw more gaping Fools at a Ball, or on a Bir h-Day.

Dor. You learn'd who the Women were?

Sir Fop. No matter; they frequent the Drawing-room.

Dor. And entertain themselves pleasantly at the Expence of all the Fops who come there.

Sir Fop. That's their Business; Faith I sifted 'em, and Find they have a sort of Wit among them—Ah Filthy.

[Pinches a Tallow Candle.

Dor. Look, he has been pinching the Tallow Candle.

Sir Fop. How can you breath in a Room where there's Grease frying? *Dorimant*, thou art intimate with my Lady, advise her for her own sake, and the good Company that comes hither, to burn Wax Lights.

Har. What are these Masquerades who stand so Obscurely at a distance?

Sir Fop. A Set of Balladins, whom I pick'd out of the Best in *France*, and brought over with a Flutes-deux Or two, my Servants; they shall entertain you.

Har. I had rather see you Dance your self, *Sir Fopling*.

Sir Fop. And I had rather do it—all the Company Knows it—but Madam—

Med. Come, come, no Excuses, *Sir Fopling*.

Sir Fop. By Heav'ns, *Madley*.

Med. Like a Woman, I find you must be struggl'd With, before one brings you to what you desire.

Har. Can he Dance?

[Aside.

Emil. And Fence and Sing too, if you will believe him.

Dor. He has no more Excellence in his Heels than in His Head. He went to *Paris* a plain bad-ful English Blockhead, and is return'd a fine undertaking *French Fop*.

Med.

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Med. I cannot prevail.

Sir Fop. Do not think it want of Complaisance, Madam.

Har. You are too well bred to want that, *Sir Fopling.* I believe it want of Power.

Sir Fop. By Heav'n's and so it is. I have sat up so Damn'd late, and drunk so cursed hard since I came to This lewd Town, that I am fit for nothing but low Dancing now, a Corant, a Borè, or a Minuét; but *St. André* tells me, if I will but be regular, in one Month I shall rise again. Pox on this Debauchery.

[*Endeavours at a Caper*]

Emil. I have heard your Dancing much commended.

Sir Fop. It had the good Fortune to please in *Paris*. I was judg'd to rise within an Inch as high as the *Basque*. In an Entry I danc'd there.

Har. I am mightily taken with this Fool: let us sit: Here's a Seat, *Sir Fopling*.

Sir Fop. At your Feet, Madam; I can be no where so Much at Ease; by your leave, Gown.

Har. and *Emil.* Ah! you'll spoil it.

Sir Fop. No matter, my Cloaths are my Creatures. I Make'em to make my Court to you Ladies, Hey— [Dance] Qu'on Comence, to an English Dancer English Motions. I was forced to entertain this Fellow, one of my Set Miscarrying—Oh horrid! leave your damn'd manner Of Dancing, and put on the French Air; have you not a Pattern before you—pretty well! Imitation in time May bring him to something.

After the Dance, enter Old Bellair, Lady Woodvil, and Lady Townley.

O. Bell. Hey a-dod! what have we here, a mumming?

Wood. Where's my Daughter—*Harriet*?

Dor. Here, here, Madam. I know not but under these Disguises there may be dangerous Sparks, I gave the Young Lady warning.

Wood. Lord! I am so oblig'd to you, Mr. Courtage.

Har. Lord! how you admire this Man.

Wood. What have you to except against him?

Har. He's a Fop.

Wood. He's not a *Dorimant*, a wild extravagant Fellow Of the Times.

Har.

Har. H
Places, su
Wood. I
Engaged
Town.
Wood. I
Dor. T
And I am
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Town.
Wood.
Har. L
Wonder?
Y. Bell
Dor. S
Har. S
And her
Dor. I
Civility.
Fright he
Manners
Sir Foplin
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Dorimant
Dor.
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Good a

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Har. He's a Man made up of Forms and common Places, suck'd out of the remaining Lees of the last Age.

Wood. He's so good a Man, that were you not Engaged——

Town. You'll have but little Night to sleep in.

Wood. Lord! 'tis perfect Day——

Dor. The Hour is almost come, I appointed *Bellinda*, and I am not so foppishly in Love here to forget; [*Aside.* I am Flesh and Blood yet.

Town. I am very sensible, Madam.

Wood. Lord, Madam!

Har. Look, in what a struggle is my poor Mother, wonder?

Y. Bell. She has much ado to bring out the Compliment.

Dor. She strains hard for it.

Har. See, see! her Head tottering, her Eyes staring, and her under Lip trembling——

Dor. Now, now she's in the very Convulsions of her Civility. [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath, I shall lose *Bellinda*: I must fright her hence! she'll be an Hour in this Fit of good Manners else. [*To Lady Wood.*] Do you not know Sir Fopling, Madam?

Wood. I have seen that Face——Oh Heav'n! 'tis the same we met in the Mall, how came he here?

Dor. A Fiddle in this Town is a kind of Fop-call; no Sooner it strikes up, but the House is besieg'd with an Army of Masquerades straight.

Wood. Lord! I tremble, Mr. *Courage*; for certain *Dorimant* is in the Company.

Dor. I cannot confidently say he is not, you had best be gone. I will wait upon you; your Daughter is in the Hands of Mr. *Bellair*.

Wood. I'll see her before me. *Harriet*, come away.

Y. Bell. Lights! Lights!

Town. Light down there.

O. Bell. A-dod it needs not——

Dor. Call my Lady *Woodvil's* Coach to the Door quickly.

O. Bell. Stay, Mr. *Medley*, let the young Fellows do That Duty; we will drink a Glass of Wine together. 'Tis Good after Dancing; what mumming Spark is that?

Med.

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Med. He is not to be comprehended in few Words.
Sir Fop. Hey! *La Tower.*

Med. Whither away, *Sir Fopling?*

Sir Fop. I have Business with *Courtague*—

Med. He'll but put the Ladies into their Coach, and
Come up again.

O. Bell. In the mean time I'll call for a Bottle.

[*Ex. Old Bellair*]

Enter Young Bellair.

Med. Where's *Dorimant*?

Y. Bell. Stolen home; he has had Business waiting for
Him there all this Night, I believe, by an Impatience I
Observed in him.

Med. Very likely, 'tis but dissembling Drunkenness;
Railing at his Friends, and the kind Soul will embrace the
Blessing, and forget the tedious Expectation.

Sir Fop. I must speak with him before I sleep.

Y. Bell. *Emilia* and I are resolv'd on that Business.

Med. Peace, here's your Father.

Enter Old Bellair, and Butler with a Bottle of Wine.

O. Bell. The Women are all gone to Bed. Fill Boy;
Mr. Medley, begin a Health.

Med. To *Emilia*.

[*Whispers*]

O. Bell. Out a pize! she's a Rogue, and I'll not
Pledge you.

Med. I know you will.

O. Bell. A-dod, drink it then.

Sir Fop. Let us have the new *Bachique*.

O. Bell. A-dod, that is a hard Word; what does it
Mean, Sir?

Med. A Catch or drinking Song.

O. Bell. Let us have it then.

Sir Fop. Fill the Glasses round, and draw up in a
Body. Hey! Musick!

They Sing.

THE Pleasures of Love, and the Joys of good Wine,
To perfect our Happiness wisely we join.
We to Beauty all Day
Give the Sovereign Sway,
And her Favourite Nymphs devoutly obey.

At

Sir Fopling Flutter. 239

At the Plays we are constantly making our Court,
 And when they are ended we follow the Sport
 To the Mall and the Park,
 Where we love 'till 'tis dark;
 Then sparkling Champaign
 puts an end to their Reign;
 It quickly recovers
 Our languishing Lovers,
 Makes us frolick and gay, and drowns all our Sorrow,
 But alas! we relapse again on the Morrow.
 At ev'ry Man stand
 With his Glass in his Hand,
 And briskly discharge at the Word of Command.
 There's a Health to all those
 Whom to Night we depose.
 Time and Beauty by turns great Souls should inspire.
 Present all together, and now Boys give Fire—

O. Bell. A-dod, a pretty Bus'ness, and very merry.

Sir Fop. Hark you, Medley, let you and I take the
 Riddles, and go waken Dorimant.

Med. We shall do him a Courtesie, if it be as I guess.
 For after the Fatigue of this Night, he'll quickly have his
 Belly full, and be glad of an Occasion to cry, "Take
 Away, Handy.

Y. Bell. I'll go with you, and there we'll consult about
 Affairs, Medley.

O. Bell. *looks at his Watch.*] A-dod, 'tis fix a Clock.

Sir Fop. Let's away then.

O. Bell. Mr. Medley, my Sister tells me you are an
 Honest Man, and a-dod I love you. Few Words and
 Hearty, that's the way with old Harry, old Harry.

Sir Fop. Light your Flambeux. Hey.

O. Bell. What does the Man mean?

Med. 'Tis Day, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. No matter. Our Serenade will look the
 Greater.

[Ex. Omnes.

SCENE II.

SCENE, Dorimant's Lodging, a Table, a Candle
a Toilet, &c. Handy tying up Linnen.

Enter Dorimant in his Gown, and Bellinda.

Dor. Why will you be gone so soon?

Bell. Why did you stay out so late?

Dor. Call a Chair, *Handy*; what makes you tremble so?

Bell. I have a thousand Fears about me: Have I not
Been seen, think you?

Dor. By no Body but my self and trusty *Handy*.

Bell. Where are all your People?

Dor. I have dispers'd 'em on sleeveless Errands. Wh
Does that Sigh mean?

Bell. Can you be so unkind to ask me?—well—[Sig
Were it to do again——

Dor. We should do it, should we not?

Bell. I think we should; the wickeder Man you to
Make me love so well——will you be discreet now!

Dor. I will——

Bell. You cannot.

Dor. Never doubt it.

Bell. I will not expect it.

Dor. You do me wrong.

Bell. You have no more Power to keep the Secret,
Than I had not to trust you with it.

Dor. By all the Joys I have had, and those you keep i
Store——

Bell. You'll do for my sake what you never did before——

Dor. By that Truth thou hast spoken, a Wife shall
Sooner betray her self to her Husband——

Bell. Yet I had rather you should be false in this, than
In another thing you promis'd me.

Dor. What's that?

Bell. That you would never see *Lovels* more but in
Publick Places, in the Park, at Court and Plays.

Dor. 'Tis not likely a Man should be fond of seeing a
Dama'd old Play when there is a new one acted.

Bell

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Y. Be
Med
Dor

Sir Fopling Flutter.

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Bell. I dare not trust your Promise.

Dor. You may ———

Bell. This does not satisfy me. You shall swear you
Never will see her more.

Dor. I will! a thousand Oaths——By all——

Bell. Hold——you shall not, now I think on't better.

Dor. I will swear——

Bell. I shall grow jealous of the Oath, and think I
Owe your Truth to that, not to your Love.

Dor. Then, by my Love, no other Oath I'll swear.

Enter Handy.

Handy. Here's a Chair.

Bell. Let me go.

Dor. I cannot.

Bell. Too willingly, I fear.

Dor. Too unkindly fear'd. When will you promise
Me again?

Bell. Not this Fortnight.

Dor. You will be better than your Word.

Bell. I think I shall. Will it not make you
Love me less?

[*Starting.*

Hark! what Fiddles are these?

[*Fiddles without.*

Dor. Look out, *Handy.*

[*Ex. Handy, and returns.*

Handy. Mr. Medley, Mr. Bellair, and Sir Fopling,
They are coming up.

Dor. How got they in?

Handy. The Door was open for the Chair.

Bell. Lord! let me fly——

Dor. Here, here, down the back-Stairs. I'll see you
Into your Chair.

Bell. No, no, stay and receive 'em, and be sure you
Keep your Word, and never see *Love* more. Let it be
A Proof of your Kindness.

Dor. It shall——*Handy*, direct her. Everlasting
Love go along with thee.

[*Kissing her Hand.*

[*Ex. Bellinda and Handy.*

Enter Young Bellair, Medley, and Sir Fopling.

Y. Bell. Not a-bed yet!

Med. You have had an irregular Fit, *Dorimant.*

Dor. I have.

M

Y. Bell;

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Y. Bell. And is it off already?

Dor. Nature has done her Part, Gentlemen; when she Falls kindly to Work, great Cures are effected in little Time, you know.

Sir Fop. We thought there was a Wench in the Case By the Chair that waited. Pr'ythee make us a Confidence.

Dor. Excuse me.

Sir Fop. Lè sage, *Dorimant*——was she pretty?

Dor. So pretty she may come to keep her Coach, and Pay Parish-Duties, if the good Humour of the Age Continue

Med. And be of the number of the Ladies kept by Publick-spirited Men, for the good of the whole Town.

Sir Fop. Well said, *Medley*. [*Sir Fop. dancing by himself*]

Y. Bell. See, *Sir Fopling* dancing.

Dor. You are practising, and have a mind to recover, I see.

Sir Fop. Pr'ythee, *Dorimant*, why hast not thou a Glass Hung up here? A Room is the dullest thing without one.

Y. Bell. Here is Company to entertain you.

Sir Fop. But I mean in case of being alone. In a Glass a Man may entertain himself——

Dor. The Shadow of himself indeed.

Sir Fop. Correct the Errors of his Motions and his Dress.

Med. I find, *Sir Fopling*, in your Solitude you remember The Saying of the Wise Man, and study your self.

Sir Fop. 'Tis the best Diversion in our Retirements.

Dorimant, thou art a pretty Fellow, and wear'st thy Cloaths well, but I never saw thee have a handsome Cravat. Were they made up like mine, they'd give Another Air to thy Face. Pr'ythee let me send my Man To dress thee but one Day. By Heav'n's an *English* Man cannot tie a Ribbon.

Dor. They are something clumfie-fisted——

Sir Fop. I have brought over the prettiest Fellow that Ever spread a Toilet; he served some time under *Merille*. The greatest *Genie* in the World for a *Valet de Chambre*.

Dor. What, he who formerly belong'd to the Duke Of *Candale*?

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Sir Fop. The same, and got him his Immortal Reputation.

Dor. Y'ave a very fine *Brandenburg* on, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. It serves to wrap me up, after the Fatigue of A Ball.

Med. I see you often in it, with your Perriwig ty'd up.

Sir Fop. We should not always be in a Set-Dress, 'tis More *en Cavalier* to appear now and then in a *Dishabillée*.

Med. Pray how goes your Business with *Loveit*?

Sir Fop. You might have answered your self in the *Mall* Last Night. *Dorimant*! did you not see the Advances She made me? I have been endeavouring at a Song.

Dor. Already!

Sir Fop. 'Tis my coup'd Essay in *English*; I would Fain have thy Opinion of it.

Dor. Let's see it.

Sir Fop. Hey Page, give me my Song——— *Bellair*. Here, thou hast a pretty Voice, sing it.

Y. Bell. Sing it your self, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. Excuse me.

Y. Bell. You learnt to sing in *Paris*.

Sir Fop. I did, of *Lambert* the greatest Master in the World; but I have his own Fault, a weak Voice, and Care not to sing out of a *Ruël*.

Dor. A *Ruël* is a pretty Cage for a singing Fop, indeed.

Young *Bellair* reads the Song.

HOW Charming *Phillis* is! how Fair!

Ah that she were as willing

To ease my wounded Heart of Care,

And make her Eyes less killing.

I sigh! I sigh! I languish now,

And Love will not let me rest,

I drive about the Park, and bow

Still as I meet my dearest.

Sir Fop. Sing it, sing it Man, it goes to a pretty new Tune, which I am confident was made by *Baptist*.

Med. Sing it your self, Sir Fopling, he does not know The Tune.

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Sir Fop. I'll venture.

[*Sir Fopling sings.*

Dor. Ay marry, now 'tis something. I shall not
Flatter you, *Sir Fopling*, there is not much Thought in't,
But 'tis passionate, and well turn'd.

Med. After the *French Way*.

Sir Fop. That I aim'd at — does it not give you a
Lively Image of the Thing? Slap down goes the Glass,
And thus we are at it.

Dor. It does indeed: I perceive, *Sir Fopling*, you'll
Be the very Head of the Sparks, who are lucky in
Compositions of this Nature.

Enter Sir Fopling's Foot-man.

Sir Fop. *La Tour*, is the Bath ready?

Foot-m. Yes, Sir.

Sir Fop. *Adieu donc mes cheres.* [Exit *Sir Fopling*.

Med. When have you your Revenge on *Loveit*,

Dorimant?

Dor. I will but change my Linnen, and about it.

Med. The powerful Considerations which hinder'd
Have been remov'd then.

Dor. Most luckily this Morning; you must along with
Me, my Reputation lyes at stake there.

Med. I am engag'd to *Bellair*.

Dor. What's your Business?

Med. Ma-tri-mony, an't like you.

Dor. It does not, Sir.

Y. Bell. It may in time, *Dorimant*, what think you of
Mrs. Harriet?

Dor. What does she think of me?

Y. Bell. I am confident she loves you.

Dor. How does it appear?

Y. Bell. Why she's never well but when she's talking
Of you, but then she finds all the Faults in you she can.
She laughs at all who commend you, but then she speaks
Ill of all who do not.

Dor. Women of her Temper betray themselves by
Their over Cunning. I had once a growing Love with
A Lady, who would always quarrel with me when I
Came to see her, and yet was never quiet if I stay'd a
Day from her.

Y. Bell.

Sir Fopling Flutter. 245

Y. Bell. My Father is in Love with *Emilia*.

Dor. That is a good Warrant for your Proceedings, Go on and prosper, I must to *Loveit*. Medley, I am Sorry you cannot be a Witness.

Med. Make her meet Sir *Fopling* again in the same Place, and use him ill before me.

Dor. That may be brought about, I think. I'll be At your Aunt's anon, and give you Joy, Mr. *Bellair*.

Y. Bell. You had not best think of Mrs. *Harriet* too Much, without Church Security there's no taking up there

Dor. I may fall into the Snare too. But——

The Wife will find a difference in our Fate,

You wed a Woman, I a good Estate.

[Exeunt

S C E N E III.

Enter the Chair with Bellinda, the Men set it down and open it. Bellinda starting.

Bell. surpriz'd.] Lord! where am I? in the Mall! Whither have you brought me?

1 Chair-m. You gave us no Directions, Madam.

Bell. The Fright I was in made me forget it. [*Aside*.

1 Chair-m. We use to carry a Lady from the Squire's Hither.

Bell. This is *Loveit*. I am undone if she sees me. [*Aside*. Quickly carry me away.

1 Chair-m. Whither, an't like your Honour?

Bell. Ask no Questions.——

Enter Loveit's Foot-man.

Foot-m. Have you seen my Lady, Madam?

Bell. I am just come to wait upon her. ——

Foot-m. She will be glad to see you, Madam. She sent Me to you this Morning to desire your Company, And I was told you went out by Five a-Clock.

Bell. More and more unlucky!

Aside.

Foot-m. Will you walk in, Madam?

Bell. I'll discharge my Chair and follow, [*Ex. Foot-m. Tell your Mistress I am here. Gives the Chair-men Money.*

M 3

Take

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Take this, and if ever you should be examin'd, be sure
You say you took me up in the *Strand* over-against the
Exchange, as you will answer it to Mr. *Dorimant*.

Chair-men. We will, an't like your Honour. [Ex. *Chair-m*.

Bell. Now to come off, I must on——

*In Confidence and Lies some Hope is left;
'Twere hard to be found out in the first Theft.* [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Loveit, and Pert her Woman.

Pert. WELL! in my Eyes Sir *Fopling* is no such
Despicable Person.

Lov. You are an excellent Judge.

Pert. He's as handsome a Man as Mr. *Dorimant*, and as
Great a Gallant.

Lov. Intolerable! is't not enough I submit to his
Impertinences, but I must be plagu'd with yours too?

Pert. Indeed, Madam——

Lov. 'Tis false, mercenary Malice——

Enter her Foot-man.

Foot-m. Mrs. *Bellinda*, Madam——

Lov. What of her?

Foot-m. She's below.

Lov. How came she?

Foot-m. In a Chair, ambling *Harry* brought her.

Lov. He bring her! his Chair stands near *Dorimant's*
Door, and always brings me from thence——Run and
Ask him where he took her up; go: there is no Truth
In Friendship neither. Women as well as Men, all are
False, or all are so to me at least.

Pert. You are jealous of her too?

Lov. You had best tell her I am. 'Twill become the
Liberty you take of late. This Fellow's bringing of her,
Her going out by Five a-Clock——I know not what to
Think.

Enter

Enter Bellinda.

Bellinda, you are grown an early Riser, I hear.

Bell. Do you not wouder, my Dear, what made me Abroad so soon?

Low. You do not use to be so.

Bell. The Country Gentlewomen I told you of (Lord! they have the oddest Diversions!) would never Let me rest'till I promis'd to go with them to the Market, This Morning, to eat Fruit and buy Nosegays.

Low. Are they so fond of a filthy Nosegay?

Bell. They complain of the Stinks of the Town, and Are never well but when they have their Noses in one.

Low. There are Essences and sweet Waters.

Bell. O they cry out upon Perfumes they are Unwholsome, one of 'em was falling into a Fit with the Smell of these *Naroli*.

Low. Methinks in Complaisance you should have had a Nosegay too.

Bell. Do you think, my Dear, I could be so loathsome to Trick my self up with Carnations and Stock-Gilliflowers? I begg'd their Pardon, and told them I never wore any Thing but Orange-Flowers and Tuberoze. That which Made me willing to go was a strange Desire I had to eat Some fresh Nectarens.

Low. And had you any?

Bell. The best I ever tasted.

Low. Whence came you now?

Bell. From their Lodgings, where I crowded out of a Coach, and took a Chair to come and see you, my Dear.

Low. Whither did you send for that Chair?

Bell. 'Twas going by empty.

Low. Where do these Country Gentlewomen Lodge, I pray?

Bell. In the *Strand*, over-against the *Exchange*.

Pert. That Place is never without a Nest of 'em. They are always as one goes by hearing in Balconies, or Staring out of Windows.

Enter Foot-man.

Low. [To the Foot-m.] Come hither.

[Whispers.
Bell.

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Bell. Aside. This Fellow, by her Order, has been Questioning the Chair-men; I threaten'd 'em with the Name of *Dorimant*; if they should have told Truth I am Lost for ever.

Lov. In the *Strand* said you?

Foot-m. Yes, Madam, over-against the *Exchange*.

[*Exit Foot-man.*]

Lov. She's innocent, and I am much to blame.

Bell. Aside. I am so frighted, my Countenance will Betray me.

Lov. Bellinda! what makes you look so pale?

Bell. Want of my usual Rest, and jolting up and down So long in an odious Hackney. [*Foot-man returns.*]

Foot-m. Madam! Mr. *Dorimant*!

Lov. What makes him here?

Bell. Aside. Then I am betray'd indeed, h's broke his Word, and I love a Man that does not care for me.

Lov. Lord! you faint, *Bellinda*.

Bell. I think I shall! such an Oppression here on the Sudden.

Pert. She has eaten too much Fruit, I warrant you.

Lov. Not unlikely!

Pert. 'Tis that lyes heavy on her Stomach.

Lov. Have her into my Chamber, give her some Surfeit-Water, and let her lye down a little.

Pert. Come, Madam. I was a strange Devourer of Fruit when I was so young, so Ravenous —

[*Ex. Bellinda, and Pert leading her off.*]

Lov. Oh that my Love would be but calm a while! That I might receive this Man with all the Scorn and Indignation he deserves.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Now for a Touch of Sir *Fopling* to begin with.
Hey — Page — Give positive Order that none of My People stir — Let the Canaille wait as they should Do — since Noise and Nonsense have such powerful Charms,

*I, that I may successful prove,
Transform my self to what you love.*

Lov.

Lov. If that would do, you need not change from What you are, you can be vain and loud enough.

Dor. But not with so good a Grace as *Sir Fopling*. Hey, *Hampshire*—— Oh —— that Sound, that Sound Becomes the Mouth of a Man of Quality.

Lov. Is there a thing so hateful as a senseless Mimick ?

Dor. He's a great Grievance indeed to all who, like Your self, Madam, love to play the Fool in quiet.

Lov. A ridiculous Animal, who has more of the Ape, Than the Ape has of the Man in him.

Dor. I have as mean an Opinion of a Sheer Mimick As your self, yet were he all Ape I should prefer him to The Gay, the Giddy, Brisk, Insipid, Noisie Fool you Doat on.

Lov. Those noisie Fools, however you despise 'em, Have good Qualities, which weigh more (or ought at Least) with us Women, than all the pernicious Wit you Have to boast of.

Dor. That I may hereafter have a just value for their Merit, pray do me the Favour to name 'em.

Lov. You'll despise 'em as the dull Effects of Ignorance And Vanity, yet I care not if I mention some. First, They really admire us, while you at best but flatter us Well.

Dor. Take heed ! Fools can dissemble too ——

Lov. They may, but not so artificially as you—— There is no fear they should deceive us : Then they are Assiduous, Sir, they are ever offering us their Service, And always waiting on our Will.

Dor. You owe that to their excessive Idleness, they Know not how to entertain themselves at home, and Find so little welcome abroad, they are fain to fly to you Who Countenance 'em, as a Refuge against the Solitude They would be otherwise condemn'd to.

Lov. Their Conversation too diverts us better

Dor. Playing with your Fan, smelling to your Gloves, Commending your Hair, and taking notice how 'tis cut And shaded after the new way.——

Lov. Were it sillier than you can make it, you must

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Allow 'tis pleasanter to laugh at others, than to be laugh'd At our selves, though never so wittily. Then though They want Skill to flatter us, they flatter themselves so Well, they save us the Labour ; we need not take that Care and Pains to satisfie 'em of our Love, which we So often lose on you.

Dor. They commonly indeed believe too well of Themselves, and always better of you than you deserve.

Lov. You are in the right, they have an implicit Faith In us, which keeps 'em from prying narrowly into our Secrets, and saves us the Vexatious Trouble of clearing Doubts, which your subtle and causeless Jealousies every Moment raise.

Dor. There is an inbred Falshood in Women, which Inclines 'em still to them whom they may most easily Deceive.

Lov. The Man who loves above his Quality, does not Suffer more from the insolent Impertinence of his Mistress, Than the Woman who loves above her Understanding, Does from the arrogant Presumptions of her Friend.

Dor. You mistake the use of Fools, they are design'd For Properties, and not for Friends ; you have an Indifferent stock of Reputation left yet. Lose it all like A Frank Gamester on the Square, 'twill then be time Enough to turn Rook, and cheat it up again on a good Substantial Bubble.

Lov. The old and the ill-favour'd are only fit for Properties indeed, but young and handsom Fools have Met with kinder Fortunes.

Dor. They have, to the Shame of your Sex be it Spoken ; 'twas this, the thought of this, made me, by a Timely Jealousie, endeavour to prevent the good Fortune you are providing for Sir *Fopling* — But Against a Woman's Frailty all our Care is vain.

Lov. Had I not with a dear Experience bought the Knowledge of your Falshood, you might have fool'd me Yet. This is not the first Jealousie you have feign'd To make a Quarrel with me, and get a Week to throw Away on some such unknown inconsiderable Slut, as you Have been lately lurking with at Plays.

Dor.

Dor. Women, when they would break off with a Man, never want th' Address to turn the Fault on him.

Lov. You take a Pride of late in using of me ill, that The Town may know the Power you have over me. Which now (as unreasonably as your self) expects that I (do me all the Injuries you can) must love you still.

Dor. I am so far from expecting that you should, I Begin to think you never did love me.

Lov. Would the Memory of it were so wholly worn Out in me that I did doubt it too; what made you Come to disturb my growing Quiet?

Dor. To give you joy of your growing Infamy.

Lov. Insupportable! insulting Devil! this from you, The only Author of my Shame! this from another had Been but Justice, but from you 'tis a Hellish and Inhuman Outrage. What have I done?

Dor. A thing that puts you below my Scorn, and Makes my Anger as ridiculous as you have made my Love.

Lov. I walk'd last Night with Sir Fopling.

Dor. You did, Madam, and you talk'd and laugh'd Aloud, ha, ha, ha, — Oh that Laugh, that Laugh Becomes the Confidence of a Woman of Quality.

Lov. You, who have more Pleasure in the Ruin of a Woman's Reputation, than in the Indearments of her Love, reproach me not with your self, and I desie you To name the Man can lay a Blemish on my Fame.

Dor. To be seen publickly so transported with the Vain Follies of that notorious Fop, to me is an Infamy Below the Sin of Prostitution with another Man.

Lov. Rail on, I am satisfied in the Justice of what I Did, you had provok'd me to't.

Dor. What I did was the Effect of a Passion, whose Extravagancies you have been willing to forgive.

Lov. And what I did was the Effect of a Passion you May forgive if you think fit.

Dor. Are you so indifferent grown?

Lov. I am.

Dor. Nay! then 'tis time to part. I'll send you back
Your

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Your Letters you have so often ask'd for : I have two or Three of 'em about me.

Lov. Give 'em me.

Dor. You snatch as if you thought I would not — There — And may the Perjuries in 'em be mine if e'er I see you more.

Lov. Stay !

[Offers to go, she catches him.]

Dor. I will not.

Lov. You shall.

Dor. What have you to say ?

Lov. I cannot speak it yet.

Dor. Something more in Commendation of the Fool. Death ! I want Patience, let me go.

Lov. I cannot. I can sooner part with the Limbs That hold him. *[Aside.]*

I hate that nauseous Fool, you know I do.

Dor. Was it the Scandal you were fond of then ?

Lov. Y'had rais'd my Anger equal to my Love, a Thing you ne'er could do before, and in Revenge I Did — I know not what I did : — Wou'd you wou'd Not think on't any more.

Dor. Should I be willing to forget it, I shall be daily Mind'd of it, 'twill be a Common-place for all the Town To laugh at me ; and *Medley*, when he is rhetorically Drunk, will ever be declaiming on it in my Ears.

Lov. 'Twill be believ'd a jealous spite ! Come, Forget it.

Dor. Let me consult my Reputation, you are too Careless of it, *[Pauses.]* You shall meet Sir *Fopling* in The Mall again to Nighr.

Lov. What mean you ?

Dor. I have thought on't, and you must. 'Tis Necessary to justify my Love to the World ; you can Handle a Coxcomb as he deserves, when you are not out Of Humour, Madam.

Lov. Publick Satisfaction for the Wrong I have done You ! This is some new Device to make me more Ridiculous.

Dor. Hear me.

Lov.

Lov. I will not.

Dor. You will be persuaded.

Lov. Never.

Dor. Are you so obstinate ?

Lov. Are you so base ?

Dor. You will not satisfy my Love ?

Lov. I would die to satisfy that, but I will not, to
Save you from a thousand Racks, do a shameless thing to
Please your Vanity.

Dor. Farewel, false Woman.

Lov. Do ! go !

Dor. You will call me back again.

Lov. Exquisite Fiend ! I knew you came but to
Torment me.

Enter Bellinda and Pert.

Dor. surpriz'd. *Bellinda* here !

Bell. *aside.* He starts, and looks pale ! the sight of me
Has touch'd his guilty Soul.

Pert. 'Twas but a Qualm, as I said, a little Indigestion ;
The Surfeit Water did it, Madam, mix'd with a little
Mirabilis.

Dor. I am confounded, and cannot guess how she
Came hither !

Lov. 'Tis your Fortune, *Bellinda*, ever to be here,
When I am abus'd by this Prodigy of ill Nature.

Bell. I am amaz'd to find him here ! how has he the
Face to come near you ?

Dor. *aside.* Here is fine Work towards ! I never was at
Such a loss before.

Bell. One who makes a publick Profession of Breach
Of Faith and Ingratitude, I loath the sight of him.

Dor. There is no Remedy, I must submit to their
Tongues now, and some other time bring my self off as
Well as I can.

Bell. Other Men are wicked, but then they have some
Sense of Shame ; he is never well but when he triumphs,
Nay, glories to a Woman's Face in his Villanies.

Lov. You are in the right, *Bellinda* ; but methinks your
Kindness for me makes you concern your self too much
With him.

Bell.

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Bell. It does indeed, my Dear; his barbarous Carriage To you yesterday made me hope you ne'er wou'd see Him more, and the very next Day to find him here Again, provokes me strangely; but, because I know you Love him, I have done.

Dor. You have reproach'd me handfornly, and I Deserve it for coming hither, but——

Pers. You must expect it, Sir, all Women will hate You for my Lady's sake.

Dor. Nay, if she begins too, 'tis time to flie, I shall Be scolded to Death else. [*Aside to Bellinda.* I am to blame in some Circumstances, I confess; but as To the Main, I am not so guilty as you imagine. I Shall seek a more convenient time to clear my self.

Lov. Do it now! what Impediments are here?

Dor. I want Time, and you want Temper.

Lov. These are weak Pretences!

Dor. You were never more mistaken in your Life, And so farewell. [*Dorimant flings off.*

Lov. Call a Foot-man, *Pers.* quickly, I will have him Dogg'd.

Pers. I wish you would not, for my Quiet and your own.

Lov. I'll find out the infamous Cause of all our Quarrels, pluck her Mask off, and expose her barefac'd To the World.

Bell. Let me but escape this time, [*Aside.* I'll never venture more.

Lov. *Bellinda!* you shall go with me.

Bell. I have such a Heaviness hangs on me with what I did this Morning, I would fain go home and sleep, My Dear.

Lov. Death and Eternal Darkness! I shall never sleep Again. Raging Fevers seize the World, and make Mankind as restless all as I am. [*Ex: Lovcit.*

Bell. I knew him false, and help'd to make him so: Was not her Ruin enough to fright me from the Danger? It should have been, but Love can take no warning. [*Ex. Bell.*

S C E N E

SCENE II. Lady Townley's House

Enter Medley, Young Bellair, Lady Townley, Emilia, and Chaplain.

Med. Bear up, Bellair, and do not let us see that Repentance in thine, we daily do in married Faces.

Town. This Wedding will strangely surprize my Brother when he knows it.

Med. Your Nephew ought to conceal it for a time, Madam, since Marriage has lost its good Name; prudent Men seldom expose their own Reputations, 'till 'tis Convenient to justifie their Wives.

O. Bell. [*without*] Where are you all there? Out a-dod, will no Body hear?

Town. My Brother! quickly Mr. Smirk into this Closet, you must not be seen yet. [*Goes into the Closet.*]

Enter Old Bellair and Lady Townley's Page.

O. Bell. Desire Mr. Furb to walk into the lower Parlour, I will be with him presently — Where have You been, Sir, you could not wait on me to Day?

[*To Young Bellair.*]

Y. Bell. About a Business.

O. Bell. Are you so good at Business? A-dod, I have A Business too you shall dispatch out of Hand, Sir. Send for a Parson, Sister; my Lady Woodvil and her Daughter are coming.

Town. What need you huddle up things thus?

O. Bell. Out a pise, Youth is apt to play the Fool, And 'tis not good it should be in their Power.

Town. You need not fear your Son.

O. Bell. H' has been idling this Morning, and a-dod I Do not like him. How dost thou do, Sweet-heart?

[*To Emilia.*]

Emil. You are very severe, Sir: marry'd in such haste!

O. Bell. Go too, thou'rt a Rogue, and I will talk With thee anon. Here's my Lady Woodvil come.

Enter Lady Woodvil, Harriet and Bussy.

Welcome, Madam; Mr. Furb's below with the Writings, Wood.

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Wood. Let us down, and make an end then.

O. Bell. Sister, shew the way.

[*To Young Bellair, who is talking to Harriet.*

Harry, your Business lyes not there yet ; excuse him 'till We have done, Lady, and then a-dod he shall be for Thee. *Mr. Medley,* we must trouble you to be a Witness.

Med. I luckily came for that purpose, Sir.

[*Ex. Old Bellair, Medley, Young Bellair, Lady Townley and Lady Woodvil.*

Busy. What will you do Madam ?

Har. Be carried back, and mew'd up in the Country Again, run away here, any thing, rather than be marry'd To a Man I do not care for——Dear *Emilia,* do, thou Advise me.

Emil. Mr. *Bellair* is engaged, you know.

Har. I do ; but know not what the fear of losing an Estate may fright him to.

Emil. In the desp'rate Condition you are in, you Should consult with some judicious Man ; what think You of Mr. *Dorimant* ?

Har. I do not think of him at all.

Busy. She thinks of nothing else, I am sure——

Emil. How fond your Mother was of Mr. *Courtage* !

Har. Because I contriv'd the Mistake to make a little Mirth, you believe I like the Man.

Emil. Mr. *Bellair* believes you love him.

Har. Men are seldom in the right when they guess At a Woman's Mind ; would she whom he loves lov'd Him no better.

Busy aside. That's e'en well enough on all Conscience.

Emil. Mr. *Dorimant* has a great deal of Wit.

Har. And takes a great deal of Pains to shew it.

Emil. He's extremely well fashion'd.

Har. Affectedly grave, or ridiculously wild and apish.

Busy. You defend him still against your Mother.

Har. I would not, were he justly rallied, but I cannot Hear any one undeservedly rail'd at.

Emil. Has your Woman learnt the Song you were So taken with ?

Har.

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Har. I was fond of a new thing, 'tis dull at second
Hearing

Emil. Mr. Dorimant made it.

Busy. She knows it, Madam, and has made me sing it
At least a Dozen times this Morning.

Har. Thy Tongue is as impertinent as thy Fingers.

Emil. You have provok'd her.

Busy. 'Tis but singing the Song and I shall appease her.

Emil. Pr'ythee do.

Har. She has a Voice will grate your Ears worse than
A Cat-call, and dresses so ill she's scarce fit to trick up a
Yeoman's Daughter on a Holy-day. [Busy Sings.]

Song by Sir C. S.

AS Amoret with Phillis sat
One Ev'ning on the Plain,
And saw the Charming Strephen wait
To tell the Nymph his Pain:

The threatening Danger to remove
She whisper'd in her Ear;
Ah Phillis, if you would not love,
This Shepherd do not hear.

None ever had so strange an Art,
His Passion to convey
Into a listning Virgin's Heart,
And steal her Soul away.

Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
Occasion for your Fate.
In vain, said she, in vain I strive,
Alas! 'tis now too late.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Musick so softens and disarms the Mind,

Har. That not one Arrow does Resistance find.

Dor. Let us make use of the lucky Minute then.

Har.

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Har. [*Aside turning from Dorimant.*] My Love springs With my Blood into my Face, I dare not look upon Him yet.

Dor. What have we here, the Picture of celebrated Beauty, giving Audience in Publick to a declar'd Lover?

Har. Play the dying Fop, and make the Piece Compleat, Sir.

Dor. What think you if the Hint were well improv'd? The whole Mystery of making Love pleasantly delign'd, And wrought in a Suit of Hangings?

Har. 'Twere needless to execute Fools in Effigy, who Suffer daily in their own Persons.

Dor. [*to Emilia aside.*] Mrs. Bride, for such I know this Happy Day has made you.

Emil. Defer the formal Joy you are to give me, and Mind your Business with her.——[*Aloud.*] Here are Dreadful Preparations, Mr. *Dorimant*; Writings sealing, And a Parson sent for.——

Dor. To marry this Lady?——

Busy. Condemn'd she is, and what will become of her I know not, without you generously engage in a Rescue.

Dor. In this sad Condition, Madam, I can do no less Than offer you my Service.

Har. The Obligation is not great, you are the common Sanctuary for all young Women who run from their Relations.

Dor. I have always my Arms open to receive the Distressed. But I will open my Heart and receive you, Where none yet did ever enter——You have fill'd it With a Secret, might I but let you know it.——

Har. Do not speak it, if you would have me believe it; Your Tongue is so fam'd for Falshood, 'twill do the Truth an Injury. [*Turns away her Head.*]

Dor. Turn not away then; but look on me and guess it.

Har. Did you not tell me there was no Credit to be Given to Faces? that Women now-a-days have their Passions As much at will as they have their Complexions, and put on Joy and Sadness, Scorn and Kindness, with the same ease They do their Paint and Patches——Are they the only Counterfeits?

Dor.

Dor. You wrong your own, while you suspect my Eyes; by all the Hope I have in you, the inimitable Colour in your Cheeks is not more free from Art, than Are the Sighs I offer.

Har. In Men who have been long harden'd in Sin, we Have reason to mistrust the first Signs of Repentance.

Dor. The Prospect of such a Heav'n will make me Persevere, and give you Marks that are infallible.

Har. What are those?

Dor. I will renounce all the Joys I have in Friendship And in Wine, sacrifice to you all the Interest I have in Other Women——

Har. Hold——though I wish you devout, I would Not have you turn Fanatick——Could you neglect These a while, and make a Journey into the Country?

Dor. To be with you I could live there, and never Send one Thought to *London*.

Har. What-e'er you say, I know all beyond *High-Park's* A Desert to you, and that no Gallantry can draw you Farther.

Dor. That has been the utmost Limit of my Love—— But now my Passion knows no Bounds, and there's no Measure to be taken of what I'll do for you, from any Thing I ever did before.

Har. When I hear you talk thus in *Hampshire*, I shall Begin to think there may be some Truth enlarg'd upon.

Dor. Is this all——will you not promise me——

Har. I hate to promise! what we do then is expected From us, and wants much of the Welcome it finds, when It surprizes.

Dor. May I not hope?

Har. That depends on you, and not on me, and 'tis To no purpose to forbid it. [Turns to Busy.]

Busy. Faith, Madam, now I perceive the Gentleman Loves you too, e'en let him know your Mind, and Torment your selves no longer.

Har. Dost think I have no Sense of Modesty?

Busy. Think, if you lose this you may never have Another Opportunity.

Har.

260 *The Man of Mode ; or,*

Har. May he hate me, (a Curse that frights me when I speak it!) if ever I do a thing against the Rules of Decency and Honour.

Dor. to *Emil.* I am beholden to you for your good Intentions, Madam.

Emil. I thought the concealing of our Marriage from Her might have done you better Service.

Dor. Try her again——

Emil. What have you resolv'd, Madam?
The time draws near.

Har. To be obstinate, and protest against this Marriage

Enter Lady Townley in haste.

Town. to *Emil.* Quickly, quickly, let Mr. *Smirk* out Of the Closet. [*Smirk comes out of the Closet*]

Har. A Parson! had you laid him in here?

Dor. I knew nothing of him.

Har. Should it appear you did, your Opinion of my Easiness may cost you dear.

Enter Old Bellair, Young Bellair, Medley and Lady Woodville

O. Bell. Out a pize! the Canonical Hour is almost Past; Sister, is the Man of God come?

Town. He waits your leisure——

O. Bell. By your Favour, Sir. A-dod, a pretty spruce Fellow! what may we call him?

Town. Mr. *Smirk*, my Lady *Biggor's* Chaplain.

O. Bell. A wise Woman! a-dod she is. The Man Will serve for the Flesh as well as the Spirit. Please You, Sir, to Commission a young Couple to go to Bed Together a God's Name?——*Harry.*

Y. Bell. Here, Sir——

O. Bell. Out a pize, without your Mistress in your Hand

Smirk. Is this the Gentleman?

O. Bell. Yes, Sir.

Smirk. Are you not mistaken, Sir?

O. Bell. A-dod, I think not, Sir.

Smirk. Sure you are, Sir.

O. Bell. You look as if you wou'd forbid the Baner, Mr. *Smirk*, I hope you have no Pretention to the Lady.

Smirk. Wish him Joy, Sir! I have done him the good Office to Day already.

O. Bell.

Sir Fopling Flutter. 261

O. Bell. Out a pize, what do I hear?

Town. Never storm, Brother, the Truth is out.

O. Bell. How say you, Sir! is this your Wedding-Day?

Y. Bell. It is, Sir.

O. Bell. And a-dod it shall be mine too; give me
thy Hand, Sweet-heart.

[To Emilia.

What dost thou mean? Give me thy Hand, I say.

[Emilia kneels, and Young Bellair.

Town. Come, come, give her your Blessing; this is
the Woman your Son lov'd, and is marry'd to.

O. Bell. Ha! cheated! cozen'd! and by your
contrivance, Sister!

Town. What would you do with her? She's a Rogue,
and you can't abide her.

Med. Shall I hit her a pat for you, Sir?

O. Bell. A-dod you are all Rogues, and I never will
forgive you.

Town. Whither! whither away?

Med. Let him go and cool a while.

Wood. to Dor. Here's a Business broke out now!

r. Courtage, I am made a fine Fool of.

Dor. You see the old Gentleman knows nothing of it.

Wood. I find he did not. I shall have some Trick put
upon me if I stay in this wicked Town any longer.

Marriet! dear Child! where art thou? I'll into the
country straight.

O. Bell. A-dod, Madam, you shall hear me first.—

Enter Loveit and Bellinda.

Lov. Hither my Man dogg'd him——

Bell. Yonder he stands, my Dear.

Lov. I see him.——

[*Aside.*

and with the Face that has undone me! O that I were
out where I might throw out the Anguish of my Heart,
here it must rage within, and break it.

Town. Mrs. Loveit! are you afraid to come forward?

Lov. I was amaz'd to see so much Company here in a
Morning, the Occasion sure is extraordinary.——

Dor. *Aside.* Loveit and Bellinda! the Devil owes me a
shame to day, and I think never will have done paying it.

Lov.

262 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Lov. Marry'd! dear *Emilia*! how am I transported
With the News?

Har. to *Dor.* I little thought *Emilia* was the Woman
Mr. *Bellair* was in Love with—— I'll chide her for not
Trusting me with the Secret.

Dor. How do you like Mrs. *Loveit*?

Har. She's a fam'd Mistress of yours, I hear——

Dor. She has been on Occasion.

O. Bell. A-dod, Madam, I cannot help it.

[To Lady Woodvil]

Wood. You need make no more Apologies, Sir.

Emil. to *Lov.* The old Gentleman's excusing himself
To my Lady *Woodvil*.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! I never heard of any thing so
Pleasant.

Har. She's extreemly over-joy'd at something. [To *Dor.*

Dor. At nothing; she is one of those hoyting Ladies
who gayly fling themselves about, and force a Laugh,
When their aking Hearts are full of Discontent and Malice.

Lov. Oh Heav'n! I was never so near killing my self
With Laughing——Mr. *Dorimant*, are you a Brideman?

Wood. Mr. *Dorimant*! is this Mr. *Dorimant*, Madam?

Love. If you doubt it, your Daughter can resolve you
I suppose.

Wood. I am cheated too, basely cheated.

O. Bell. Out a pize, what's here more Knavery yet?

Wood. *Harriet*! on my Blessing come away I charge
You.

Har. Dear Mother, do but stay and hear me.

Wood. I am betray'd, and thou art undone, I fear.

Har. Do not fear it——I have not, nor never will do
Any thing against my Duty——believe me, dear Mother do

Dor. to *Lov.* I had trusted you with this Secret, but that
I knew the Violence of your Nature would ruin my Fortune
As now unluckily it has: I thank you, Madam.

Love. She's an Heiress I know, and very Rich.

Dor. To satisfy you, I must give up my Interest wholly
To my Love; had you been a reasonable Woman, I
Might have secur'd 'em both, and been happy——

Sir Fopling Flutter. 263

Lov. You might have trusted me with any thing of This kind, you know you might. Why did you go Under a wrong Name?

Dor. The Story is too long to tell you now, be Satisfy'd this is the Business; this is the Mask has kept Me from you.

Bell. He's tender of my Honour, though he's [*Aside.* Cruel to my Love.

Lov. Was it no idle Mistress then?

Dor. Believe me, a Wife, to repair the Ruins of my Estate that needs it.

Lov. The Knowledge of this makes my Grief hang Lighter on my Soul; but I shall never more be happy.

Dor. Bellinda.

Bell. Do not think of clearing your self with me, it is Impossible——Do all Men break their Words thus?

Dor. Th' extravagant Words they speak in Love; 'tis As unreasonable to expect we should perform all we Promise then, as do all we threaten when we are Angry——when I see you next——

Bell. Take no notice of me, and I shall not hate you.

Dor. How came you to Mrs. Loveit?

Bell. By a Mistake the Chair-men made, for want of My giving them Directions.

Dor. 'Twas a pleasant one. We must meet again.

Bell. Never.

Dor. Never!

Bell. When we do, may I be as infamous as you are False.

Town. Men of Mr. Dorimant's Character always suffer In the general Opinion of the World.

Med. You can make no Judgment of a witty Man from Common Fame, considering the prevailing Faction, Madam.

O. Bell. A-dod he's in the right.

Med. Besides 'tis a common Error among Women, to Believe too well of them they know, and too ill of them They don't.

O. Bell. A-dod he observes well.

Town.

264 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Tom. Believe me, Madam, you will find Mr. Dorimant
As civil a Gentleman as you thought Mr. Courtaage.

Har. If you would but know him better——

Wood. You have a Mind to know him better; come
Away——You shall never see him more.——

Har. Dear Mother stay——

Wood. I wo't not be consenting to your Ruin.——

Har. Were my Fortune in your Power——

Wood. Your Person is.

Har. Could I be Disobedient I might take it out of
Yours, and put it into his.

Wood. 'Tis that you would be at, you would marry
This Dorimant.

Har. I cannot deny it; I would, and never will
Marry any other Man.

Wood. Is this the Duty that you promis'd?

Har. But I will never Marry him against your
Will——

Wood. She knows the way to melt my Heart. [Aside]
Upon your self light your Undoing. [To Har.]

Med. to O. Bell. Come, Sir, you have not the Heart
Any longer to refuse your Blessing.

O. Bell. A-dod I ha' not——Rise, and God bless you
Both——Make much of her, Harry, she deserves thy
Kindness——A-dod, Sirrah, I did not think it had been
In thee. [To Emilia]

Enter Sir Fopling and his Page!

Sir Fop. 'Tis a damn'd windy Day; hey, Page?
Is my Perriwig right?

Page. A little out of order, Sir.

Sir Fop. Pox o' this Apartment, it wants an Air
Chamber to adjust ones self in. Madam, I came from
[To Love]

Your House, and your Servants directed me hither.

Love. I will give Order hereafter they shall direct you
Better.

Sir Fop. The great Satisfaction I had in the Mall last
Night has given me much Disquiet since.

Love. 'Tis likely to give me more than I desire.

Sir Fopling Flutter. 265

Sir Fop. What the Devil makes her so reserv'd?
Am I guilty of an Indiscretion, Madam?

Lov. You will be of a great one, if you continue your
Mistake, Sir.

Sir Fop. Something puts you out of Humour.

Lov. The most foolish inconsiderable thing that ever
Did.

Sir Fop. Is it in my Power?

Lov. To hang or drown it; do one of 'em, and
Trouble me no more.

Sir Fop. So *fieri* *Serviteur*, Madam——Medley!
Where's *Dorimant*?

Med. Methinks the Lady has not made you those
Advances to-day she did last Night, Sir *Fopling*——

Sir Fop. Pr'ythee do not talk of her.

Med. She would be a *bonne Fortune*.

Sir Fop. Not to me, at present.

Med. How so?

Sir Fop. An Intrigue now would be but a Temptation
To me, to throw away that Vigour on one, which I
Mean shall shortly make my Court to the whole Sex in a
Ballet.

Med. Wisely consider'd, Sir *Fopling*.

Sir Fop. No one Woman is worth the Loss of a Cut in
A Caper.

Med. Not when 'tis so universally design'd.

Wood. Mr. *Dorimant*, every one has spoke so much in
Your behalf, that I can no longer doubt but I was in the
Wrong.

Lov. There's nothing but Falseness and Impertinence
in this World, all Men are Villains or Fools; take Example
From my Misfortunes. *Bellinda*, if thou wou'dst be
happy, give thy self wholly up to Goodness,

Har. to Lov. Mr. *Dorimant* has been your God
Almighty long enough, 'tis time to think of another——

Lov. Jeer'd by her! I will lock my self up in my
House, and never see the World again.

Har. A Numery is the more fashionable Place for such
A Retreat, and has been the fatal Consequence of many
A *belle* Passion.

N

Lov.

266 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Lov. Hold Heart 'till I get home; should I answer
'Twould make her Triumph greater. [Is going out]

Dor. Your Hand, Sir *Fopling*——

Sir Fop. Shall I wait upon you, Madam?

Lov. Legion of Fools, as many Devils take thee.

[Exit Loveit]

Med. Dorimant! I pronounce thy Reputation clear——
And henceforward when I would know any thing of
Woman, I will consult no other Oracle.

Sir Fop. Stark mad, by all that's handsome! *Dorimant,*
Thou hast engaged me in a pretty Business.

Dor. I have not Leisure now to talk about it.

O. Bell. Out a-pize, what does this Man of Mode do
Here again?

Town. He'll be an excellent Entertainment within,
Brother, and is luckily come to raise the Mirth of the
Comany.

Wood. Madam, I take my Leave of you.

Town. What do you mean, Madam?

Wood. To go this Afternoon Part of my Way to
Hartly——

O. Bell. A-dod you shall stay and Dine first; come, we
Will all be good Friends, and you shall give Mr. *Dorimant*
Leave to wait upon you and your Daughter in the
Country.

Wood. If his Occasions bring him that Way, I have
Now so good an Opinion of him, he shall be welcome.

Har. To a great rambling lone House, that looks as it
Were not inhabited, the Family's so small; there you'll
Find my Mother, an old lame Aunt, and my self, Sir,
Perch'd upon Chairs at a distance in a large Parlour;
Sitting moping like three or four melancholy Birds in
A spacious Vollarly——Does not this stagger your
Resolution?

Dor. Not at all, Madam: The first time I saw you,
You left me with the Pangs of Love upon me, and this
Day my Soul has quite given up her Liberty.

Har. This is more dismal than the Country, *Emilia,*
Pity me who am going to that sad Place. Methinks I

Hear

Sir Fopling Flutter. 267

Hear the hateful Noise of Rooks already——Kaw,
Kaw, kaw——There's Musick in the worst Cry in
London; *My Dill and Cucumbers to pickle.*

O. Bell. Sister, knowing of this Matter, I hope you
Have provided us some good Cheer.

Town. I have, Brother, and the Fiddles too ——

O. Bell. Let 'em strike up then, the young Lady shall
Have a Dance before she departs. [Dance.]

[After the Dance.]

So, now we'll in, and make this an arrant Wedding-Day——

And if these honest Gentlemen rejoice, [To the Pit.]

A-dod the Boy has made a happy Choice. [Ex. Omnes.]





EPILOGUE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

MOST Modern Wits such monstrous Fools have shown,
They seem'd not of Heav'n's making, but their own,
Those nauseous Harlequins in Farce may pass,
But there goes more to a substantial Ass;
Something of Man must be expos'd to View,
That, Gallants, they may more resemble you.
Sir Fopling is a Fool so nicely writ,
The Ladies wou'd mistake him for a Wit.
And, when he sings, talks loud, and cocks, wou'd cry,
I vow methinks he's pretty Company;
So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refin'd!
As he took Pains to graff upon his Kind.
True Fops help Nature's Work, and go to School
To file and finish God a'mighty's Fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
He's Knight o'th' Shire, and represents ye all.
From each he meets he culls what e'er he can,
Legion's his Name, a People in a Man.
His bulky Folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a Snow-ball grows.
His various Modes from various Fathers follow;
One taught the Toss, and one the new French Wallow.
His Sword-knot this, his Cravat this design'd,
And this, the Yard-long Snake he twirls behind.
From one the sacred Perriwig he gain'd,
Which Wind ne'er blew, nor Touch of Hat profan'd.
Another's diving Bow he did adore,
Which with a shog casts all the Hair before;
'Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And rises with a Water-Spaniel shake.
As for his Songs, (the Ladies dear Delight)
Those sure he took from most of you who Write.
Yet ev'ry Man is safe from what he fear'd,
For no one Fool is hunted from the Herd.

POEMS

P

L

But o
Than
Who
Such
Five



P O E M S.

A L E T T E R T O T H E E A R L of *Middleton*.

S
 INCE Love and Verse, as well as Wine,
 Are brisker where the Sun does shine,
 'Tis something to lose two Degrees,
 Now Age it self begins to freeze:
 Yet this I patiently could bear,
 If the rough *Danube's* Beauties were
 But only two Degrees less fair
 Than the bright Nymphs of gentle *Thames*,
 Who warm me hither with their Beams:
 Such Pow'r they have, they can dispence
 Five hundred Miles their Influence.

}
}

But Hunger forces Men to eat,
 Though no Temptation's in the Meat.
 How would the ogling Sparks despise
 The darling Damsel of my Eyes;
 Shou'd they behold her at a Play,
 As she's trick'd up on Holy-day:
 When the whole Family combine
 For publick Pride to make her shine?
 Her Locks, which long before lay matted,
 Are on this Day comb'd out and plaited;
 A Diamond Bodkin in each Tress,
 The Badges of her Nobleness.
 For ev'ry Stone, as well as she,
 Can boast an ancient Pedigree.
 These form'd the Jewel rest did grace
 The Cap of the first *Grave* o'th' Race,
 Preferr'd by *Graffin Marian*
 T'adorn the Handle of her Fan,
 And, as by old Record appears,
 Worn since in *Renigunda's* Years,
 Now sparkling in the Frokin's Hair,
 No Rocket breaking in the Air
 Can with her starry Head compare.
 Such Roaps of Pearl her Arms incumber,
 She scarce can deal the Cards at *Ombre*.
 So many Rings each Finger freight,
 They tremble with the mighty weight.
 The like in *England* ne'er was seen,
 Since *Holben* drew *Hal* and his Queen.
 But after these fantastick Flights,
 The Lustre's meaner than the Lights.
 The Thing that bears this glittering Pomp
 Is but a tawdry ill-bred Romp.
 Whose brawny Limbs and martial Face
 Proclaim her of the *Goibick* Race,
 More than the mangled Pageantry
 Of all her Father's Heraldry.
 But there's another sort of Creatures,
 Whose ruddy Look and Grottesque Features

Are so much out of Nature's way,
 You'd think 'em stamp'd on other Clay :
 No lawful Daughters of old *Adam*.
 Mongst these behold a City Madam,
 With Arms in Mittins, Head in Muff,
 A dapper Cloak and rev'rend Ruff;
 No Farce so pleasant as this Maukin,
 And the soft sound of *High-Dutch* talking.
 Here unattended by the Graces,
 The Queen of Love in a sad Case is.
 Nature, her active Minister,
 Neglects Affairs, and will not stir;
 Thinks it not worth the while to please,
 But when she does it for her Ease.
 Ev'n I, her most devout Adorer,
 With wand'ring Thoughts appear before her.
 And when I'm making an Oblation,
 Am fain to spur Imagination
 With some sham *London* Inclination.
 The Bow is bent at *German* Dame,
 The Arrow flies at *English* Game.
 Kindness, that can Indifference warm,
 And blow that Calm into a Storm,
 Has in the very tenderest Hour
 Over my Gentleness a Power.
 True to my Country women's Charms,
 When kiss'd and press'd in Foreign Arms.



A Second

L E T T E R

T O T H E

L O R D M I D D L E T O N .

FROM hunting Whores, and haunting Play,
 And minding nothing else all Day,
 And all the Night too, you will say ;
 To make grave Legs in formal Fetters,
 Converse with Fools and write dull Letters ;
 To go to Bed 'twixt Eight and Nine,
 And sleep away my precious Time,
 In such a sneaking idle Place,
 Where Vice and Folly hide their Face,
 And in a troublesome Disguise,
 The Wife seems honest, Husband wise.
 For Pleasure here has the same Fate
 Which does attend Affairs of State,
 The Plague of Ceremony infects,
 Even in Love, the softer Sex ;
 Who an Essential will neglect,
 Rather than lose the least Respect.
 In regular Approach we storm,
 And never visit but in form ;
 That is, sending to know before
 At what a Clock she'll play the Whore.
 The Nymphs are constant, Gallants private,
 One scarce can guess what 'tis they drive at.
 This seems to me a scurvy Fashion,
 Which have been bred in a free Nation,
 With Liberty of Speech and Passion.

Yet I cannot forbear to spark it,
 And make the best of a bad Market.
 Meeting with one, by chance, kind-hearted,
 Who no Preliminaries started,
 Enter'd, beyond Expectation,
 Into a close Negotiation:
 Of which hereafter a Relation.
 I tumble to Fortune, not her Slave,
 Still was pleas'd with what she gave;
 And, with a firm and cheerful Mind,
 Steer my Course with ev'ry Wind,
 To all the Ports she has design'd.

A S O N G.

YE happy Swains, whose Hearts are free
 From Love's Imperial Chain,
 Take warning and be taught by me,
 To avoid th'enchanted Pain.
 Fatal the Wolves to trembling Flocks,
 Fierce Winds to Blossoms prove,
 To careless Seamen hidden Rocks,
 To human Quiet Love.

Fly the fair Sex, if Bliss you prize;
 The Snake's beneath the Flower:
 Who ever gaz'd on beauteous Eyes,
 That tasted Quiet more?
 How faithless is the Lover's Joy!
 How constant is their Care!
 The Kind with Falshood do destroy,
 The Cruel with Despair.

The

The Forsaken Mistress:

A

DIALOGUE between *Phillis* and *Strephon*.

P H I L L I S.

TELL me, gentle *Strephon*, why
 You from my Embraces fly?
 Does my Love thy Love destroy?
 Tell me, I will yet be coy.

Stay, O stay, and I will feign
 (Though I break my Heart) Disdain;
 But, lest I too unkind appear,
 For ev'ry Frown I'll shed a Tear.

And if in vain I court thy Love,
 Let mine, at least, thy Pity move:
 Ah! while I scorn vouchsafe to woo;
 Methinks you may dissemble too.

S T R E P H O N.

Ah! *Phillis*, that you would contrive
 A way to keep my Love alive;
 But all your other Charms must fail,
 When Kindness ceases to prevail.

Alas! no less than you, I grieve,
 My dying Flame has no Reprieve;
 For I can never hope to find,
 Shou'd all the Nymphs I court be kind,
 One Beauty able to renew
 Those Pleasures I enjoy'd in you,
 When Love and Youth did both conspire
 To fill our Breasts and Veins with Fire.

'Tis true, some other Nymph may gain
 That Heart which merits your Disdain;

But second Love has still Allay,
 The Joys grow aged, and decay.
 Then blame me not for losing more
 Than Love and Beauty can restore;
 And let this Truth thy Comfort prove,
 I wou'd, but can no longer love.

SONG of BASSET.

LET Equipage and Dress despair,
 Since *Basset* is come in;
 For nothing can oblige the Fair
 Like Mony and Morine.

Is any Countess in Distress,
 She flies not to the Beau;
 'Tis only Cony can redress
 Her Grief with a *Roulean*.

By this bewitching Game betray'd,
 Poor Love is bought and sold:
 And that which should be a free Trade
 Is now ingross'd by Gold.

Ev'n Sense is brought into Disgrace,
 Where Company is met;
 Or silent stands, or leaves the Place,
 While all the Talk's *Basset*.

Why, Ladies, will you stake your Hearts,
 Where a plain Cheat is found?
 You first are rook'd out of those Darts,
 That gave your selves the Wound.

The Time, which should be kindly lent
 To Plays and witty Men,
 In waiting for a Knave is spent,
 Or wishing for a Ten.

Stand

Stand in defence of your own Charms,
 Throw down this Favourite,
 That threatens, with his dazzling Arms,
 Your Beauty and your Wit.

What Pity 'tis, those Conqu'ring Eyes,
 Which all the World subdue,
 Shou'd, while the Lover gazing dies,
 Be only on *Alpne*.

F I N I S.

